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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
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Horace Walpole

from a painting by Nathaniel Hone.

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THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. VII: 1766—1771

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VII

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume VII	vii-xii
Letters 1115–1335	1–436

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From portrait by Nathaniel Hone *in* National Portrait Gallery.

HON. MRS. DAMER . . . . . *To face p.* 97
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in* National Portrait Gallery.

WILLIAM HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER . . ,, 164
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

GEORGE KEPPEL, THIRD EARL OF ALBEMARLE ,, 381
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl of Albemarle.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. VII

T			C
		1766.	
1115	May 22, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1058
1116	May 25, 1766	George Montagu.	1059
1117	June 9, 1766.	Sir Horace Mann	1060
1118	June 20, 1766	George Montagu.	1061
1119	June 28, 1766	Lady Hervey	1062
1120	July 10, 1766	George Montagu.	1063
1121	July 10, 1766	Countess of Suffolk	2661
1122	July 11, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1064
1123	July 11, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1065
1124†	[16 Juillet 1766].	Marquise du Deffand.	
1125	[July 17, 1766]	Countess of Suffolk	1066
1126	July 18, 1766	Hon. Thomas Walpole.	
1127	July 18, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1067
1128	July 21, 1766	George Montagu.	1068
1129	July 23, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1069
1130	July 26, 1766	David Hume	1070
1131	Aug. 1, 1766.	Sir Horace Mann	1071
1132†	17 Août 1766	Président Hénault.	
1133	Sept. 9, 1766.	Sir Horace Mann	1072
1134	Wednesday noon [Sept. 17, 1766]	Lady Mary Coke.	
1135	Wednesday evening [Sept. 17, 1766]	Lady Mary Coke.	
1136	Sept. 18, 1766	Rev. William Cole	1073
1137	Sept. 23, 1766	George Montagu.	1074
1138	Sept. 25, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1075
1139†	[Sept. 1766]	Comtesse de Forcalquier.	
1140	Oct. 2, 1766	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1076
1141	Oct. 5, 1766	George Montagu.	1077
1142	Oct. 6, 1766	Countess of Suffolk	1078
1143	Oct. 10, 1766.	John Chute	1079
1144	Oct. 18, 1766.	George Montagu.	1080
1145	Oct. 18, 1766.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1081
1146	Oct. 22, 1766.	George Montagu.	1082
1147	[Oct. 1766]	Lady Mary Coke.	

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
1228	Aug. 20, 1768	Rev. William Cole	1152
1229	Aug. 24, 1768	Sir Horace Mann	1150
1230	Aug. 25, 1768	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1151
1231	Sept. 20, 1768	Thomas Warton	1153
1232	Sept. 22, 1768	Sir Horace Mann	1154
1233	[Oct. 1768]	Lady Mary Coke.	
1234	Oct. 10, 1768.	Earl of Strafford.	1155
1235	Oct. 24, 1768.	Sir Horace Mann	1156
1236	Oct. 28, 1768.	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1237	Nov. 3, 1768.	Sir Horace Mann	1157
1238	Nov. 10, 1768	George Montagu.	1158
1239	Nov. 15, 1768	George Montagu.	1159
1240	Nov. 18, 1768	Sir Horace Mann	1160
1241	Nov. 25, 1768	Sir Horace Mann	1161
1242	Dec. 1, 1768.	George Montagu.	1162
1243	Dec. 2, 1768.	Sir Horace Mann	1163
1244	Dec. 20, 1768	Sir Horace Mann	1164
		1769.	
1245	Jan. 14, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1165
1246	Jan. 31, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1166
1247	Feb. 6, 1769.	Sir Horace Mann	1167
1248	Feb. 28, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1168
1249	March 23, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1169
1250	March 24, 1769	Grosvenor Bedford	1170
1251	March 26, 1769	George Montagu.	1171
1252	March 28, 1769	Thomas Chatterton	1172
1253	April 5, 1769	Rev. William Mason.	1173
1254	[April 1769]	Dr. Robertson	1174
1255	April 14, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1175
1256	April 15, 1769	George Montagu.	1176
1257	May 11, 1769.	George Montagu.	1177
1258	May 11, 1769.	Sir Horace Mann	1178
1259	May 11, 1769.	Rev. William Mason.	1180
1260	May 25, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1179
1261	May 27, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1181
1262	June 14, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1182
1263	June 14, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1183
1264	June 26, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1184
1265	July 3, 1769.	Earl of Strafford.	1185
1266	July 7, 1769.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1186
1267	July 15, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1187

T			C
1268	July 19, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1188
1269	[Aug. 1769]	Thomas Chatterton.	
1270	Aug. 12, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1189
1271	Aug. 18, 1769	George Montagu	1190
1272	Aug. 30, 1769	John Chute	1191
1273	Sept. 7, 1769	George Montagu	1192
1274	Sept. 8, 1769	Earl of Strafford	1193
1275	Sept. 17, 1769	George Montagu	1194
1276	Oct. 8, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1195
1277	Oct. 16, 1769	George Montagu	1196
1278	Oct. 26, 1769	Countess of Upper Ossory	1197
1279	Nov. 6, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1198
1280	Nov. 14, 1769	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1199
1281	Nov. 30, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1200
1282	Dec. 5, 1769	Countess of Upper Ossory	1202
1283	Dec. 14, 1769	George Montagu	1201
1284	Dec. 14, 1769	Lady Mary Coke.	
1285	Dec. 14, 1769	Rev. William Cole.	
1286	Dec. 21, 1769	Rev. William Cole	1203
1287	Dec. 31, 1769	Sir Horace Mann	1204

1770.

1288	Jan. 1, 1770	Lord Hailes	1205
1289	Jan. 10, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1206
1290	Jan. 18, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1207
1291	Jan. 22, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1208
1292	Jan. 23, 1770	Lord Hailes	1209
1293	Jan. 30, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1210
1294	Feb. 2, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1212
1295	Feb. 27, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1213
1296	March 15, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1214
1297	March 23, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1215
1298	March 31, 1770	George Montagu	1211
1299	Thursday morning	George Augustus Selwyn.	
1300	April 19, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1216
1301	May 6, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1217
1302	May 6, 1770	George Montagu	1218
1303	May 24, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1219
1304	June 11, 1770	George Montagu	1220
1305	June 15, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1221
1306	June 29, 1770	George Montagu	1222
1307	July 1, 1770	George Montagu	1223

T			C
1308	July 7, 1770	George Montagu	1224
1309	July 9, 1770	Earl of Strafford	1225
1310	July 12, 1770	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1226
1311	July 14, 1770	George Montagu	1227
1312	[July 15, 1770]	George Montagu	1228
1313	July 26, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1229
1314	Aug. 31, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1230
1315	Sept. 13, 1770	Lady Mary Coke.	
1316	[Sept. 1770]	Countess of Upper Ossory	1231
1317	Sept. 15, 1770	Countess of Upper Ossory	1232
1318	Sept. 20, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1233
1319	Sept. 24, 1770	Lady Mary Coke.	
1320	Oct. 3, 1770	George Montagu	1234
1321	Oct. 4, 1770	Countess of Upper Ossory	1235
1322	Oct. 4, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1236
1323	Oct. 16, 1770.	George Montagu	1237
1324	Oct. 16, 1770.	Earl of Strafford	1238
1325	Oct. 17, 1770.	Earl of Charlemont	1239
1326	Nov. 12, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1240
1327	Nov. 15, 1770	Rev. William Cole	1241
1328	Nov. 20, 1770	Rev. William Cole	1242
1329	Nov. 26, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1243
1330	Dec. 18, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1244
1331	Dec. 20, 1770	Rev. William Cole	1245
1332	Christmas Day	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1246
1333	Dec. 29, 1770	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1247
1334	Dec. 29, 1770	Sir Horace Mann	1248

1771.

1335	Jan. 10, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1249

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

1115. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 22, 1766.

At last, my dear Sir, I begin to see daylight: the present ministry, I think now, will stand. Mr. Pitt missed his opportunity, and pushed his haughtiness a little too far, and I believe is grievously disappointed. Nothing was more plain than his eagerness to return to power, but he took it upon too high a style, and miscarried. The court did not wish for a master, nor many of the ministers for a dictator; yet he was courted by the latter to the last. He would not vouchsafe to treat but personally with the King, who would not send for him a third time. He then veered towards his kin, and having laid out all his dignity with the ministers, was condescending enough towards the Grenvilles. Lord Temple met him halfway, but George Grenville's wounds were too fresh to close so soon, and he took the counterpart of Pitt; for having repeated the most abject advances to Bute, he indemnified his pride by holding off from Pitt, and so both are left in the lurch, and both have taken to the last quieting draught of disappointed ambition, the country. The Duke of Grafton has sacrificed himself to Pitt's pride, and has resigned the Seals, which are given to the Duke of Richmond, who kisses hands to-morrow[1]. Lord Rochford, I think, will go to Paris[2].

Letter 1115. [1] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.
[2] As Ambassador.

The promotion of the Duke of Richmond pleases me extremely; it makes an united administration, and a little prudence and management may make it a permanent one.

Luckily for us, it has been a time when we could afford to play the fool. France has neither heads, generals, nor money, and Spain has got its hands full; and we have got rid of our enemies there, the French and Italian ministers.

As I love big politics, I am waiting with impatience for more news of Prince Heraclius[3], who, we are told, is on the high road to Constantinople. When he has pulled down the Mufti, pray fetch him to burn old Mother Babylon for a witch. You know I have always sighed for thundering revolutions, but have been forced to piddle with changes of ministers. Oh, but we have discovered a race of giants! Captain Byron[4] has found a nation of Brobdignags on the coast of Patagonia; the inhabitants on foot taller than he and his men on horseback. I don't indeed know how he and his sailors came to be riding in the South Seas. However, it is a terrible blow to the Irish, for I suppose all our dowagers now will be for marrying Patagonians. Somewhere else, too,—but I am a sad geographer—there is a polished country discovered in those seas. They must be barbarous indeed if they exceed London and Paris! Have you heard of Lally's[5] tragedy; that they gagged him lest he should choke himself with his own tongue, which is not the easiest sort of self-murder in the world, and that the mob clapped their hands for joy during the execution? When a nation has behaved cowardly, they always think to repair it by cruelty;—so poor Byng was murdered—and now this man, who was a tyrant, but certainly not guilty to his country.

[3] Prince of Georgia.

[4] He had just come back from his voyage round the world.

[5] He was beheaded on May 10, 1766.

I know our people always accused him of breaking his word with us to serve the cause of France.

If it is too soon to conduct Prince Heraclius to Rome, and you have quite annihilated the Pretender, and have nothing else to do, I wish you would think for me of the other volumes of *Herculaneum*. Mount Vesuvius seems out of humour, and may destroy all the copies. When you have an opportunity too, pray send me home my letters: I have not had a parcel a great while.

We have no news of any kind but these dregs of politics. The town empties, and will be deserted after the Birthday. I shall soon settle at Strawberry for the summer, which is not begun yet, from a succession of rains and east winds; and as I have no disappointed ambition, I don't choose to retreat from one fireside to another. Adieu!

1116. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1766.

When the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fireside. The Guerchys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the Duke of Richmond is Secretary of State, and that your cousin North has refused the Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his vicious connections. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket; more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham, which

made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So, my Lord Grandison is dead! Does the General[1] inherit much?

Have you heard the great loss the Church of England has had? It is not avowed, but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar; a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found his close to her! In his most demure voice, he said, 'Pray, Madam, how long has your Ladyship left the pale of our church?' She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity—but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in t'other, and the Host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My Lady Shelburn[2] has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion

Letter 1116.—[1] John Fitzgerald, first Earl Grandison. His only surviving child married, as her second husband, Montagu's brother, General Charles Montagu.

[2] Mary (d. 1780), daughter of Hon. William Fitzmaurice, of Gallane, co. Kerry; m. (1734) John Petty, first Earl of Shelburne, who died in 1761.

I have at Paris, who is *blind*[3]—'Well,' said the Clive, 'if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you.' Good night! Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

1117. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1766.

The session of Parliament has at last ended, and the ministry have a lease of five or six months longer. This is the most one can depend upon, notwithstanding my views were so sanguine in my last; but their heads not being quite so well ballasted as their hearts, it is difficult to say how long they will swim. Your friend, the whitest of our white princes[1], was very nearly oversetting their bark as it was making land. He had obtained a promise from his brother and Lord Rockingham of a Parliamentary settlement on him and his younger brothers, which would have raised their appanages to 20,000*l.* a year each. It was neglected till the last days of the session; when Mr. Conway, who had not been made acquainted, objected to so considerable a donation being hurried through the remnant of a thin House, especially as it was universally disapproved, the ministers having the good fortune to have most people agree with them on all points against the opposition, of which this Royal Highness is a chief. The ministers gave in to Mr. Conway's opinion; the Duke insisted, but at last the King consented that it should be postponed till next year, after recommending it to the House, with the demand for his sister's fortune, the future Queen of Denmark. If you have your royal visitor again this summer, you must expect to hear Mr. Conway much

[3] Madame du Deffand.

Letter 1117.—[1] The Duke of York. *Walpole.*

reproached. I will dispense with your bearing it patiently, if it procures you the red riband. As stability is not the property of ministerial tenures at present, be always upon your guard what you write to me, for your letters may find new faces at the post office before I have time to prepare you for them.

The Great Commoner[2] is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the ministers with perfidy; he who would never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath; they stood up all the time he was in the Rooms, and while he drank his glass of water; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, 'I hope *your Majesty's* health is better!' I am glad,—no, I don't know whether I am not sorry, that he is not at Quito[3], where they have insisted on crowning one of their fellow subjects King of Peru. 'Tis a lucky revolution for us, and would have pleased me entirely if they had chosen a Peruvian. However, the poor Peruvians must have some comfort in seeing their tyrants punish themselves.

We have a Russian Garrick[4] here, the head of their theatre, and, like Shakespeare, both actor and author. He has translated *Hamlet*, and it has been acted at Petersburgh. I could wish the parallel were carried still farther, and that after this play acted before the Empress *Gertrude*, the assassin of her husband, she were to end like Hamlet's mother.

[2] A common phrase for Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

[3] The Spanish capital of Peru.

[4] Alexander Sumarokoff (1718–1777).

The King and Queen have been here this week to see my castle, and stayed two hours. I was gone to London but a quarter of an hour before. They were exceedingly pleased with it, and the Queen so much that she said she would come again. I do wish, my dear Sir, you could once see it! It would to me be the most pleasing interruption that could happen to our correspondence. Adieu!

1118. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1766.

I don't know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know, and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half a crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

What pleasure you have to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you bepiss your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*[1]. It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else—but so much wit, so much humour, fun, poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. Apropos to Dryden, he has burlesqued his *St. Cecilia*, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever

Letter 1118.—[1] By Christopher Anstey (1724–1805).

were composed. I can say it by heart, though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down, for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two new volumes, too, of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive. Fifty of Lady Betty Germain, one[2] that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my Lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated everybody that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. There is one to his Miss Vanhomrigh, from which I think it plain he lay with her, notwithstanding his supposed incapacity, yet not doing much honour to that capacity, for he says he can drink coffee but once a week, and I think you will see very clearly what he means by coffee. His own journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the Queen is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of *Cato*, and says *the drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time; there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system, but I added, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'—'No,' said Selwyn, 'nor under the grandson.'

My Lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, 'Pray tell him I have laid down politics.'

[2] The letter dated Feb. 8, 173¾.

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the King of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of Count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the King asked him what he had been doing in England? 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser'—'Des chevaux?' replied the King.

Good night! I am tired, and going to bed. Yours ever,

H. W.

1119. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1766.

It is consonant to your Ladyship's long experienced goodness, to remove my error as soon as you could. In fact, the same post that brought Madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confession from Madame du Deffand of her guilt. I am not the less obliged to your Ladyship for *informing* against the true criminal. It is well for me, however, that I hesitated, and did not, as Monsieur de Guerchy pressed me to do, constitute myself prisoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I should have made at Versailles with a laboured letter and my present! I still shudder when I think of it, and have scolded Madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I showed the box as Madame de Choiseul's present, I resign the glory, and submit to the shame with great satisfaction. I have no pain in receiving this present from Madame du Deffand, and must own have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters[1].

Letter 1119.—[1] A letter written by Madame du Deffand in the name of Madame de Sévigné, and accompanying a snuff-box ornamented on the top with a miniature of Madame de Sévigné, and on the bottom with the cipher of Rabutin and Sévigné in marcasites. Horace Walpole at first thought that the box and letter came from the Duchesse de Choiseul.

Did not Lord Chesterfield think it so, Madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume must allow that not only Madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himself, could not have written so well. When I give up Madame de Sévigné herself, I think his sacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, Madam, continue your waters; and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one, one should never have it again! Well, but then one should have a burning fever—for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burnt. It will not at least be this summer: here is nothing but haycocks swimming round me. If it should cease raining by Monday se'nnight, I think of dining with your Ladyship at Old Windsor; and if Mr. Bateman presses me mightily, I may take a bed there.

As I have a waste of paper before me, and nothing more to say, I have a mind to fill it with a translation of a tale that I found lately in the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, taken from a German author. The novelty of it struck me, and

The letter ran as follows:—

'Des champs Elisées.
(Point de succession de tems; point de date.)

Je connois votre folle passion pour moi; votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre vénération pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai appris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu: j'en suis si pénétrée, que j'ai sollicité et obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous préfère à tous ses habitans: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai été maîtresse de choisir l'âge où je voulois reparaître; j'ai pris celuy de vingt-cinq ans pour m'assurer d'être toujours pour vous un objet agréable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique légères, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a été possible, pour n'être jamais séparée de vous. Je veux vous accompagner partout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'étoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures amies, c'est le séjour des vôtres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, et d'être les rivales de

Rabutin de Sévigné.'

I put it into verse—ill enough; but, as the old Duchess of Rutland used to say of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

'From Time's usurping power, I see,
Not Acheron itself is free.
His wasting hand my subjects feel,
Grow old, and wrinkle though in Hell.
Decrepit is Alecto grown,
Megæra worn to skin and bone,
And t'other beldam is so old,
She has not spirits left to scold.
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove
Send three new Furies from above.'
To Mercury thus Pluto said:
The winged deity obey'd.
It was about the self-same season
That Juno, with as little reason,
Rung for her Abigail; and, you know,
Iris is chambermaid to Juno.
'Iris, d'ye hear? Mind what I say;
I want three maids—inquire—no, stay!
Three virgins—yes, unspotted all;
No characters equivocal.
Go find me three, whose manners pure
Can Envy's sharpest tooth endure.'
The goddess curtsey'd, and retir'd;
From London to Pekin inquir'd;
Search'd huts and palaces—in vain;
And tir'd, to Heaven came back again.
'Alone! are you return'd alone?
How wicked must the world be grown!
What has my profligate been doing?
On earth has he been spreading ruin?
Come, tell me all.'—Fair Iris sigh'd,
And thus disconsolate replied:—
''Tis true, O Queen! three maids I found—
The like are not on Christian ground—
So chaste, severe, immaculate,
The very name of man they hate:
These—but, alas! I came too late;

For Hermes had been there before—
In triumph off to Pluto bore
Three sisters, whom yourself would own
The true supports of Virtue's throne.'
'To Pluto!—Mercy!' cried the Queen,
'What can my brother Pluto mean?
Poor man! he doats, or mad he sure is!
What can he want them for?'—'Three Furies.'

You will say I am an *infernal* poet; but everybody cannot write as they do *aux Champs Elysées*. Adieu, Madam!

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

1120. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 10, 1766.

Don't you think a complete year enough for any administration to last? One[1], who at least can remove them, though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly, yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Not a jot more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with Lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrangement I believe settled in the outlines—if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people, on all sides, will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, Lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and Lord Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What Lord Temple will do, or if anything will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible. From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's

Letter 1120.—[1] George III.

glory; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismission of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom, too, he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much more diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh, a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1121. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Thursday, July 10, 1766.

YESTERDAY the administration's year was completed, and yesterday the administration ended. His Majesty declared to them that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Nothing more is known, nor will be till his arrival. The event itself is but little known yet in town: the succeeding days will be a little more busy, and your Ladyship may guess what curiosity and expectation will be raised till the list appears. I knew yesterday that something was ready to burst out, as I believe your Ladyship perceived, though I could not tell what. If Mr. Pitt does not arrive by Saturday, I shall be at Twickenham that day, and will see you in the evening. If he does I cannot be so unfashionable as to quit the town, when everybody will be coming to it, though I have nothing else to do than to amuse myself, except being very glad, for reasons I will tell you.

Your most obedient
HOR. WALPOLE.

1122. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

I hope you have minded me, and are prepared. Nay, if you did but calculate, you must have expected a revolution. Why, it was a year yesterday that the ministers had held their places. Surely you did not think that Secretaries of State and Lords of the Treasury are of more importance, or ought to be more permanent than churchwardens! If you did, you do not know my Lord Bute. As Petulant says of Millamant[1] and her lovers, he makes no more of making ministers than of making card-matches.

The late ministers—I talk of those who were in office three days ago, stuck to their text; that is, would not bow the knee to the idol[2] that keeps behind the veil of the sanctuary. They were content to have shown some civilities to one or two of his family[3], and asked the King if there was anybody his Majesty wished particularly to have placed? It was now too late: the answer was 'No!' On Sunday last, without any communication to the ministers, the Chancellor[4], who can smell a storm, and who has probably bargained for beginning it, told the King that he would resign. The ministers saw this was a signal of something, though they did not know what; and having found of late that they could obtain no necessary powers for strengthening themselves, determined to resign. They should have done so on Wednesday; but the old obstacle, Newcastle, and one or two more, prevailed to defer their resolution till to-day. Mr. Conway alone had determined, when he should quit, to recommend the sending for Mr. Pitt. To their great sur-

Letter 1122. — [1] Characters in Congreve's *Way of the World*.
[2] Lord Bute.
[3] Lord Rockingham had offered to make Mr. Mackenzie, Lord Bute's brother, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.
[4] Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

prise, when they severally went into the closet, the King, *sans façon*, declared that he *had* sent for Mr. Pitt. Mr. Conway replied that he was very glad of it, and hoped it would answer. To him much graciousness was used; he was told that it was hoped never to see an administration of which he should not be part. This looks as if the plan was arranged, and that he was to remain; for a cool leave, very cool, was taken of all the rest.

You have now the sum total of all I know, except that, half an hour ago, I heard Mr. Pitt was arrived. What his list will be is a profound secret. Probably, it will be picked and culled from all quarters. If the symptom of an arrangement being settled, which I mentioned above, had not appeared, I should say, 'Stay, this is not the first time Mr. Pitt has been sent for, and gone back *re infectâ*.' Oh, but though they are not cured of sending for him, he may be cured of going back. Well, but on the other side, his scheme of breaking all parties may not succeed—pray don't think I mean that the constituents of parties are all men of honour, and will not violate their connections. No; but the very self-interest that would tempt them to desert may at last keep them together. Men will find out that the tenure of places is too precarious. It grows not worth while to let themselves be dragged through every kennel for the salary of a single year.

There may be another difficulty. Will Mr. Pitt propose Lord Temple for the Treasury? Will he take it? Will he accept without George Grenville? And will the latter serve under both? Can these three act together? Will Grenville be endured when Mr. Pitt is called, only to avoid being forced to call for Grenville? Oh, I could ask you, or you may ask me, twenty other questions, that I cannot answer, and that a few days will. What will popularity say to the union of Pitt and Bute? Will Mr. Pitt's fortune salve

that? Will it please the nation to see him sacrifice a most popular administration to the favourite, who fall, because they withstood the favourite? Truly, I do not yet know; but one thing I do know, that Mr. Pitt must disoblige so many more than he can content, that by this day twelvemonth I may probably send you another revolution.

As to you, my dear Sir, I am not apprehensive for you. This is not one of those state-quakes that reach to foreign ministers. Mr. Pitt is not a man of vengeance; nor, were he, could he have any animosity to you. Had the former ministry returned I would not have warranted you; the favour you received from Mr. Conway may have been noted down in their black book, and the red riband would have added another dash. In all cases you had better not say much in answer to this. The new plan may blow up before it takes place, and what might succeed it is impossible to guess. I will write to you again as soon as anything is settled, or if the machine falls to pieces in the erection.

You will soon see at Florence the son[5] of Madame de Boufflers, to whom I have been desired to give a letter. As I conclude the new French minister[6], who is much connected with his mother, will be at Florence before his arrival, he will not have great occasion for your civilities. However, for once I will beg you rather to exceed in them, for particular reasons. His mother is the mistress, and very desirous of being the wife, of the Prince of Conti. She is a *savante, philosophe*, author, *bel esprit*, what you please, and has been twice in England, where she has some great admirers. She was very civil to me at Paris, and at the same time very unpleasant, for being a protectress of Rousseau, she was extremely angry, and made the Prince of Conti so, at the letter I wrote to him in the name of the

[5] The Comte de Boufflers-Rouvel. See the following letter.

[6] Monsieur de Barbantane. *Walpole.*

King of Prussia. It was made up, but I believe not at all forgiven, for it is unpardonable to be too quick-sighted, and to detect anybody's idol. Rousseau has answered all I thought and said of him, by a most weak and passionate answer to my letter, which showed I had touched his true sore; and since, by the most abominable and ungrateful abuse of Mr. Hume, the second idol of Madame de Boufflers, to whom she had consigned the first. This new behaviour of Rousseau will not justify me in her eyes, because it makes me more in the right; therefore I should wish, as the only proper return to a woman, to be of use to her son. You answer any bills I draw on you so readily, my dear Sir, that I need say no more--indeed I have not time; therefore adieu!

1123. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

The Comte de Boufflers, who does me the honour of carrying this letter, is the gentleman for whom I have already told you I interest myself so much. His birth and his rank, added to the uncommon merit and talents of the Countess, his mother, will everywhere procure him the proper distinctions. If Madame de Boufflers has done me the honour of asking what she is pleased to call a recommendatory letter of her son to you, you may be sure I had not the vanity of accepting such an honour with any other view than to procure you so agreeable an acquaintance. You are too just to merit of all nations to estimate it by countries; and yet if you can find a way of being more civil than ordinary, I must beg that art may be employed for the amusement and service of Monsieur de Boufflers while he is at Florence. Madame de Boufflers has done so much honour to England and Englishmen, that you will be a very bad

representative of both if you do not endeavour to pay some of our debts to her son. Adieu! my dear Sir.

1124. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[16 Juillet, 1766.]

. . . Mr. Hume qui s'est épuisé en bonté pour Rousseau, avait sollicité M. Conway de procurer une pension du Roi pour lui. Le Roi en accordait une de cent livres sterling, mais vu les hérésies de Rousseau, Sa Majesté souhaitait qu'on en gardât le secret. Mr. Hume en fait l'ouverture à son protégé; Rousseau reçoit avec beaucoup de reconnaissance cette grâce du Roi, mais demande permission d'écrire à Milord Maréchal pour obtenir son consentement, ce seigneur lui ayant négocié une pareille grâce auprès du Roi de Prusse, dont Rousseau n'avait pas voulu.

L'affaire traîne en longueur; Mr. Hume ne reçoit plus de lettres de Jean Jacques; il lui écrit pour le presser de donner réponse à l'offre du ministre. Au lieu de répondre à son ami il écrit à Mr. Conway la lettre du monde la moins intelligible, la plus mystérieuse, et qui marquait un désespoir, une amertume—enfin on croyait qu'il allait se pendre; sa tête, son âme, ses nerfs, disait-il, étaient trop troublés pour permettre qu'il prit une résolution formelle; quelque chose lui était arrivé auquel un honnête homme ne devait pas s'attendre. Je disais à Mr. Hume, 'C'est moi assurément qu'il désigne, il sait mes liaisons avec Mr. Conway.' Enfin nous nous donnions la torture pour percer ce mystère; mais ce qui était plaisant, le même ordinaire, Mr. Hume reçoit une lettre de M. Davenport, l'hôte de Rousseau, qui lui marque que jamais il n'avait vu Rousseau plus gai et

Letter 1124.—Not in C.; now first printed from the transcript (in the handwriting of Wiart, Madame du Deffand's secretary) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

plus enjoué. Mr. Hume, à la sollicitation de M. Conway, presse le personnage de se décider, et en même temps me fait sentir que ce pourrait bien être la condition du secret qui aurait révolté cette âme trop sensible et délicate ; et me conjure de faire ôter cette stipulation ; je m'y rends, et d'autant plus volontiers que l'ayant blessé je voulais lui rendre des services essentiels. Je pousse Mr. Conway, et il me promet de faire des tentatives auprès du Roi pour que la pension soit publique.

Pendant que le ministre épie un moment favorable, voici une nouvelle lettre de Rousseau à M. Hume où il l'accable d'injures, l'appelle le plus noir des hommes, l'assure qu'il le connaît, et qu'il est persuadé que Mr. Hume ne l'a traîné en Angleterre que pour le déshonorer, toujours sans assigner la moindre raison, sans avérer l'ombre d'un fait. Enfin il rompt tout commerce avec ce trop tendre ami. Le pauvre M. Hume est au désespoir, il craint un éclat, il ne veut pas être le thème d'une querelle littéraire. Il me dit qu'il veut encore tâcher d'adoucir cette bête féroce, et qu'il veut le prier très doucement de lui assigner les raisons de cette conduite bizarre et indigne. 'Oh ! pour les politesses,' je crie, 'passe ; ne répondez pas aux injures ; mais, mon bon ami, ne soyez pas trop doux s'il vous plaît, soyez ferme ; demandez-lui hautement les motifs de ce procédé abominable ; car comptez que si vous le souffrez il publiera que vous avez souscrit à votre propre condamnation.' Mr. Hume me remercie, se rend à mon avis, écrit comme il fallait une lettre modérée mais très décidée, et somme Rousseau d'alléguer des faits, faute d'être pris pour un calomniateur atroce. En même temps il envoie le duplicata de cette lettre à Mr. Davenport, en le conjurant de presser Jean Jacques a y répondre. L'affliction, le trouble, le désespoir reviennent sur la scène, les nerfs sont attaqués, on a le plus mauvais visage du monde, et pour cette fois-ci Mr. Davenport ne

mande pas que le triste philosophe est on ne peut plus gai. Il promet de satisfaire à son devoir et d'expliquer sa conduite. Six ordinaires passent sans qu'on entend parler de lui ; enfin avant hier une brochure manuscrite de dix-sept grandes pages in-folio d'écriture très petite ! Mais comment vous rendre compte de ce qu'elle contenait ? Des misères, des puérilités, des petits soupçons, des mensonges, de la vanité, des méchancetés, des injures, c'est peu dire, l'ingratitude la plus outrée n'a jamais joué un pareil rôle ; faute de faits il impute à M. Hume jusqu'à ses regards ; quand il n'a pas reçu de réponse aux lettres qu'il a écrites à ses amis, c'est à M. Hume qu'il l'impute ; il va jusqu'à lui dire qu'il ne lui a jamais rendu des services essentiels, qu'il lui a détourné des amis, et que sans M. Hume son accueil en Angleterre aurait été de beaucoup plus favorable. Passant toujours en outre, il rappelle à ce pauvre homme toutes les fois que lui Rousseau lui a manqué, c'est à dire en ne faisant pas de réponses à ses lettres, mais en s'adressant à d'autres etc.

Il désigne toutes ces circonstances par ces mots *premier soufflet sur la joue de mon patron ; second soufflet sur la joue de mon patron.* Il l'accuse de basses flagorneries à son égard, et en même temps de ne lui avoir pas marqué assez de tendresse. Il lui reproche d'avoir toujours eu sur sa table un volume de *La Nouvelle Héloïse* sans être capable du sentiment qui devrait le lui faire goûter ; mais passons aux articles capitaux dont tout le reste n'est que l'émanation.

Il se plaint piteusement de ce que quelques semaines après son arrivée, l'empressement du public à son égard se ralentissait ! Ha, voilà le nœud de l'intrigue ! Quand la curiosité du public était satisfaite, quand on l'avait vu dans son habit arménien, quand on l'avait regardé comme on regarde un dromadaire, voilà qui était fini. Il ne peut pas supporter cet oubli. On l'attaque dans les papiers publics ;

sans doute ! est-ce que nous n'avons pas des prêtres et des cabales comme il y en a partout ? Mais ce qui est plaisant, il en accuse Mr. Hume, lui qui pour les prêtres est encore plus gros hérétique que Rousseau lui-même ; mais non, c'est M. Hume qui lui suscite ces ennemis, qui cherche à refroidir le public à son égard ; c'est exactement comme si un homme qui, pour attraper de l'argent, faisait débarquer un dromadaire à Londres, mît dans les papiers publics que ce n'était qu'un petit chien ordinaire.

Dans l'instant comme le fol orgueil de ce dromadaire se sent indigné de voir tomber sa célébrité, arrive la malheureuse lettre du Roi de Prusse, voilà tous les soupçons éclaircis. Mr. Hume connaît un Mr. Walpole qui est le prête-nom de cette lettre, mais dans laquelle M. Rousseau reconnaît, aussi précisément que s'il l'avait vu écrire, le style de M. d'Alembert, autre ami de M. Hume. Rien peut-il être plus clair ? Voilà le complot le plus artificieusement tramé depuis celui de feu Catilina. Ceci s'appelle la démonstration intrinsèque ; voici des preuves extrinsèques et démonstratives.

Un jeune homme qui, par parenthèse, est imbécile et qui loge à la maison où logeait Jean Jacques, ne lui rend pas le salut toutes les fois qu'il le rencontre sur l'escalier. La femme de la maison, qui est sourde, et qui ne sait pas le français, ne lui parle pas. Un fait plus grave ; Jean Jacques et Mr. Hume dorment à la première hôtellerie, dans la même chambre ; au beau milieu de la nuit, M. Hume crie plusieurs fois (on ne sait pas précisément, et comme on est très scrupuleux sur la vérité, on ne dépose pas si c'était en rêvant ou en veillant) 'Je tiens Jean Jacques Rousseau !'

Ordinairement rêve-t-on dans une langue étrangère ? N'importe ; combinez toutes ces misères qui s'appellent les circonstances, et les circonstances, comme vous savez, apparemment composent les faits, et peut-on douter de la

trahison des dits comploteurs? Mr. Hume, Mr. d'Alembert, et M. Walpole, rien de mieux constaté; mais à quoi bon, me diriez-vous, ce complot? comment Mr. Hume trouvait-il son compte en déshonorant un pauvre homme dont il se faisait l'honneur d'être le conducteur, l'ami, le protecteur? Ma foi, je n'en sais rien. Si vous me demandez, encore en m'accordant que les mesures étaient bien prises, quelle devait être la réussite? la voici. Mr. Hume ménage si secrètement tous ces affronts à Jean Jacques que Jean Jacques ne peut rien prouver; or, Jean Jacques, dont la pénétration est plus qu'humaine, doit s'en apercevoir. S'il s'en aperçoit il en marquera son indignation? Eh bien, il le fait, c'est alors le moment de lui procurer une pension. La reçoit-il? Il est donc un infâme s'il s'assujettit à des obligations à un homme qui l'a si bien et si mal traité. Ne la reçoit-il pas? Oh, alors il ne la reçoit pas, je n'en sais plus rien, je ne vois pas comment cela se tournait en mal pour lui. *Ergo*, à toute force il devait recevoir la pension, car la pénétration qui devait le servir si bien en découvrant le complot devait fermer les yeux aux conséquences.

Ah Dieu, que de sornettes viens-je vous conter! Ne faut-il pas décider que cet homme est fou? Un fripon a plus de finesse. Je ne vous demande pas le secret, car toute cette histoire est de notoriété publique, et ce serait un mystère mal imaginé que de faire semblant que je ne vous en aurais pas parlé.

1125. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Arlington Street, Thursday morning [July 17, 1766].

Not an inch of the curtain is drawn up yet, Madam. Mr. Pitt has a fever at Mr. Dineley's[1], at Hampstead. Lord

Letter 1125.—Collated with original in British Museum.

[1] Charles Dingley (d. 1769), the opponent of Wilkes at the Middlesex

Temple arrived on Monday, and has been with the fever two or three times, but whether he has caught any of it or not, remains an impenetrable mystery. Nobody comes to town; in short, all is dumb-show hitherto.

Lady Montrath[2] is dead. She has left a mortgage of 40,000*l.*, which she had on the Devonshire estate, to Lord John Cavendish, whom she never saw but twice. Twickenham Park to Lord Frederick his brother, but he must permit it to be inhabited by the Duchess of Montrose till the Duke of Newcastle dies, when the Duchess of Newcastle is to occupy it; and when she dies, for Lady Montrath has settled all their deaths by entail, the Duchess of Montrose is to return to it, and after her Lord Frederick is to enjoy it. She leaves a thousand pounds a year to her son[3], whom she makes residuary legatee, as she makes Lord John executor, but she gives six hundred a year in land to Lord Milton's youngest son[4], and threescore thousand pounds in small legacies. I do not know, Madam, whether you or I have any as neighbours, or as not being acquainted with her.

I wish much that our state puppet-show would begin or end. I wish to see the first scene or last, and return to the country; the town is empty and dull, and we live upon idle guesses.

I forget that Mr. Cambridge must have probably told you all my news, or no news; but at least, the will will serve you to answer some of my Lady Tweedale's questions. Yours, &c.

Thursday evening.

Lord Temple is not a good febrifuge. Whatever passed between them yesterday, Mr. Pitt is much worse to-day, and sees nobody; not even the Duke of Grafton, who

election of 1769. The house let by him to Pitt was at North End, Hampstead.

[2] Diana Newport, Countess of Mountrath.

[3] Charles Henry Coote (d. 1802), seventh Earl of Mountrath.

[4] Hon. Lionel Damer (1748-1807).

arrived this morning. If any one knows the secret, it is Mr. Graham the apothecary.

1126. To the Hon. Thomas Walpole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, July 18, 1766.

I am extremely obliged to you for the testimony you have borne in my favour, and much flattered by the sight of Mr. Pitt's letter, which is too valuable not to restore to you. You shall not be ashamed of having been my surety, for what little assistance I can give Mr. Pitt, especially by my connections, he may depend upon; and he may as much depend upon it, that I have nothing to ask, nor shall ever trouble him with a solicitation. To see an upright, reputable, and lasting administration is all my wish. I was born in politics, but do not design to die in them. The return of L. T.[1] will greatly facilitate everything: and I hope Mr. Pitt's recovery, which is so essential to his country. I again thank you, dear Sir, and am your faithful humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1127. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 18, 1766.

Last post I put your blood into a little ferment; but now I send you a quieting draught. We were very uneasy for four days, for Lord Temple not only came to town on the King's summons, and by Mr. Pitt's desire, but saw both, and, what was worse, stayed here. There was no fishing out a syllable of what passed. Few of the present administration, or their friends, would have stayed, if Temple had accepted; not a man of them, if he dragged his brother

Letter 1126.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole (pp. 9–10).

[1] Lord Temple.

George along with him. As his own acceptance would have hampered Mr. Pitt, his Lordship's *amiable* temper made that very probable; as, if he got in himself, he might have wriggled his brother in afterwards, it was much to be apprehended, for family interest visibly pointed to that measure. Happily, family pride and malice predominated. He stickled for George; Mr. Pitt withstood him to his face, and would not budge an inch. Thus mortified, he took a natural turn, and asked Mr. Pitt what he intended to do for Lord Bute's friends? He replied, considerably. Then came on the rupture. Yesterday Lord Temple saw the King; repeated his insolent demands; was rejected with proper spirit, and is gone—I trust, for ever. However, he ruffled Mr. Pitt so much, that yesterday he had a great deal of fever, and was not able to see even the Duke of Grafton, whom he had sent for to town.

Nothing could be so happy as these events. The nation had scarce a wish, or at least their wishes were divided between Mr. Pitt and the present ministers. The City was even discontent with the prospect of a change; yet they wanted strength, and he brings it. All the unpopular will remain out of place, and if they please, in opposition. Mr. Pitt's name will cover any satisfaction that is given to Lord Bute, and the ministers have the credit of having resisted paying court to him. If anything can give stability, this concurrence of popularity and integrity will.

What the changes will be, I neither know nor much care. If the Duke of Richmond could be satisfied, I should be quite so, and much more so than they who see all their wishes gratified. My whole ambition was to quit politics. I leave them happily and gloriously settled, and an exclusion given to the public's and my private enemies. The King may be happy if he will, and the people are no longer in danger of arbitrary power. The ministers will withstand

that, and Mr. Pitt's name will keep Europe in awe. 'Tis a great æra, my dear Sir, and a new birthday for England!

You are perfectly secure; for I suppose you will not resign your post in compliment to the Grenvilles. Your *visitor*[1], who has contributed a little to this storm, will by no means find his account in it, and may possibly, therefore, still make you another visit.

You shall hear the changes when they are settled, though of little importance now, and I should think not likely to extend far. Adieu!

1128. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 21, 1766.

You may strike up your sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, for Mr. Pitt comes in[1], and Lord Temple does not. Can I send you a more welcome affirmative or negative? My sackbut is not very sweet, and here is the ode I have made for it:

When Britain heard the woful news,
That Temple was to be minister,
To look upon it could she choose
But as an omen most sinister?

But when she heard he did refuse,
In spite of Lady Chat his sister,
What could she do but laugh, O Muse?
—And so she did, till she bepist her.

If that snake had wriggled in, he would have drawn after him the whole herd of vipers, his brother Demogorgon and all. 'Tis a blessed deliverance!

The changes I should think now would be few. They are not yet known—but I am content already, and shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, where I shall be happy to receive

Letter 1127.—[1] Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole.*
Letter 1128.—[1] As Lord Privy Seal.

you and Mr. John any day after Sunday next, the twenty-seventh, and for as many days as ever you will afford me. Let me know your mind by the return of the post. Strawberry is in perfection; the verdure has all the bloom of spring: the orange-trees are loaded with blossoms, the gallery all sun and gold, Mrs. Clive all sun and vermilion,—in short, come away to

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, and I hate to steal and not tell, that my *Ode* is imitated from Fontaine.

1129. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 23, 1766.

I received yours of the 5th last night, with the enclosed for Lord Hilsborough, which I will deliver the moment he arrives. I am glad of every new friend you acquire, especially in a sensible man; but I doubt whether just at present he can be of any use to you. He has no connection with Mr. Pitt, who is at this moment the sole fountain of honour, as my two last letters will have told you.

Your eagerness for the red riband I see still continues, and I am sorry for it, both as I think it a plaything not worth your care, and not likely to be soon gratified. In a season of such frequent convulsions, you must be content, I fear, to keep your seat. Though Mr. Conway will continue in his[1], the disposition of favours will not lie much in his province; Mr. Pitt too, I should think, would be dressing up military men in plumes, as trophies and remembrances of his own former glory, which may want to be recalled to the

Letter 1129.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Northern Province, and Leader of the House of Commons.

people's memory. Every favour you obtain from one set of men will be a demerit with their antagonists, and the more garlands you wear, the sooner you may be sacrificed. The present shock, I am persuaded, will not reach you, though you will have a master entirely new; Lord Shelburne will be he[2]: a destination not at all known yet, but I suppose it will be so presently, for Mr. Pitt is at this instant with the King, arranging the outlines of his system. The Duke of Grafton is to be at the head of the Treasury, and Charles Townshend Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter was sent for, and arrived exulting. Yesterday his crest fell terribly; Mr. Pitt sent him two dictatorial lines, telling him, he was too considerable not to be in a responsible place, and therefore would be proposed by him on the morrow to the King for Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which he required a positive answer by nine at night. This was plain. You are not to remain Paymaster, but are to be *promoted* from seven thousand pounds a year, to seven-and-twenty hundred—to such contemptuous slavery has his enormous folly reduced his enormous parts!

You see the new colour of the times: the style will be exalted, but it will be far from meeting with universal submission. The house of Grenville is not patient: the great families that will be displaced are by no means pleased. The dictator, I think, will not find his new magistracy pass on so smoothly as his former; but one cannot judge entirely, till more of his plan comes forth. I shall be able to tell you more before this letter sets out, two days hence; but the stability with which I flattered myself when I wrote last, is not quite so promising as it was. A great point, still wrapt in mysterious darkness, is, whether Lord Bute is to be taken by the hand or not. It will secure the closet, but shake the popularity; and Lord

[2] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

Temple is not a man to let it pass unnoticed. Your *White* Friend [3] I believe will not find him very considerable in the new system.

I am sorry for poor Count Lorenzi [4]; but when his services were treated with such ingratitude, is it probable his family will be used better?

Prince Ferdinand has quarrelled with the King of Prussia, and thrown up all his employments. We have had a notion here, that he would go into the French service: the event of Mr. Pitt might hinder that, if between his two heroes the balance did not incline to the Monarch.

As we shall love now to humble France and Spain, your having bullied their ministers on the Pretender's affair may be much in your favour. On any proper occasion, I will get Mr. Conway to set your merits forth. On every occasion I beg you to be as haughty as may be; you no longer represent the King, but Mr. Pitt; and pray keep up all the dignity of his crown. It will be your own fault if you don't huff yourself into a red riband. This is my serious advice; as well as my temper. You know I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing would have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a dead silence. The Prince of Masserano here is literally in a ridiculous fright, and I don't doubt but the King his master will treat Madrid with uncommon condescension.

Wednesday night.

You must not wonder that the style of my letters fluctuates. Nothing wears so changeable a face as politics, especially in

[3] Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole.*
[4] He had been dismissed from the post of French minister at Florence.

such unsettled times. Consider too, I write you journals, not history. Madame History collects the result of events and forms a gross detail. She would have enough to do if she specified their daily ages. Well, then, I think we shall have a good and stable settlement at last. Mr. Pitt has opened his budget in private, but I must not send it yet. There will be very few alterations, and no leaven. The present administration will be retained or pacified. Charles Townshend will be suffered to remain where he was. You shall know more soon; you may be easy, for I assure you I am so. Adieu!

Friday, weather changeable.

The new plan does not move on kindly, but though there may be hitches, it will certainly take place. Mr. Pitt is resolved, and would not want recruits, if the present corps should disband. He takes the Privy Seal himself, and Lord Camden is to have the Great Seal: the Chancellor[5] to be President. Charles Townshend changed his mind again yesterday, went to Mr. Pitt, and desired to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Pitt replied coldly, that the place is full. I believe Mr. Dowdswell continues[6]. Mr. Pitt has certainly been moderate, far beyond what could have been expected, yet it does not satisfy—those that are to go out. That old wretch the Duke of Newcastle is moving heaven and earth (but heaven and earth are not easily moved with a numbed finger of seventy) to raise dissatisfaction; and I suppose will end, like Lord Bolingbroke, laying plans at fourscore to govern under the Prince of Wales, who is now almost five.

[5] Lord Northington.
[6] He resigned, and was succeeded by Charles Townshend.

1130. To David Hume.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, July 26, 1766.

Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does[1].

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or anybody else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the litterati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart,

Letter 1130.—[1] Rousseau was at this time convinced that Hume was conspiring against him. He wrote abusive letters to Hume, in one of which he accused Hume of having assisted in the composition of the pretended letter from the King of Prussia, which was in fact written by Horace Walpole. Hume's literary friends in Paris wished him to publish a narrative of his dealings with Rousseau.

as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry Hill.

1131. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1766.

WELL! Europe must have done talking of Mr. Pitt; there is no longer such a man. He is Lord Privy Seal, and Earl of Chatham. I don't know how Europe will like it, but the City and the mob are very angry. The latter, by which I do not mean to exclude the former, prove that it was only a name they were attached to, for as he has not advised a single measure yet, they can have no reason to find fault. Such as know why they are angry, though they will not tell you their true why, dislike his quitting the House of Commons, where he had more opportunity of doing jobs for them.

This dust will soon be laid, though my Lord Temple has a long foot, and will keep kicking it up as long as he can. Everything is settled but a few lower places; and as but few have resigned, and some full as important are acquired, I see nothing at present to prevent the new establishment from lasting.

The Chancellor[1] is President of the Council, in the room of Lord Winchelsea, with a pension of 4,000*l.* a year into the

LETTER 1131.—[1] Earl of Northington. *Walpole.*

bargain. I neither approve the pension nor the person, for he is never sober after dinner, and causes are only heard before the Council in the afternoon. Lord Shelburne, as I told you, is Secretary of State. The Duke of Grafton at the head of the Treasury, where Charles Townshend has fixed at last as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Colonel Barré will have the vacant Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, and James Grenville has another in the room of Lord George Sackville, who is rather cruelly removed. Lord Howe returns to Treasurer of the Navy, which had not been filled up.

Lord Camden has the Great Seal; Wilmot succeeds him as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Yorke has resigned [2], finding that all his trimming and double dealing could not make him Chancellor, and unable to digest Pratt's [3] promotion. Mr. Mackenzie will be restored to the Privy Seal of Scotland. Lord Dartmouth has resigned the Board of Trade, having been on the point of becoming third Secretary of State for America, which now will not be disjoined from the Southern Province; and Lord John Cavendish has quitted the Treasury. I believe resignations will stop here: Newcastle's people are weary of following him in and out, and see what everybody else sees but himself, that seventy-three and ambition are ridiculous comrades. Mr. Stanley goes ambassador to Russia; I do not know who to Spain [4].

So much for this revolution. I don't mean that we shall not have lampoons and libels. My Lord Temple and the mob are cross; and the former was born to gratify the latter: he has no other talent. George Grenville's endless harangues must wait till the Parliament meets, where he will speak so long that nobody will perceive that he has none to speak on his side.

[2] He was Attorney-General.
[3] Charles Pratt, Lord Camden.
[4] Sir James Gray was appointed in Nov. 1766.

Well! have not I been punctual and diligent? You must now give me a few holidays. I am going to Strawberry, and shall think no more of politics. I carried your letter to Lord Hilsborough, and met him in his chariot going to court, and could only reach your letter to him. He is talked of for coming in, but I do not know whether there will be any room. Adieu!

1132. To the Président Hénault.

De Strawberry Hill, le 17 Août 1766.

Une lettre de votre part, Monsieur, ne me paye que trop du petit présent que j'ai osé vous offrir, et Lucain doit être plus glorieux de votre éloge que de voir sortir sa *Pharsale* de la presse d'un simple particulier comme moi. Vous, Monsieur, mettez le sceau à l'histoire, et quiconque ose parler avec impartialité de son propre pays est plus en état que personne d'apprécier les auteurs étrangers. Pour nous autres presque républicains Lucain doit être un auteur précieux, et il est vrai qu'il y a des hémistiches dans son poëme qui me font oublier des centaines de vers ampoulés et gigantesques.

À mon âge on est bien revenu du clinquant; il nous faut du bon sens même dans la poésie, et je vous avoue que j'aimerais mieux Virgile si j'en retenais autre chose que des vers harmonieux. On oublie de bonne heure les poètes qui ne parlent qu'aux passions naissantes. Votre Despréaux plaira toujours, parce qu'on est plus longtemps sur le retour qu'on est jeune. Mais c'est La Fontaine qui charme tous les âges. Il a l'air d'écrire pour les enfants, et plus on avance en âge plus on lui découvre de beautés. Tous les autres auteurs, qui ont le plus approfondi le cœur humain, ne font que faire parler

Letter 1132.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

la nature, mais c'est la nature qui fait parler La Fontaine. Dans les tragédies, dans les satires, ce sont des vices, ce sont des crimes, qu'on voudrait n'attribuer qu'à des particuliers ; dans La Fontaine tout émane de nos dispositions ; c'est la marche de nos penchants naturels ; et d'abord qu'on a établi les passions, tout le reste semble en deviner le résultat nécessaire. Est-on loup ? On dévore. Est-on renard ? On est rusé. Est-on singe ? On est petit-maître. Ce n'est pas comme dans les pièces de théâtre où tout se fait de dessein prémédité, et où l'on souffle ses passions, plutôt qu'on ne les obéit. Pardonnez, Monsieur, cette petite critique. Vous m'avez entraîné, et votre exemple est bien séduisant. Mais je sais à qui je parle et je m'arrête ; mais plaignez un étranger, Monsieur, qui se sentant du goût pour vos auteurs admirables, n'est que trop convaincu combien des beautés doivent lui échapper : car je ne suis pas de ces génies heureux qui saisissent les meilleurs endroits des auteurs étrangers, et savent en enrichir leur propre pays. Tout le monde, après avoir lu notre Shakespeare, ne produit pas un *François Second* [1].

Je ne dois pas quitter la plume sans vous féliciter, Monsieur, du rétablissement de la santé de la Reine. Je sais combien vous vous intéressez à cette vie précieuse ; mais permettez-moi de vous dire que ce n'est pas uniquement sur votre compte que je m'y intéresse aussi. La vertu de la Reine la fait adorer de tout le monde ; et rendez-moi la justice de croire, Monsieur, que si chez nous on ménage moins qu'ailleurs les défauts des princes, nous savons aussi respecter à proportion ceux qui méritent notre estime. Eh ! que nous serions barbares si nous ne rendissions volontiers l'hommage dû au caractère incomparable de la Reine de France. Sa haute piété dans un siècle illuminé est toute autre chose que celle des princesses qui font le principal

[1] Hénault wrote a play of that name.

et peut-être le seul ornement de la première partie de votre inimitable *Abrégé Chronologique.*

Oserai-je vous supplier, Monsieur, de présenter mes très respectueuses [2] compliments à Mesdames vos nièces, et de me conserver un petit coin de votre amitié? Vos bontés passées m'ont enhardi, et je sais que vous n'êtes pas homme à manquer à ceux qui ont autant d'attachement et de respect pour vous que n'a, Monsieur,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1133. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1766.

I HAVE had nothing great to tell you since my last. Lord Chatham continues to be ill-treated by the mob and the gout, and is going to Bath. The Bedford-squadron offered themselves: there was not room for them; the Admiralty was tendered to Lord Gower, but he would not sell himself by retail; and it was given to Sir Charles Saunders, Lord Egmont having resigned it. Lord Granby is made Commander-in-Chief, to the mortification and emolument of Lord Ligonier, who has accepted an Irish earl's coronet for his ancient brows and approaching coffin, and got fifteen hundred a year pension settled on his nephew. In consideration of Lord Granby's preferment, his father has given up Master of the Horse, to which Lord Hertford succeeds, that Lord Bristol [1] may go to Ireland. He was going to the south of France, dying, but the sole prospect of a throne, ermine, and Beef-eaters, has cured him. The nomination of this nymph to rule Huns and Vandals is the joke of all companies—I dread his being brought to bed, like Pope Joan, as he goes to Parliament.

[2] So in original.

LETTER 1133.—[1] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

I don't like your prospect of famine; for your change of ministry, pass. Our harvest, though the season has been so fine, turns out ill, the preceding rains having starved it with weeds. At least, as every incident contributes to raise prices, bread is raised, and people are very clamorous against exportation of corn. There is no living in this country under twenty thousand pounds a year; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask a pension for two or three lives.

Your Prince of Anhalt is come, and I have sent him your letter, but he is on a progress. I know nothing of Mr. Skreene yet.

Of myself I can give you but a melancholy account. For these five or six weeks I have been extremely out of order, with pains in my stomach and limbs, and a lassitude that wore me out. They tell me it is the gout flying about me. If there is any difference, but I hate haggling about obscurities, I should rather think it the rheumatism. However, I am to go to ask the Bath waters what it is, and where they would please to have it settle. What afflicts me most is, that I am persuaded this place is too damp for me. I revive after being in London an hour, like a member of Parliament's wife. It will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money here, and building upon it as the nest of my old age, if I am driven from it by bad health! To be forced back into the world, when I am sick of it; to live in London, that I detest, or to send myself to Paris, that I like as little; to find no benefit from a life of temperance, to sit by a fire instead of braving winds and weather; in short, to grow to moralize—oh, 'tis piteous enough! I dread owning I am ill, because everybody talks nonsense to one, and wants to quack one; concealing it looks like an affectation of philosophy, which I despise. In physicians I believe no more than in divines—in short, I was not made

for an invalid; I mean my mind was not, and my body seems made for nothing else. I thought I could harden paper to the consistence of stone—I am disappointed, and do not like it; for, though I can laugh at myself, I shall be tired of laughing long at the same thing; in short, I might as well have conquered the world. Sententious poets would have told me, it signified little, as I had not conquered myself. I have conquered myself, and to very little purpose! Wisdom and foresight are just as foolish as anything else, when you know the bottom of them. Adieu!

P.S. I have begged you to send home my letters. Pray do: there are five years to come, and I have particular occasion for some passages. I need not desire they may be trusted to a safe hand. I must beg you too, if you can get them, to send me the other volumes of *Herculanum*; I have never had but the first, and the catalogue, which last has no prints. They must not be bound, that I may bind them as like the first as I can. This is asking you to send me a present, but I have no scruple with you, though I am so delicate on that head, that I should be sorry some of my first friends knew, that so far from refusing presents, as I do from them, I had begged one.

1134. To Lady Mary Coke.

Wednesday, noon.

Weak as I am, dear Lady Mary, I cannot but write one line to thank you and tell you how I am. I have had a violent attack in my stomach, bowels, and back, of what Dr. Pringle says is the gout, accompanied with intolerable

Letter 1134. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xxi–xxii.

sickness. I much doubt myself whether it was the gout, but I am too low to haggle about words. My pains are certainly removed, or much abated, but my nights are still miserable enough, and I am seldom able to lie in bed past three or four o'clock in the morning, when I rise and get a little sleep upon the bed [1]. This regimen is the Philosopher's Stone, for it has perfectioned me into complete gold-colour. Besides this I am to be Bath-git [2], whither I shall go when I have recovered a little strength. If you should come to town within these three or four days, you will, I think, still find me on my couch here. I beg your pardon for giving you such a wretched assignation, but you can have no more of a cat than his skin and a few bones.

1135. To Lady Mary Coke.

Wednesday evening.

I did send your Ladyship a card to Sudbrook this morning, but hearing you are in town, and so good as to desire Dr. Pringle would send you an account of me, I do it for him. I am certainly better than I was, but I think not so well as he says. I have very bad nights and languid days. In the evening I get a little life, and as I am always willing to dedicate it to you, I advertise you that my inch of candle begins burning about seven o'clock.

1136. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Sept. 18, 1766.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your very friendly letter, and hurt at the absurdity of the newspapers that occasioned the alarm. Sure I am not of consequence enough

[1] So in original.

[2] So in original; perhaps Bath-gilt?

Letter 1135.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiii.

to be lied about! It is true I am ill, have been extremely so, and have been ill long, but with nothing like paralytic, as they have reported me. It has been this long disorder alone that has prevented my profiting of your company at Strawberry, according to the leave you gave me of asking it. I have lived upon the road between that place and this, never settled there, and uncertain whether I should go to Bath or abroad. Yesterday se'nnight I grew exceedingly ill indeed, with what they say has been the gout in my stomach, bowels, back, and kidneys. The worst seems over, and I have been to take the air to-day for the first time, but bore it so ill that I don't know how soon I shall be able to set out for Bath, whither they want me to go immediately. As that journey makes it very uncertain when I shall be at Strawberry again, and as you must want your cups and pastils, will you tell me if I can convey them to you any way safely?

Excuse my saying more to-day, as I am so faint and weak, but it was impossible not to acknowledge your kindness the first minute I was able. Adieu!

Dear Sir,

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1137. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1766.

I am this moment come hither with Mr. Chute, who has showed me your most kind and friendly letter, for which I give you a thousand thanks. It did not surprise me, for you cannot alter.

I have been most extremely ill; indeed, never well since I saw you. However, I think it is over, and that the gout is gone without leaving a codicil in my foot. Weak I am

to the greatest degree, and no wonder. Such explosions make terrible havoc in a body of paper. I shall go to the Bath in a few days, which they tell me will make my quire of paper hold out a vast while! As to that, I am neither credulous or earnest. If it can keep me from pain and preserve me the power of motion, I shall be content. Mr. Chute, who has been good beyond measure, goes with me for a few days. A thousand thanks and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Whetenhall and Mr. John, and excuse my writing more, as I am a little fatigued with my little journey. Yours ever,

H. W.

1138. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 25, 1766.

When I told you in my last I was ill, I did not think it would prove so very serious as it has done. It turned to an attack on my stomach, bowels, and back, with continued vomitings for four days. You will ask what it was? so I did. The physician (for Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway sent for one, whether I would or not) pronounced it the gout; and because he had pronounced so, was determined it should be so, and plied me with fire, gunpowder, and all the artillery of the College, till, like a true general, he had almost reduced the place to a heap of ashes. This made me resolved to die in my own way, that is coolly. I refused to take a drop more of his prescriptions; have mended ever since; and am really now quite well, and quite convinced that it was no more the gout than the smallpox, but a violent disorder in my stomach. This was my first physician, and shall be my last. How dear one pays for health and justice; and how seldom one obtains them even for buying!

I am going to the Bath, with more opinion of the journey and change of air, than of the waters, for even

water may be too hot for me. 'Tis a sort of complaisance too; and all these trials, when one is no longer young, I regard but as taking pains to be well against one dies. I am pretty indifferent when that may be, but not so patient under the appendixes of illness:—the advice everybody gives one,—their infallible remedies, and, what is worse, being confined, and thereby exposed to every idle body's visit, and every interested body's flattery that expects a legacy. I had a relation the other day with me, whom I very seldom see, and who begged I would excuse, as I was so ill, her not being able to help laughing violently at some very trifling thing I said. I will leave her a certain cure for that laugh; that is, nothing.

Would you believe that such a granary as England has been in as much danger as your mountains? not of famine, but of riots. The demands for corn have occasioned so much to be exported, that our farmers went on raising the price of wheat till the poor could not buy bread; indeed, they will eat none but the best. Insurrections have happened in several counties, and worse were apprehended. Yesterday the King, by the unanimous advice of his Council, took upon him to lay an embargo, which was never done before in time of peace. It will make much clamour, among the interested, both in interest and politics; but in general will be popular. The dearness of everything is enormous and intolerable, for the country is so rich that it makes everybody poor. The luxury of tradesmen passes all belief. They would forfeit their characters with their own profession if they exercised an economy that would be thought but prudent in a man of quality in any other country. Unless the mob will turn reformers and rise, or my Lord Clive sends over diamonds enough for current coin, I do not see how one shall be able soon to purchase necessaries.

Count Schoualloff, the favourite of the late Czarina—pray mind, not of this tigress—is here. I knew him at Paris, and when he was here before, and love him much, as one of the most humane, amiable beings upon earth. He is wandering about Europe till this tyranny be overpast, and talks of going to Italy. Pray be acquainted with him: your two natures were made for one another. He is very ill paired with Rasomoufski, the late Hetman of the Tartars, who was forced into the conspiracy, as they say, against the murdered Czar. The woman he served has displaced him, but given him a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling a year. He is a noble figure, of the Tartar mould; but I do not advise you to cultivate *him*. I have refused to be acquainted with him, though Schoualloff desired to bring him to me. He is not a Brutus to my mind. Adieu!

1139. To the Comtesse de Forcalquier.

Madame,

Rien ne pouvait être aussi heureux pour moi que de trouver une personne à qui toujours j'ai désiré témoigner les marques les plus vraies de mon respect et de ma reconnaissance entendre l'anglais. Je suis, Madame, troublé à l'excès, et je ne sais si jamais je serai assez osé pour écrire ou pour parler un mot de français dorénavant. M. le Président Hénault a un tel zèle et attachement pour la Reine, une telle partialité pour moi qu'il a envoyé à Sa Majesté une lettre de moi dans laquelle était un compliment pour lui à l'occasion de la bonne santé dont elle jouit maintenant; cela, Madame, m'a causé la dernière confusion, et si ce n'eût été de la plus grande méchanceté

Letter 1139.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis. Madame de Forcalquier was a Parisian friend of Horace Walpole.

j'aurais désiré que la Reine n'eût pas possédé le quart de toutes ses vertus, parce qu'alors je n'aurais pas été tenté de m'étendre sur ses perfections. De grâce, Madame, ayez pitié de moi, songez que je suis un inconnu, un obscur étranger, dont la misérable lettre se trouve produite dans un français barbare ; et où ? à Versailles. Eh quoi, Madame, vous me blamer de ne pas retourner à Paris ! Dieu me pardonne, je n'aurais jamais la hardiesse d'y remontrer mon visage. Pourriez-vous même vous en étonner lorsque vos compatriotes me traitent ainsi ? Vous pourriez me dire que tout cela vient de la grande bonté du Président ; pour moi je sais que les extrêmes sont proches et je vous assure que j'ai souffert autant que s'il avait eu l'intention de me blesser ; et ce qui me met au désespoir c'est au lieu d'être en colère je ne sens qu'un sentiment de reconnaissance, étant bien convaincu du motif obligeant qui l'a fait agir. Dans le vrai, Madame, je ne sais comment me venger de votre nation. Si votre lettre n'était pas la plus aimable qui ait jamais été écrite je l'aurais déjà montrée à ma souveraine, mais la conséquence m'a arrêté ; elle m'aurait dit, 'Pourquoi donc ne retournez-vous pas dans un pays où vous êtes invité par une femme charmante, qui écrit aussi agréablement qu'elle regarde ?' Voulez-vous, Madame, accepter une condition ? celle de me dispenser de prononcer un mot de français — alors, tout aussitôt je m'embarque du premier instant que ma santé sera un peu rétablie, ou que les eaux de Bath me l'auront rendue. J'ai été extrêmement incommodé depuis un mois, sans quoi je n'aurais pas tant différé de vous rendre mille grâces de la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire. Je suis mieux depuis un jour ou deux, mais il me semble qu'un invalide ne mérite pas l'avantage de vous faire sa cour, d'ailleurs je ne suis pas sûr d'être moins malade. Peut-être n'est-ce même que l'aventure de ma lettre à Versailles, qui m'a causé une

agitation que je prends pour une existence plus vivante. Cela peut s'appeler une erreur de santé. Quant à Madame du Deffand, je déclare que si elle n'apprend pas immédiatement l'anglais, je ne veux plus retourner dans le cher petit cabinet bleu. Je vous supplierais, Madame, de le lui apprendre, si je ne savais que vous êtes fort occupée par des soins tendres et affligeants auprès de Madame la Comtesse de Toulouse[1]. Madame du Deffand, comme si elle pensait que je n'admirais pas assez vos perfections, m'a donné un récit de ce que l'amitié vous faisait exercer dans cette triste circonstance, et je ne doute pas qu'une conduite comme la vôtre ne soit récompensée par un cœur qui en sent le prix. Je n'en suis pas moins obligé à Madame du Deffand ; elle a jugé par sa propre admiration de vous si je serais charmé de la partager.

Je ne me connais point en politique, Madame, et comme Milord Chatham se propose d'aller aux eaux de Bath ainsi que moi, vous ne manquerez pas d'apprendre si lui et moi méditons quelque révolution considérable. Il doit être ami de la France ou nous ne nous conviendrons pas, car puis-je, Madame, vous connaître, et ne pas faire des vœux pour un pays que vous habitez ?

J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

1140. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Bath, Oct. 2, 1766.

I arrived yesterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the headache all yesterday ; but it is gone to-day, or at least made way for a little giddiness which the water gave me this morning at first. If it does not do me good very soon, I shall leave it ; for I dislike the place exceedingly, and am disappointed in it.

[1] Marie Victoire Sophie de Noailles, Comtesse de Toulouse, widow of one of the legitimated sons of Louis XIV. She died Sept. 23, 1766.

Their new buildings that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable; and all crammed together, and surrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tiber. Oh, how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my Lord Chatham's coach yesterday full of such Grenville-looking children, that I shall not go to see him this day or two[1]; and to-day I spoke to Lady Rockingham in the street. My Lords Chancellor[2] and President[3] are here, and Lord and Lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yesterday. I shall visit Miss Rich[4] to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges ——. I have not seen him some years; and he is grown either mad or superannuated, and talks without cessation or coherence: you would think all the articles in a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thousand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In short, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily sick of it already. Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1141. To George Montagu.

Bath, Oct. 5, 1766.

Yes, thank you, I am quite well again; and if I had not a mind to continue so, I would not remain here a day longer, for I am tired to death of the place. I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh Strawberry! The elements certainly agree with me, but I shun the gnomes and salamanders, and have not once

Letter 1140.—[1] Miss Berry here notes that 'Mr. Walpole in general disliked being in company with children, to whom he was little accustomed.'

[2] Lord Camden.

[3] Lord Northington.

[4] Miss Mary Rich, sister of Lady Ailesbury's friend Lady Lyttelton.

been at the Rooms. Mr. Chute stays with me till Tuesday; when he is gone, I do not know what I shall do, for I cannot play at cribbage by myself, and the alternative is to see my Lady Vane open the ball, and glimmer at fifty-four. All my comfort is, that I lodge close to the Cross Bath, by which means I avoid the Pump Room and all its works. We go to dine and see Bristol to-morrow, which will terminate our sights, for we are afraid of your noble cousins at Badminton; and, as Mrs. Allen[1] is just dead, and Warburton entered upon the premises, you may swear we shall not go thither[2].

Lord Chatham, the late and present Chancellors, and sundry more, are here; and their Graces of Bedford expected. I think I shall make your Mrs. Trevor[3] and Lady Lucy[4] a visit, but it is such an age since we met, that I suppose we shall not know one another by sight.

Adieu! These watering-places, that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1142. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Madam, Bath, Oct. 6, 1766.

Your Ladyship ordered me to give you an account of myself, and I can give you a very good one. The waters

Letter 1141.—[1] Elizabeth Holder, second wife of Ralph Allen, the benefactor of Pope and Fielding.

[2] Prior Park. Bishop Warburton married Allen's favourite niece, Gertrude Tucker.

[3] Probably Montagu's aunt or first cousin. (See Table II.)

[4] Lady Lucy Stanhope, daughter of first Earl Stanhope. She apparently lived in Bath with Mrs. Trevor and her sister Lady Jane Stanhope. (See *Suffolk Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 246 and 247, and 249–50.)

Letter 1142.—Collated with original in British Museum.

agree with me as well as possible, and do not heat me: all I have to complain of is, that they have bestowed such an appetite upon me, that I expect to return as fat as a hog, that is, something bigger than a lark. I hope this state of my health will content your Ladyship, and that you are not equally anxious about my pleasure, which does not go on quite so rapidly. I am tired to death of the place, and long to be at home, and grieve to lose such a delightful October. The waters agree so well with the trees in this country, that they have not a wrinkle or a yellow leaf, and the sun shines as brightly as it can possibly through such mists. I regret its beams being thrown away on such a dirty ditch as their river.

I have not yet been at ball-rooms, or Pump Room, for I steal my glass at the Cross Bath. We have all kind of folk here, Lord Chatham, the Chancellor, the Dowager Chancellor[1], Lady Rockingham, Lady Scarborough, Lord and Lady Powis, Lord and Lady Spencer, judges, bishops, and Lady Vane. It is my own fault if I do not keep the best company, for the mayor of the town has invited me to his feast; but as I cannot be inconstant to the Mayor of Lynn, I have sent an excuse, with such a deplorable account of my health, that it will require all my paleness and leanness to bear me out.

Lord Chatham has still a little gout in his arm, but takes the air. My Lord President goes to the balls, but I believe had rather go to the ale-house. Lady Vane, I hear, opens the balls, since it is too late for her now to go anywhere else. This is all I know of people I have not seen. As I shall not stay above a fortnight longer, I do not propose to learn the language. I hope to find your Ladyship in perfect health at my return; but though the banks of the Thames are a little pleasanter than those of the Avon,

[1] Lord Northington, Lord President of the Council.

I beg you will not sit by the former till midnight. The Bath is sure of doing me some good, for I shall take great care of myself, for fear of being sent hither again.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's
Most obedient
Humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

1143. To JOHN CHUTE.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *haut-pas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles[1], with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed-chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in

LETTER 1143.—[1] Eagles in the attitude of the marble one at Strawberry Hill.

a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, 'I *thanks* God for everything.' Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan[2], who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the *Noble Authors*.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

1144. To George Montagu.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

Well! I went last night to see Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, was let in, and received with great kindness. I found them little altered; Lady Lucy was much undressed, but looks better than when I saw her last, and as well as one could expect; no shyness nor singularity, but very easy and conversable. They have a very pretty house, with two excellent rooms on a floor, and extremely well furnished.

[2] Agnes (d. 1778), daughter of Sir James Steuart, Baronet; m. (1739) Henry David Erskine, tenth Earl of Buchan.

You may be sure your name was much in request. If I had not been engaged, I could have stayed much longer with satisfaction; and if I am doomed, as probably I shall be, to come hither again, they would be a great resource to me, for I find much more pleasure now in renewing old acquaintances than in forming new.

The waters do not benefit me so much as at first; the pains in my stomach return almost every morning, but do not seem the least allied to the gout. This decrease of their virtue is not near so great a disappointment to me as you might imagine; for I am so childish as not to think health itself a compensation for passing my time very disagreeably. I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like. But health does not give one the sort of spirits that make one like diversions, public places, and mixed company. Living here is being a shopkeeper, who is glad of all kinds of customers; but does not suit me, who am leaving off trade. I shall depart on Wednesday, even on the penalty of coming again. To have lived three weeks in a fair appears to me a century! I am not at all in love with their country, which so charms everybody. Mountains are very good frames to a prospect, but here they run against one's nose, nor can one stir out of the town without clambering. It is true one may live as retired as one pleases, and may always have a small society. The place is healthy, everything is cheap, and the provisions better than ever I tasted. Still I have taken an insuperable aversion to it, which I feel rather than can account for. I do not think you would dislike it: so you see I am just in general, though very partial as to my own particular.

You have raised my curiosity about Lord Scarsdale's[1], yet I question whether I shall ever take the trouble of

LETTER 1144.—[1] Kedleston, in Derbyshire.

visiting it. I grow every year more averse to stirring from home, and putting myself out of my way. If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be very indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy; I feel what I feel, and say I feel what I do feel. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1145. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766

You have made me laugh, and somebody else[1] makes me stare. How can one wonder at anything he does, when he knows so little of the world? I suppose the next step will be to propose me for Groom of the Bedchamber to the new Duke of Cumberland[2]. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow, Sir John Rushout, the oldest member of the House, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the secret is kept from me myself, I am perfectly easy about it. I shall call to-day or to-morrow to ask his commands, but certainly shall not obey those you mention.

The waters certainly are not so beneficial to me as at first: I have almost every morning my pain in my stomach. I do not pretend this to be the cause of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is so strong in me, that I cannot continue such sobriety. The public rooms,

Letter 1145.—[1] Lord Chatham, who wished Horace Walpole to move the Address in the House of Commons.
[2] Prince Henry Frederick, so created in Oct. 1766.

and the loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on Twelfth-night, are insupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am so weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an Address would be. I have no affectation; for affectation is a monster at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myself, for that is a philosopher's affectation, and I will come hither again if I must; but I shall always drive very near, before I submit to do anything I do not like. In short, I must be as foolish as I please, so long as I can keep without the limits of absurdity. What has an old man to do but to preserve himself from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other? Charming youth may indulge itself in either, may be censured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the House of Commons, to reckon 540, instead of 565! Sandwich was more accurate in lists, and would not have miscounted 25, which are something in a division.

1146. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 22, 1766.

THEY may say what they will, but it does one ten times more good to leave Bath than to go to it. I may sometimes drink the waters, as Mr. Bentley used to say I invited company hither that I did not care for, that I might enjoy the pleasure of their going away. My health is certainly mended, but I did not feel the satisfaction of it

till I got home. I have still a little rheumatism in one shoulder, which was not dipped in Styx, and is still mortal; but, while I went to the Rooms, or stayed in my *chambers* in a dull court, I thought I had twenty complaints. I don't perceive one of them.

Having no companion but such as the place afforded, and which I did not except[1], my excursions were very few: besides that the city is so guarded with mountains, that I had not patience to be jolted like a pea in a drum, in my chaise alone. I did go to Bristol, the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that, had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal-black, and striped with white; I took it for the Devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road.

The real cathedral is very neat, and has pretty tombs: besides two windows of painted glass, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn[2]. There is a new church besides of St. Nicholas, neat and truly Gothic; besides a charming old church at the other end of the town. The cathedral or abbey at Bath is glaring and crowded with modern tablet-monuments. Among others, I found two, of my cousin Sir Erasmus Phillips[3], and of Colonel Madan[4]. Your cousin Bishop Montagu[5] decked it much. I dined one day with an agree-

Letter 1146.—[1] So in MS.

[2] The east windows of the choir aisles of Bristol Cathedral are traditionally said to have been given by Nell Gwyn, mistress of Charles II.

[3] Fifth Baronet, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, related to Horace Walpole through the latter's mother.

[4] Probably Colonel Martin Madan (d. 1756), sometime M.P. for Wootton Bassett.

[5] James Montagu (d. 1618), son of Sir Edward Montagu, of Boughton, Northamptonshire, and brother of first Earl of Manchester. He died Bishop of Winchester. He was previously (1608–16) Bishop of Bath and Wells, and as such interested himself in the restoration of Bath Abbey.

able family, two miles from Bath, a Captain Miller[6] and his wife, and her mother, Mrs. Riggs. They have a small new-built house, with a bow-window, directly opposite to which the Avon falls in a wide cascade, a church behind it in a vale, into which two mountains descend, leaving an opening into the distant country. A large village, with houses of gentry, is on one of the hills to the left. Their garden is little, but pretty, and watered with several small rivulets among the bushes. Meadows fall down to the road; and above, the garden is terminated by another view of the river, the city, and the mountains. 'Tis a very diminutive principality, with large pretensions.

I must tell you a quotation I lighted upon t'other day from Persius, the application of which has much diverted Mr. Chute. You know my Lord Milton, from nephew of the old usurer Damer[7] of Dublin, has endeavoured to erect himself into the representative of the ancient Barons Damory—

——*Momento turbinis exit*
Marcus Dama.

Apropos, or rather not apropos, I wish you joy of the restoration of the dukedom[8] in your house; though I believe we both think it very hard upon my Lady Beaulieu.

[6] Captain John Miller (d. 1798), created a Baronet in 1778; m. (1765) Anna, daughter of Edward Riggs. She inherited a large fortune from her grandfather. The house at Batheaston, near Bath, visited by Walpole, was built by the Millers. In 1771 they travelled in Italy. After their return Mrs. Miller published *Letters from Italy*, which reached a second edition. From 1778 until her death in 1781 Lady Miller (as she then was) presided over a literary *salon*. These assemblies, to which all visitors to Bath of taste and fashion were invited, attracted considerable notice, and are mentioned (not always with respect) by various contemporary writers, including Horace Walpole and Madame d'Arblay.

[7] Joseph Damer (d. 1720), a Dublin merchant. Swift wrote two poems on his death, an *Elegy* and an *Epitaph*.

[8] The Earl of Cardigan was created Duke of Montagu in November 1766. He married the younger of the two daughters and co-heiresses of the last Duke of Montagu, and his son had already been created Baron Montagu of Boughton. The elder sister (Lady Beaulieu) had no issue.

I made a second visit to Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, and saw the latter one night at the Rooms. She did not appear to me so little altered as in the dusk of her own chamber. Adieu.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1147. To Lady Mary Coke.

It is impossible for me, dear Madam, not to tell you how much I was touched at your loss. I will, however, say very little, as you know how sincerely I interest myself in whatever concerns you. I have the additional reason of having known and greatly esteemed your nephew[1]. May the remaining one compensate for what is gone! When I come to town again, I hope to find you recovered from the first shock.

1148. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1766.

I came to town yesterday from the Bath; and at night Lady Hertford told me what an anxious letter you had written to old Mr. Larpent[1] about me: she heard it from his son. I did not doubt, my dear Sir, your affection to me, and therefore this indirect way has not increased my persuasion of it. As there was no probability of its coming to my knowledge, such an accident might be very satisfactory to another; but I am glad to tell you, it has not added

Letter 1147.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxii.

[1] The Hon. Hew Campbell Scott, second son of Lady Mary Coke's elder sister, the Countess of Dalkeith (afterwards Lady Greenwich). He died in Paris on Oct 20, 1766.

Letter 1148.—[1] Probably John Larpent, one of the Chief Clerks in the Secretary of State's Office.

a grain to my conviction of your sincerity. Indeed, I hoped the letter I wrote to you would have reached you as soon as that idle paragraph in the newspapers, and would prevent your being alarmed. For the future, pray observe that it is not necessary to be of importance; an inconsiderable person as I am, may, you see, have a palsy in the newspapers, though they have none out of them. Very ill I was to be sure, and more likely to be quite than half dead. My recovery has gone on fast: the Bath waters were serviceable to me, though they have not removed the pain in my stomach, which comes almost every morning, but goes as soon as it has left its name. I don't believe it the gout, and am tired of inquiring what it is, which I do not perceive tends to its cure. After all the wisdom I have heard, and the advice that everybody bestows, I have only learnt that if I will do everything I don't like, and nothing I do, I may live and be very happy—indeed! So life is like virtue, charming for its own sake!—and yet, though I believe few of those who affirm this of virtue, I do believe them about life—they have a fondness for its very dregs; and would patch and darn it till it has not one thread left of the texture for which one wore it at first. What idiots we are! we squander youth, and husband old age; waste our money, and cherish the tattered bag that held it! If there was a day marked on which youth ceases and age commences, I should call that the day of one's death; the first would be the death of pleasure, the other is only the death of pain; and is that such a grievance?

I left Lord Chatham at Bath, in great health and spirits. He does not seem to dread his enemies, nor respect them. I trust he will be as much justified in the first, as he is in the last. I am sure, if the present administration does not hold, I don't know whither we are to go next! Lord Northumberland and Lord Cardigan are made Dukes. The

older earls, you may be sure, are much offended; and I think the crown has not acted very wisely in opening a new door to solicitations. It has left itself so little to bestow, that it is come now to its last fund.

I expect that it will rather be a busy than a warm winter. The consideration of our Indian affairs will be the principal object. George Grenville will be very tiresome, and as teasing as tiresomeness can make him; but I should think would not be much supported. His friends the Bedfords rather look from him; and the dismissed part of the last administration are inclined to lie still.

We have had grievous disturbances in many parts of England about corn; but they are pretty well over—but for you Tuscans and Romans, you may starve for us. The papers say that you have got the Hereditary Prince; if you love princes, we can spare you two or three more. Adieu!

P.S. Sir James Gray goes to Madrid. The embassy has been sadly hawked about; not a peer that would take it.

1149. To the Comtesse de Forcalquier.

Londres, 27 Octobre 1766.

Je ne pouvais pas concevoir, Madame, comment les eaux de Bath pouvaient me faire du bien si subitement, mais actuellement le mystère est expliqué; vous me dites que vous avez eu la bonté de faire des vœux pour le rétablissement de ma santé. Je souhaiterais que je l'eusse connu plus tôt, cela m'aurait épargné un voyage désagréable; néanmoins, Madame, ma reconnaissance est si grande qu'au lieu de publier l'obligation que je vous ai, je la tiendrai

Letter 1149.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

secrète, autrement les infirmes et les goutteux seraient tous les jours à votre porte pour vous demander vos bonnes prières ; et ce serait une chose indécente de voir à votre porte tant d'infirmes, au lieu de soupirants ; ce doit être en effet un estropié qui vous regarderait comme une madonna, et vous serez obligée de cacher vos attraits avant qu'on puisse rendre justice à vos vertus ; on peut dire la même chose de votre esprit ; soit que vous parliez parfaitement le français, ou moins parfaitement l'anglais — le tout sera approuvé, quoique le vrai mérite de l'un ni de l'autre ne sera connu que quand on aura le temps de prêter son attention uniquement à ce que vous dites. Vous n'approuverez pas ce que je dis parce que vous négligez votre beauté, et que vous donnez toute votre attention à cultiver votre cœur et votre esprit — mais, Madame, je dois dire la vérité, et n'ayant rien oublié de ce que j'ai vu d'admirable en France, est-il possible que tout ce que j'entends de vous efface tout ce dont je me souviens ? Il n'est pas nécessaire, Madame, de me sommer de tenir ma promesse, je l'ai fait sincèrement, et j'aurai un trop grand plaisir à m'y conformer pour ne pas tenir strictement ma parole ; rien ne m'empêchera d'être à Paris au mois de Février ; notre ministère même, la chose la plus fragile du monde, durera vraisemblablement au delà de cette période ; Milord Chatham est en très bonne santé à Bath, quoique vous n'ayez pas, Madame, prié pour lui, et il pourra probablement amener de là quelques nouveaux amis — au moins le Duc de Bedfort et lui y demeurent à deux portes l'un de l'autre.

Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon a eu la bonté de m'écrire au sujet de ma maladie ; puis-je vous prier, Madame, de lui faire mes très humbles remerciments et l'assurer de mes respects ? J'aurai l'honneur de la remercier moi-même l'ordinaire prochain.

Le Marquis de Fitzjames est ici, il paraît aimer beaucoup

Londres et il y est très goûté. Nous vous avons envoyé une Ambassadrice très gentille, Madame Rochefort, cependant j'espère qu'elle n'effacera pas mes amies Madame de Hertford et la Duchesse de Richmond.

Madame du Deffand, suivant sa bonté ordinaire, a eu beaucoup d'égard pour M. et Madame Fitzroy qui en sont charmés et ne cessent de chanter ses louanges : je ne penserais pas aussi bien d'eux que je fais s'ils agissaient autrement. J'ai le plus grand plaisir du monde d'entendre dire que votre amitié l'une pour l'autre continue, j'espère la trouver aussi forte que jamais.

Je me flatte que la Duchesse de la Vallière ne m'a pas tout à fait oublié, M. de Guerchy m'assure que non, et cela me cause un plaisir infini. Je souhaite ardemment de retrouver cette même compagnie à St. Joseph, et je promets de ne pas jouer une seule fois à la grande patience, quand cette agréable compagnie sera autour du feu après souper.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame, votre très obligé, très obéissant, très dévoué, et très humble serviteur,

Horace Walpole.

1150. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

De Londres, ce 27 Octobre 1766.

Il y a longtemps, Madame, que j'ai dû me jeter à vos pieds en reconnaissance des choses obligeantes qui me venaient de tous côtés sur le compte de vos bontés pour moi. M. de Guerchy, Madame du Deffand, m'en parlaient continuellement, mes compatriotes ne cessaient de m'envier, mais étaient trop pénétrés de votre mérite, Madame, pour

Letter 1150.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

pouvoir s'en taire, et leur amour propre fit que j'en susse une partie de la vérité. Une longue maladie, et encore plus la crainte de vous importuner, m'imposaient silence ; mais la lettre que M. l'Ambassadeur me rendit hier, autorise, ordonne même, l'effusion de ma sensibilité. La vie, Madame, à laquelle vous daignez vous intéresser me sera bien plus précieuse ; un philosophe ne tiendrait contre l'honneur de vous apporter ses hommages, et pour mourir content il aurait fallu avoir écrit quelque chose qui fût digne de transmettre votre nom à la postérité. Mais, Madame, vous avez mal pris votre temps ; les Horace d'aujourd'hui ne sont point donneurs d'immortalité, il faut vous fier à vos vertus.

Ce sera au mois de Février que je me promets l'honneur de vous marquer, Madame, en personne la sensibilité extrême dont je suis pénétré. Mais il y a encore une grâce que j'oserai vous demander, c'est de m'accorder votre protection, Madame, auprès de M. le Duc de Choiseul. C'est fâcheux que je ne saurais attribuer cette ambition uniquement à l'envie qui me possède de connaître ce qui vous est cher. Mais, Madame, il faut me le pardonner ; les talents supérieurs et le caractère si respectable de M. le Duc de Choiseul m'ont touché le cœur.

Quoique mon peu de mérite et de considération m'ont empêchés jusqu'à cette heure de l'importuner trop de mes hommages, je suis persuadé qu'un homme pour qui vous daignez avoir de la bonté, ne peut que trouver un accueil favorable auprès de M. le Duc.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame la Duchesse, avec le plus profond respect, votre très humble, très obéissant,

et très dévoué serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1151. To the Dowager Duchess d'Aiguillon.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 3, 1766.

One cannot repine, Madame, at some portion of illness, when it procures one such marks of goodness as I have experienced, especially from your Grace; indeed, it grew a little too serious, and I began to think that I should not live to pay my debts of gratitude. My Lady Hervey, with all her kindness to me, and her partiality, her just partiality, to France, is however in the wrong to attribute any part of my illness to my manner of living at Paris. I came from thence perfectly well; and, to say the truth, I ascribe much more to the damp air of England than to any course of life. Yet I will not say too much against my own country, that I may not destroy any little merit I may have in returning to Paris this winter. I neither deserve nor expect any sacrifice, but am ready to sacrifice anything both to your Grace and Madame du Deffand, who have both shown me so many marks of kindness and protection.

As I interest myself so much in whatever touches your Grace, I must condole with you, Madam, on the ill state of health of the Duchess of Fronsac. Though I had the honour of seeing her but once, I heard enough in her praise to know that she deserves to be lamented on her own account. I hope, Madam, you will still have the satisfaction of seeing her recover.

Mr. Hume has, I own, surprised me, by suffering his squabble with Rousseau to be published [1]. He went to Scotland determined against it. All his friends gave him the same advice; but I see some philosophers can no more keep their resolution than other philosophers can keep their temper. If he has been over-persuaded from Paris, I suspect that

Letter 1151.—Not in C.; printed from copy in H. W.'s hand (marked 'To the Dowager Duchess d'Aiguillon') in possession of the late Sir T. V. Lister.

[1] Hume's French literary friends persuaded him to publish an account of Rousseau's conduct towards him.

the advice was not so much given him for his sake, as to gratify some spleen against Rousseau, and that his counsellors had a mind to figure in the quarrel; for men of letters delight in these silly altercations, though they affect to condemn them. It spreads their names, and they are often known by their disputes, when they cannot make themselves talked of for their talents. For my own part, I little expected to see my letter in print, as your Grace tells me it is, for I have not yet seen the book. I have neither been asked nor given any consent to my letter being published. I do not take it ill of Mr. Hume, as I left him at liberty to show it to whom he pleased; I am, however, sorry it is printed: not that I am ashamed of any sentiment in it, especially since your Grace does me the honour of approving it; but I think all literary controversies ridiculous, impertinent, and contemptible. The world justly despises them, especially from the arrogance which modern authors assume. I don't know who the publishers are, nor care; I only hope that nobody will think that I have any connection with them. Nor have I, though I have played the fool in print, so much of the author, as to think myself of consequence enough to trouble the world with my letters and quarrels. Authors by profession may, at least they generally do, give themselves such airs of dignity; but they do not become me. However, Madam, I only laugh at all this, for I am no philosopher, and therefore am not angry.

I am told it is asserted that I have owned that the letter to Rousseau was not mine; I wish it was not, for then it would have been better. I told your Grace, I believe, what I told to many more, that some grammatical faults in it had been corrected for me, for I certainly do not pretend to write French well; and it ought to be remarked, too, that the letter was not written in the name of a Frenchman. I must have been vain indeed if I had flattered

myself that I could write French well enough to be mistaken for a Frenchman. The book too, I hear, says that the real author ought to discover himself. I was the real author, and never denied it. But is not it amusing, Madam, to hear an anonymous author calling on somebody, he does not know whom, to name himself? And are not such authors very respectable? I shall not imitate him, nor ask to hear the publisher's name: I do not believe I should be much the wiser for knowing it.

I am told, too, that my letter to Rousseau is censured in this book. It is very mortifying to me, to be sure, that when so many persons of taste had been pleased with that letter, it should be condemned by higher authority; but it is not uncommon for men of taste and men of letters to be of a totally different opinion. Nor am I surprised that a trifle designed as a jest, and certainly never intended to be made public, should be anathematized by their holinesses the philosophers and the enemies of Rousseau. It looked like candour to blame me, when so real an injury was meditated against him as the publication of his absurd letter to Mr. Hume. Philosophy is so tender and so scrupulous!

I beg your Grace's pardon for troubling you so long. You find I am so much of an author, that I contradict myself, and think this very foolish controversy important enough to employ two pages. Indeed it is not; and if I were not alone in the country, I should not have thought it worth two lines. Such a real genius as Rousseau cannot appear, but he causes all the insignificant scribblers in Europe to overwhelm the public with their opinions of him and his writings. But he may comfort himself, his works will be admired when the compilers of dictionaries and mercuries will be as much forgotten as your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1152. To Lord Hailes.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 5, 1766.

On my return from Bath, I found your very kind and agreeable present of the papers in King Charles's time[1], for which and all your other obliging favours I give you a thousand thanks.

I was particularly pleased with your just and sensible preface against those squeamish or bigoted persons who would bury in oblivion the faults and follies of princes, and who thence contribute to their guilt; for if princes, who living are above control, should think that no censure is to attend them when dead, it would be new encouragement to them to play the fool and act the tyrant. When they are so kind as to specify their crimes under their own hands, it would be foppish delicacy indeed to suppress them. I hope you will proceed, Sir, and with the same impartiality. It was justice due to Charles to publish the extravagances of his enemies too. The comparison can never be fairly made, but when we see the evidence on both sides. I have done so in the trifles I have published, and have as much offended some by what I have said of the Presbyterians at the beginning of my third volume of the *Painters*, as I had others by condemnation of King Charles in my *Noble Authors*. In the second volume of my *Anecdotes* I praised him where he deserved praise; for truth is my sole object, and it is some proof, when one offends both sides.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged
and obedient Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Letter 1152.—Collated with copy of original in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

[1] *Memorials and Letters relating to the History of Britain in the Reign of Charles I, published from the originals.*

1153. To David Hume.

Dear Sir, Nov. 6, 1766.

You have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed, I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear Sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius, of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors; yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators

at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and, had it been necessary, I could have added as much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed, at that time I did not—could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks; which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who, I suppose, has read a vast

deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately, he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes; which you and your editors have proved *are affected.* D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his *éloges* and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him anything, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear Sir. I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely: I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

1154. To David Hume.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1766.

Indeed, dear Sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is

the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of Madame du Deffand[1], is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him anything like a *superior genius*, as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but, to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far as to hate a friend of hers, *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world, that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed, we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so

LETTER 1154.—[1]Madame du Deffand and D'Alembert had quarrelled. The cause of the breach was D'Alembert's preference for the society of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, a former companion of Madame du Deffand. Mlle. de l'Espinasse was dismissed by the Marquise in 1763, and thenceforth presided over a rival *salon*.

absurd and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in His place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But, when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear Sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard Madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris; and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I have been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now.) She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other; which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France, they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must

own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed, from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh, but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the King of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *praecipuè sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est.* If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature? In short, my

dear Sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

P.S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on Madame du Deffand's account! but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather waive any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *savant*, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by Lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine Wells[2]: I hope you will receive it.

1155. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1766.

You have surpassed yourself, and I really give you a million of thanks. Your attentions to the Marquis de Boufflers[1] have been re-echoed to me from Paris. His mother deserved it so little of me, that I am charmed to have returned it in so civil a style. You could scarce have pleased me more, if it had been my best friend.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and Lord

[2] In Berwickshire; the birthplace and occasional residence of Hume.

Letter 1155.—[1] Comte, not Marquis, de Boufflers-Rouvel, recommended to Mann in a previous letter.

Chatham's good genius is still constant to him. His two brothers-in-law are left in the suds. The Duke of Bedford and his court have been trafficking to come in, and though the bargain is not struck, they have deserted Grenville. The Duke himself spoke with much temper, and not one of his dependants showed themselves in the House of Commons. Should they even return to opposition, it will but double their disgrace, having so openly advertised themselves on sale. Lord Temple and Grenville were warm, though not personal, and you may be sure, not concise. They could not raise a division in either House. The elder had been as little successful the day before. He went to the Lord Mayor's feast, and dragged along with him that wise moppet, Lord Lyttelton: but they could not raise a shout for themselves, or a hiss for anybody else, but one who wishes no better to Lord Chatham than they do. The Master of the Rolls[2] was mistaken for Lord Mansfield, and insulted. This latter was reduced on Tuesday to make a speech *against prerogative*—yes, yes; and then was so cowed by Lord Camden, and the very sight of Lord Chatham, that he explained away half he had said. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, and the late ministers declare against opposition: Lord Temple goes out of town on Sunday, and though there will be long days, it will only be from George Grenville's long speeches. There will be very few even of those before Christmas. I have seldom sent you a better account.

Shall I send you an Italian story? Why, yes; one don't always know what is doing at next door. The Abbé Giustiniani, a noble Genoese, wrote last year a panegyric in verse on the Empress-Queen. She paid him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and a patent of Theologian. Finding the trade so lucrative, he wrote another on the King of Prussia, who sent him a horn box, telling him that

[2] Sir Thomas Sewell.

he knew his vow of poverty would not let him touch gold; and that, having no theologians, he had sent him a patent to be captain of horse in those very troops that he had commended so much in his verses! I am persuaded that the saving of the gold and the brilliants was not the part which pleased his Majesty the least.

The Duke of Portland is married to Lady Dorothy Cavendish [3], and Lord Mountstuart to a rich ugly Miss Windsor [4]. No other news, but the publication of the quarrel between Mr. Hume and Rousseau, of which few think here, though a great object at Paris, and of which I hope you have never heard. I make a figure in it, much against my will, having great contempt for literary squabbles; but they are meat and drink to those fools the litterati. Adieu!

1156. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1766.

We have been in so strange and uncertain a situation lately that though I am always very punctual in giving you warning of any revolution, I could not till this very post say a word that would have tended to anything but to puzzle and alarm you. I now think the cloud pretty well dispersed, and am rather tranquil about what I feared the most. The internal agitations of factions are less easily described than public events, or even than parliamentary occurrences; however, I will relate to you as briefly as I can, what has or had like to have happened.

About three weeks ago Lord Chatham suddenly removed Lord Edgcumbe from being Treasurer of the Household, to

[3] Only daughter of fourth Duke of Devonshire.

[4] Hon. Charlotte Jane Windsor (d. 1800), eldest daughter and co-heir of first Viscount Windsor; m. (Nov. 1, 1766) John Stuart, Lord Mountstuart, eldest son of third Earl of Bute.

make room for Mr. Shelley [1] (no very commendable choice), and without the knowledge of Mr. Conway, who was hurt both at the neglect of himself and the disgrace of one of his friends. The rest of the late administration, who remained, and still more they who had been set aside, were highly offended. Mr. Conway tried every method of satisfying Lord Edgcumbe, but Lord Chatham was inflexible, especially as the party had threatened to resign. While Mr. Conway was labouring a reconciliation, indeed with little prospect of accomplishing it, his friends flew out and left him, without any previous notice, on the opening of the great question on the East Indies [2]. This was very unkind behaviour to him, and was followed by the resignations of the Duke of Portland [3], Lord Besborough [4], Lord Scarborough [5], Lord Monson [6], Sir Charles Saunders [7], and one or two more. Not content with this, Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have never ceased endeavouring to persuade Mr. Conway to resign. Lord Chatham paid him the greatest compliments, and declared how difficult it would be for him to go on

LETTER 1156.—[1] Afterwards Sir John Shelley. *Walpole.*

[2] Lord Chatham had a scheme for an inquiry into the East India Company's affairs in Bengal. 'With indignation, he beheld three Indian provinces, an empire themselves, in the hands of a company of merchants who, authorized by their charter to traffic on the coast, had usurped so mighty a portion of his dominions from the Prince who permitted their commerce with his subjects.... Above any view of sharing the plunder himself, he saw a prey that tempted him to make it more his country's. By threats to intimidate the Company, and incline them to offer largely towards the necessities of Government, was the least part of his idea. Such a tribute would stand in the place of new taxes, or relieve the debts on the Civil List; could he induce the Parliament to think the Company had exceeded the powers of their charter, the whole property of their territorial acquisitions might be deemed forfeited for the crown; this would be a bribe with which few ministers could purchase the smiles of their master.... On the 25th [of November] the plan was first intimated to the House by Lord Chatham's confidant, Alderman Beckford, who moved to take into consideration the state of the East India Company's affairs.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. pp. 276, 277, 279.)

[3] Lord Chamberlain.

[4] Joint Postmaster-General.

[5] Cofferer of the Household.

[6] Chief Justice in Eyre south of Trent.

[7] First Lord of the Admiralty.

without him. The Duke of Grafton was alarmed to the utmost, from his affection for him, and Lord Hertford and I, seeing the factious and treacherous behaviour of his friends, and thinking it full as proper that he should govern them as they him, have done everything in our power to stop him; and I now at last flatter myself that he will not quit.

Well; still the places were vacant, and it was necessary to get recruits: a negotiation, begun at Bath, was renewed with the Duke of Bedford and his friends; and Lord Gower, the most impatient of that squadron to return to court, was dispatched by Lord Chatham to Woburn, and returned the very next day, with full compliance on the Duke's part. Mr. Grenville in the meantime was not idle, but employed others of that faction to traverse it. The Duke would listen to no remonstrances, but arrived himself in two days, very moderate in his intended proposals. To his great surprise he learned that two, if not three, of the vacant posts had been disposed of in that short interval; Sir Edward Hawke being made First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Piercy Brett[8] another commissioner. The Grenvillians blew up this disappointment, and instead of modest demands, the Duke went to Lord Chatham with a list of friends, large enough to fill half the places under the Government. This was as flatly refused; the Duke went away in wrath—and is to be brought up again this week to vote against the court. The consequence of all this is, the junction of Lord Chatham and Lord Bute, and the full support of the crown being given to the former. This has already appeared with much *éclat*, for on an ill-advised division on Friday last, Grenville and the Bedfords were but forty-eight, the court one hundred and sixty-six—a great victory in such a dubious moment, and which I hope will fix the administration. The

[8] Rear-Admiral Sir Piercy Brett, one of Anson's companions on his voyage round the world.

minority may be increased possibly to-morrow by twenty more on the East Indian affair, if the Cavendishes and Yorkes carry to it all their little strength.

The Duke of Ancaster is Master of the Horse, and Lord Delaware succeeds him in the same post to the Queen; Lord Hilsborough and Lord Despencer are joint Postmasters, Nugent First Lord of Trade, and Stanley Cofferer.

This is enough to give you some idea of the late hurricane. I have just received yours of November 18th, with an account of your disorder, and the arrival of Lady Holland. I wish your letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you had not suffered by your rash attentions to her. You would like her much if you knew her more, as I hope you will at her return. It will be extraordinary indeed if Lord Holland recovers enough to return with her.

Our burlettas will make the fortunes of the managers. The *Buona Figliuola*[9], which has more charming music than ever I heard in a single piece, is crowded every time; the King and Queen scarce ever miss it. Lovattini is incomparable, both for voice and action. But the serious opera, which is alternate, suffers for it. Guarducci's voice is universally admired, but he is lifeless, and the rest of the company not to be borne. Adieu! and let me hear you are quite well.

1157. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1766.

Pray what are you doing?
Or reading or feeding?
Or drinking or thinking?
Or praying or playing?
Or walking or talking?
Or riding about to your neighbours?

[9] *Cecchina, ossia la buona Figliuola*, an extremely popular *buffo* opera by Niccola Piccini (1728–1800).

I am sure you are not writing, for I have not had a word from you this century—nay, nor you from me. In truth, we have had a busy month, and many grumbles of a state-quake; but the session has however ended very triumphantly for the great Earl[1]—I mean, we are adjourned for the holidays for above a month, after two divisions of 166 to 48, and 140 to 56. The Earl chaffered for the Bedfords, and who so willing as they? However, the bargain went off, and they are forced to return to George Grenville. Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have made a jaunt to the same quarter, but could carry only eight along with them, which swelled that little minority to 56. I trust and I hope it will not rise higher in haste. Your cousin[2], I hear, has been two hours with the Earl, but to what purpose I know not. Nugent is made Lord Clare, I think to no purpose at all.

I came hither to-day for two or three days, and to empty my head. The weather is very warm and comfortable. When do you move your tents southward?

I left little like news in town, except politics. That pretty young woman, Lady Fortrose, Lady Harrington's eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Lady Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her. Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor[3]. It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and Lord Mountstuart.

The Duke of York is erecting a theatre at his own palace, and is to play Lothario in the *Fair Penitent* himself. Apropos, have you seen that delightful paper composed out

Letter 1157.—[1] The Earl of Chatham.

[2] The Earl of Halifax.

[3] Hon. Alicia Elizabeth Windsor (d. 1772), second daughter and co-heir of first Viscount Windsor; m. Francis Seymour, Viscount Beauchamp, eldest son of first Earl of Hertford.

of scraps in the newspapers[4]? I laughed till I cried, and literally burst out so loud, that I thought Favre, who was waiting in the next room, would conclude I was in a fit—I mean the paper that says,

> This day his Majesty will go in great state
> To fifteen notorious common Prostitutes, &c., &c.

It is the newest piece of humour, except the *Bath Guide*, that I have seen of many years. Adieu! Do let me hear from you soon. How does brother John?

Yours ever,

H. W.

1158. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1766.

I wrote to you last post on the very day I ought to have received yours, but being at Strawberry, did not get it in time. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know when I dine at home here it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dimidium animae meae* Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it. Venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols! only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet; I will take care to convey it to her.

I don't like your wintering so late in the country. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[4] *A new way of reading Newspapers*, by Papyrius Cursor. See *Gent. Mag.* 1766, p. 587. 'Papyrius Cursor' was Caleb Whitefoord (d. 1810), mentioned in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

1159. To George Montagu.

Tuesday, Jan. 13 [1767].

I am going to eat some of your venison, and dare to say it is very good—I am sure you are; and thank you for it. Catherine[1], I do not doubt, is up to the elbows in currant jelly and gratitude.

I have lost poor Louis[2], who died last week at Strawberry. He had no fault but what has fallen upon himself, poor soul! drinking; his honesty and good nature were complete; and I am heartily concerned for him, which I shall seldom say so sincerely.

There has been printed a dull complimentary letter to me on the quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. In one of the Reviews they are so obliging as to say I wrote it myself—it is so dull that I should think they wrote it themselves; a kind of abuse I should dislike much more than their criticism.

Are you not frozen, perished? How do you keep yourself alive on your mountain? I scarce stir from my fireside. I have scarce been at Strawberry for a day this whole Christmas, and there is less appearance of a thaw to-day than ever. There has been dreadful havoc at Margate and Aldborough, and along the coast. At Calais the sea rose above sixty feet perpendicular, which makes people conclude there has been an earthquake somewhere or other. I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year at Paris, where they have not the least idea of *comfortable*, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open.

Adieu! I must go dress for the Drawing Room of the Princess of Wales. Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 1159.—[1] Catherine Clive.
[2] One of Horace Walpole's servants.

1160. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 21, 1767.

You will think it long, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you; which makes me write now, though I have had, nor have, anything new to tell you. The Parliament has been adjourned for a month, and is but just reassembled. The affair of the East India Company, which promised trouble, has taken a favourable turn, and they have agreed to treat with the ministry, which will prevent the bargain from being haggled in Parliament, if the parties can come to any agreement. Lord Temple and George Grenville have laboured to their utmost to make the usurpation of three Indian provinces, or rather kingdoms, pass for private property; and private property is always willing to profit of the most favourable construction, and to be wonderfully fond of liberty. 'Tis all the obligation a free country has to the rich. Lord Chatham is laid up with the gout at Bath; but the opposition is so insignificant, that we can afford to wait for him.

We have a most dreadful winter, the coldest I ever remember, for you know I was with you in 1740 and 1741. Last year was bitter, but I flattered myself that the season was worse at Paris than at London. It lasted four months: I hope this, which is scarce a month old, will be of much shorter duration.

I am labouring to get you two black dogs[1], but find it the most difficult thing in the world, as you require them very small. The very little ones are generally but one of a litter. Lord Dacre has a bitch now with puppy, and has promised me one. I must be sure of the parents, or they might seem pretty and turn out large and ugly.

Letter 1160.—[1] Mann wished to make his court to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany by presenting her with two King Charles' spaniels.

I can say little or nothing to your riband. I meddle with nothing; and without repeating what I have said in my former letters, I can only remind you that I have cause not to choose to have obligations. You are the single person for whom I have forced myself to ask a favour. I have peremptorily refused every soul besides, how nearly soever they were related to me. I must ask if I would obtain, for assure yourself, no favours will be thrown in my way; and when I have passed my life in studying the service of others, and have heaped endless favours, you may believe I have too much pride to desire a return of some of them. I can say no more in a letter, but beg you to excuse me from interfering about your riband. I did obtain what was essential to you—but a mind that has any generosity cannot be claiming debts: I had rather forget what is due to me. Lord Beauchamp is going to be married to Miss Windsor, a great heiress, and sister-in-law to Lord Mount Stewart. Lord Hertford is already remarkably in favour with the King. Lord Beauchamp always mentions you, and but t'other night mentioned you with the greatest kindness. Write to him, and if he speaks of it, I will encourage him —but I have done with those things myself, and having too much experience to believe it possible to make a real friend, I should scorn to ask favours of those, for whose interests I most certainly shall never give myself a moment's trouble more. I can learn to feel no friendship, but I cannot learn to profess one where I have it not. Ostentation is contrary to my character, and repugnant to the dignity of one's own mind. 'Tis a falsehood to pretend to have interest, when one has none. I therefore tell you plainly the truth. I have all my life missed the fairest opportunities; and am glad I have, because I should blush if I had ever owed anything to solicitation. Ambition bustles; but I never had any. Pride, which I have, likes homage; but is not

mean enough to canvas for it, because, whatever it likes, it cannot be really content with anything but its own approbation. I feel that to the most comfortable degree; and I am sure, my dear Sir, you will not wish to deprive me of the satisfaction I feel when I say to myself, 'I have shunned every advantage of fortune when it would have laid me under obligation to any man who did not deserve my esteem.' Adieu!

23rd.

We had plenty of comfortable rain yesterday, and the weather is much softened.

1161. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 13, 1767.

Mr. Worseley's servant has brought me the parcel of letters safe, and yesterday I received yours of the 27th of last January, with an account of your distresses on the etiquette between your plaything court and our travelling boys. In truth, both sides are childish, and yet I am disposed to favour the latter, and so I think should you too. What is so insignificant as a Duke of Tuscany? And does his being a slip of Austrian pride make him a jot more important? Three years ago we were confessedly the masters of Europe; and I trust we shall not waive our pretensions without a struggle. An English member of Parliament is part of the legislature, and what is a Tuscan nobleman part of? Has not that haughty Empress-Queen been our pensioner? An English merchant may beget gentlemen, if he pleases; a poor slave with a long pedigree begets nothing but more parchment. A Montmorency's genealogy only proves how long the family has been vassals. In short, I approve of bearding all other courts, and particularly an Austrian one, for their ingratitude.

I am sure Lord Chatham's spirit will approve your showing any: we shall bow nowhere while he is minister. He is still at Bath, but everything goes on smoothly. We have two oppositions; that of the late ministry, and that of its predecessors; both very contemptible, and so they would still be were they united; however, while they keep separated, 'tis Grenville's only that is odious.

We have no news, but the deaths of some young people of rank. The house of Norfolk has lost its heir[1] of that line; the next branch is Howard of Greystock[2], who is half mad; yet thither the title must go. It is believed in our coffee-houses that this last young man was poisoned by the Jesuits, who apprehended his turning Protestant. The young Lady Suffolk is dead too (Lord Trevor's daughter), and Lord Harrington's eldest daughter (Lady Fortrose), who has killed herself by wearing white. She is not the first instance; and yet that madness continues.

Nothing is so much in fashion as the *Buona Figliuola*. The second part was tried, but did not succeed half so well, and they have resumed the first part, which is crowded even behind the scenes. The serious operas are seldom played; for though Guarducci is so excellent, the rest of the performers are abominable, and he cannot draw a quarter of an audience alone.

I am thinking of another little journey to Paris,—not for pleasure; a little for health, as the air there and motion agree with me, and still more to see my charming blind old woman, Madame du Deffand. As I am got so much out of the world here, you will not suspect me of hunting diversions there. I am not ill, but not quite well. They tell me my

LETTER 1161. — [1] Edward (1744–1767), son of Philip Howard, fifth son of Lord Thomas Howard, second son of sixth Duke of Norfolk. Edward Howard was nephew of the ninth Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Charles Howard of Greystock succeeded as tenth Duke of Norfolk in 1777.

disorder is only nervous; and I believe so, unless, which is more probable, it is growing towards old. One's spirits, even mine, may diminish, without being positively ill. I take it as it comes, and am very indifferent about it. I have seen and remember so much, that my life already appears very long; nay, the first part seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was minister then, I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I, two nights before he left England the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Near ten years ago, I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with Mrs. Godfrey[3], mistress of James II. It is true she doted; then came her daughter the old Lady Waldegrave[4], her son the ambassador[5]; his daughter, Lady Harriot Beard[6]; her daughter, the present Lady Powis[7]; and she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more! but if I do I shall be superannuated, for I think I talk already like an old nurse. Adieu!

[3] Arabella Churchill, sister of John, first Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[4] Henrietta Fitz-James, daughter of King James II. *Walpole.*

[5] James, first Earl of Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

[6] Wife to Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis. *Walpole.* — She married secondly John Beard, the singer.

[7] Barbara Antonia, married to her cousin the first Earl of Powis. *Walpole.*

1162. To John Hutchins (?).

Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 17, 1767.

In the autumn I turned over Vertue's MSS. to see if I could find anything satisfactory for you relating to Sir James Thornhill, but indeed I could not. There is nothing, but some few notices relating to his works, the principal of which were the cupola of St. Paul's and his paintings at Greenwich. I believe it would be your best way to apply to his daughter, Mrs. Hogarth, widow of the famous painter. I believe she still lives at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields. To be sure she would be glad to contribute to the illustration of her father's memory. I am sorry it is not in my power, Sir, to give you better information, and am,

Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I shall immediately send and subscribe, Sir, to your work.

1163. To Sir Horace Mann.

Monday morning, March 2nd, 1767.

You will not be much surprised, nor totally dismayed, I hope, to hear that the ministry have been beaten in the House of Commons. At least you will not be more astonished than they were who gained the victory. They could scarce believe it. They have once this winter divided but sixteen; and now, slap! were two hundred and six.

Letter 1162.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C. No name of addressee, but probably written to John Hutchins (1698-1773), author of the *History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset.*

I will tell you the event, the certain consequences, and the causes. The probable consequences are very doubtful.

Last Friday George Grenville, who during his own administration had declared he thought he should be able to take off one shilling in four of the land tax in the year 1767, was at least as glad to spread that doctrine now as he could have been if minister still. It is a captivating bait to the country gentlemen, and the approach of a general election made it important for them to vote for it. They were brought to town: the late outed ministers, forgetting their actions and declarations against Grenville in their new hatred to Lord Chatham, joined in the cry. In short, when we came to a division, we were but 188; they 206. There was still a possibility of reversing this vote to-day, as it had only passed through the committee; but as the court does not doubt its own strength on other questions, it was not thought prudent to rivet the new alliance together, nor venture a second defeat on the most popular question they can have.

The certain consequences are, the loss of the tax, five hundred thousand pounds, the diminution of credit, and a year lost of lowering the debt; that is, in more essential words, a year of means lost in another war.

The causes of this event were the absence of Lord Chatham, who has lingered at Bath and Marlborough till so ill, that he could not come to town. No business was done: the other ministers were uneasy or inactive. The opposition seized the moment, and collected all their strength. Still this would not have signified; but the friends of the court were so inapprehensive of any defeat, that many of them privately and separately consulted their own popularity, and were actually engaged in the division, before they had any notion of being in the minority.

For the probable consequences, you will immediately con-

clude, as the opposition does, or pretends to do, that there must be a change of the administration. It is not common for a beaten ministry to stand its ground; and this is almost the only instance of the crown losing a tax. Mr. Pelham indeed lost the sugar tax, but it was in his outset, and when he had not favour, but was betrayed by his competitor Lord Granville; yet Mr. Pelham stood the blow, and so may Lord Chatham if he pleases. The King is resolved to support him: Lord Bute falls into the hands of his most detested enemy Grenville, if the latter triumphs; and the late ministers cannot carry Grenville on their backs to St. James's, without contradicting all their actions and professions, and losing all character. Oh, but you will cry, 'They are dipped already; they have shaken the credit of their country, to gratify their revenge.' It is very true; but before they force St. James's, there must be some partition of the spoils agreed on. Lord Rockingham is as ambitious as Grenville himself, and has the same object in view, and is totally unfit for it; and, in truth, that party have never shone by their abilities. Grenville could allow them nothing but what would disgrace them. Another obstacle is, that the City is much displeased with the loss of the tax; and the City looks a little farther, and knows a little better than a parcel of Tory squires, what is necessary to government.

Still I advise you to be prepared. This country is so split into factions, and in so fluctuating a state; we have seen so many sudden revolutions in six years, that we must not yet look on any establishment as very permanent. The court will certainly try anything but absolute force, to keep out Grenville, who has offended and wounded Lord Bute past hope of reconciliation; and should they meet again by necessity, neither can, in the nature of things, trust the other; for when no obligations could bind Grenville, would

his promises, when victorious, bind him? Lord Chatham lay at Reading last night, and will be here to-day; if he exerts his ancient spirit, and approaches nearer to Lord Bute, I have no doubt of his still being triumphant. He must see that, with all their propensity to servility, the House of Commons must be managed; if left to themselves they will exert their freedom, though it be only to choose a new master.

The time calls for prudence. Answer me very cautiously. If a change should happen, I shall be cautious too, though I think there is no great danger of our being saddled with Grenville yet. There are still resources before it comes to him; nor could he keep his seat without violent convulsions.

In truth, in truth, the prospect is very gloomy! So many errors have been committed of late years, so many have let the game slip out of their hands; there is so much faction, and so little character or abilities in the country, that if our old and steady ally, Fortune, does not befriend us, I don't know where we shall be.—Oh, yes, but I do!

Adieu! I have not time to say a word more; but you know on these occasions I never neglect you. You shall hear again immediately.

1164. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sunday, March 8, 1767.

I HAVE alarmed you, and now will give you a little repose. The victory of the opposition has had no consequences yet; and as they have given the court time to look about, the latter can recover its ground faster than they can gain more. I am sure we found it so four years ago. We did not indeed win a battle, but were so near it, that had we pursued our blow the scale had been turned. The present enemies are composed of two very distinct bodies, and they have

already shown how little they were connected. Treachery itself has been of use to us.

Charles Townshend, of whom, when he was taken in, I said that he could never do any hurt but to his friends, has acted as usual. The absence of Lord Chatham at Bath, and still more his having quitted the House of Commons, has given this Proteus courage. He had been hurt by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Chatham had forced him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hurt, too, he was, at the preference given to Mr. Conway. His brother, Lord Townshend, of whom he is afraid, for he fears everything but shame, and who has more design and more revenge, with ten thousand times less of parts, is angry at not obtaining a marquisate, and pushed Charles upon knavery. The latter, delighted to go out of the straight path into a crooked one, instilled into Mr. Conway, or found there, scruples against the extent of Lord Chatham's plan for squeezing the East India Company. The Committee of that Company had given in their proposals[1]; Lord Chatham was not content with them ; Conway and Townshend were. Here was a fine field for the opposition to try a new battle, and for this they reserved themselves. Last Friday was appointed. Beckford, by Lord Chatham's desire, moved to have the proposal laid before the House. Townshend inflamed the matter as much as he could. Mr. Conway reserved himself, and said little. Charles Yorke, the mysterious oracle of Lord Rockingham, trimmed so much that Grenville was angry, and that brought out his hatred to his allies. In short, the two oppositions could not agree on a single point, and so did not dare to divide—a symptom

LETTER 1164. — [1] 'The Directors offered to give up half their revenues and half their trade, *with the right annexed*. These last words were differently interpreted : some of the Cabinet thinking the Directors meant to waive, others to save their right.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. p. 303.)

of weakness that will probably send back to the court all its renegades. Townshend has acted in his usual wild, romancing, indiscreet manner, and has told everybody he is turned out. He is not; and I suppose will beg pardon. We have a fortnight's repose, and if the court is active, I think the danger will be over; but consider how many strange heads we have, and how few good ones.

The diminution of the land tax turns out an unpopular measure. Lord Temple, or Grenville, have procured themselves an address of thanks from the grand jury of Buckingham, but so larded with the exploded Stamp Act that it will only revive animosity to them. They have tried for more in other counties, and been refused. The King is firm to Lord Chatham, and peremptory against Grenville. The Rockinghams would join the latter if they dared, fluctuate between him and Conway, and I hope now will be blessed with Charles Townshend for their leader.

This is a much more comfortable letter than my last. I do not bid you be confident, for I know the land. But, at least, I think the other side does not abound in judgement more than we do.

I have received yours, with the enclosed for Lord Beauchamp, which I have delivered. He showed it to me; I encouraged him to try to serve you on the first opportunity. You will not think the present is one. Lord Hillsborough urged your cause very strongly the other night to Lady Aylesbury; but I can scarce believe that you will receive it from that quarter unless some considerable change arrives. You will not, I know, take my advice on this head, or I would recommend to you not to mark yourself for a victim, if you could, till the times are more stable. Adieu!

Tuesday, 10th.

Here is no bad postscript. The Grenville and Rocking-

ham factions, finding the mischief they had done themselves by disunion on Friday last, have tried to repair their error; and yesterday, giving only a few hours' notice, got a petition presented by an East India Director against the order for printing their papers. Charles Townshend, though advertised, kept away; but Mr. Conway proposed that on Wednesday (to-morrow) the Directors should name the dangerous papers, and did not doubt but the House would forbear printing them. This matter was fought stiffly till nine at night. Mr. Conway never spoke so well, nor Grenville so insolently; challenging the administration to battle on any set day. He will not, I trust, be so eager for such a day now. We divided one hundred and eighty against one hundred and forty-seven. You will say this victory was not great enough; but a court that can stand a defeat from two hundred and six, and has a majority of thirty-three on the next question, is not playing a losing game. The King is firm; Lord Bute's friends warm; and the calculators of chances probably now disposed to bet on the side of the ministry. I have not time to say more. Hope the best.

1165. To William Langley.

Sir, Arlington Street, March 13, 1767.

The declining state of my health, and a wish of retiring from all public business, have, for some time, made me think of not offering my service again to the town of Lynn, as one of their representatives in Parliament. I was even on the point, above eighteen months ago, of obtaining to have my seat vacated, by one of those temporary places, often bestowed for that purpose: but I thought it more respectful, and more consonant to the great and singular obligations I have to the Corporation and town of Lynn,

to wait till I had executed their commands, to the last hour of the commission they had voluntarily entrusted to me.

Till then, Sir, I did not think of making this declaration: but hearing that dissatisfaction and dissensions have arisen amongst you (of which I am so happy as to have been in no shape the cause), that a warm contest is expected; and dreading to see, in the uncorrupted town of Lynn, what has spread too fatally in other places, and what, I fear, will end in the ruin of this constitution and country, I think it my duty, by an early declaration, to endeavour to preserve the integrity and peace of so great, so respectable, and so unblemished a borough.

My father was re-chosen by the free voice of Lynn, when imprisoned and expelled by an arbitrary court and prostitute Parliament: and from affection to his name, not from the smallest merit in me, they unanimously demanded me for their member, while I was sitting for Castle Rising. Gratitude exacts what in any other light might seem vainglorious in me to say, but it is to the lasting honour of the town of Lynn, I declare, that I have represented them in two Parliaments without offering, or being asked, for the smallest gratification by any one of my constituents. May I be permitted, Sir, to flatter myself they are persuaded their otherwise unworthy representative has not disgraced so free and unbiased a choice?

I have sat above five-and-twenty years in Parliament; and allow me to say, Sir, as I am, in a manner, giving up my account to my constituents, that my conduct in Parliament has been as pure as my manner of coming in thither. No man who is, or has been minister, can say that I have ever asked or received a personal favour. My votes have neither been dictated by favour nor influence; but by the principles on which the Revolution was founded, the principles by which we enjoy the establishment of the

present royal family, the principles to which the town of Lynn has ever adhered, and by which my father commenced and closed his venerable life. The best and only honours I desire, would be to find that my conduct has been acceptable and satisfactory to my constituents.

From your kindness, Sir, I must entreat to have this notification made in the most respectful and grateful manner to the Corporation and town of Lynn. Nothing can exceed the obligations I have to them, but my sensibility to their favours; and be assured, Sir, that no terms can outgo the esteem I have for so upright and untainted a borough, or the affection I feel for all their goodness to my family and to me. My trifling services will be overpaid if they graciously accept my intention of promoting their union, and preserving their virtue; and though I may be forgotten, I never shall, or can, forget the obligations they have conferred on,

Sir, their and your
Most devoted humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1165*. To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, March 18th.

In obedience to your orders, I went to your house this morning, and found both the piece of glass and the scalloped pattern, which I carried to Betts's. He had not one like the former, but has promised I shall have an exact one on Saturday or Monday at farthest. I will take care and send it away according to your directions.

I am glad to hear Lord March finds benefit from the waters; pray make my compliments to him, to Raton, and

LETTER 1165*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. Maggs. This letter was wrongly dated by Horace Walpole; March 18 in 1767 fell on Wednesday, not on Thursday.

Ratonissa. I wish you had told me anything of Crawford; I am anxious to hear how he does.

You will have learnt the terrible accident that has happened to poor Lord Tavistock[1]. The messages one gets to-day say he has had a good night; but it will be a fortnight at least before his family can have the least assurance of his life. Their distress is increased by being obliged to conceal the greatness of his danger from Lady Tavistock, who is six months gone with child.

I know no other news but politics. The Grenvilles and Rockinghams had conceived high hopes, which have been mightily dashed by the last majority in favour of the court. The King is so warm and Lord Bute's friends so active, that there can be little doubt but they will weather this storm.

Charles Townshend has entertained us with another interlude: took part against Lord Chatham, declared himself out of place, nobody knew whether turned out or resigning; kept away on a great day of his own business, hatched a quarrel with Colonel Barré, returned yesterday to the House, acted as Chancellor of the Exchequer, outwent the rest of the ministers, made no mention of Barré, talked of his measures for the rest of the session, and probably dines with Lord Rockingham to-day and sups with the Duke of Grafton. What he will do next besides exposing himself, you nor I nor he can tell. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[1] Only son of the fourth Duke of Bedford. 'On Tuesday the 10th instant, his Lordship being a stag-hunting, leapt his horse over a low hedge towards the end of the chase, when the horse being much fatigued and jaded with the length of the chase, fell with him, and his Lordship, not being able to quit the reins, was trampled on, whereby several fractures were made in his head.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1767, p. 715.) Lord Tavistock lingered till March 22; he was only twenty-eight years old.

1166. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1767.

Well! I think you may begin to compose yourself again. The fortune of my Lord Chatham will ride out the storm though it blows from almost all quarters. The East Indian affair is entangled in so many difficulties, that Lord knows when we shall see an end of it, if it can be ended this session. It has slipped from the House of Commons back to the General Court of Proprietors, where they are at this moment actually balloting for two different proposals of accommodation with the Government. We were to have gone upon it to-morrow, but must now put it off. The opposition clog it all they can. Grenville wishes to stop it, that he may be minister, and adjust it. So far he and the rest are successful, that they have shut almost every door of supply; but that falls *only* on the nation itself, and of course they do not care. In the meantime the court exerts strenuously in support of Lord Chatham: the delays operate for him, and chance has done more than all.

Lord Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's only son, has killed himself by a fall and kick of his horse, as he was hunting Tuesday was se'nnight. I do not mean that he is dead yet, but he has been twice trepanned, the skull is cracked through, and there are no hopes of his life. No man was ever more regretted; the honesty, generosity, humility, and moderation of his character, endeared him to all the world. The desolation of his family is extreme. Lady Tavistock, passionately in love with him, is six months gone with child. The news came about two hours before she was to go to the Opera: they did not dare to tell her the worst so abruptly; so the Duke and Duchess were forced to go too, to conceal it from her and the Duchess

Hon.ble Mrs. Darner

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A

of Marlborough [1], who was with child too, and has since miscarried. Two days ago the Duke of Bedford's head broke out in boils, which shows the effort he had made to suppress his agony, and which probably has saved his life; yet subject to the gout, and very nearly blind, if this loss is not fatal, it will certainly make him quit the world; and as his two grandsons [2] are infants of two and three years old, it must loosen the bonds of that party, which was almost all the support George Grenville could boast, for Lord Temple does but join odium to odium. Even the lingering of Lord Tavistock relaxes the activity of that faction. It is a great event, lucky for the administration, but a loss to the country for the time to come.

Charles Townshend's tergiversations appear to have been the result of private jobbing. He had dealt largely in India stock, cried up the Company's *right* to raise that stock, has sold out most advantageously, and now cries it down. What! and can a Chancellor of the Exchequer stand such an aspersion? Oh, my dear Sir, his character cannot be lowered. In truth, it is a very South Sea year—at least one-third of the House of Commons is dipped in this traffic; and stock-jobbing now makes patriots, as everything else has done. From the Alley [3] to the House it is like a path of ants.

Mr. Conway is in great felicity, going to marry his only daughter to Lord Milton's eldest son, Mr. Damer. The estate in Lord Milton's possession is already three-and-twenty thousand pounds a year. Seven more are just coming from the author of this wealth, an old uncle [4] in

LETTER 1166.—[1] Daughter of the Duke of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[2] Francis Russell (1765–1802), Lord Russell; succeeded his father as Marquis of Tavistock in 1767, and his grandfather as fifth Duke of Bedford in 1771; and Lord John Russell (1766-1839), who succeeded his brother as sixth Duke of Bedford in 1802.

[3] Change Alley, Cornhill.

[4] John Damer (d. 1768), of Shronehill, Tipperary.

Ireland, of ninety-three. Lord Milton gives up five thousand a year in present, and settles the rest; for his two other boys are amply provided for. Miss Conway is to have a jointure of two thousand five hundred, and five hundred pin-money. Her fortune, which is ten thousand, goes in jewels, equipage, and furniture. Her person is remarkably genteel and pleasing, her face very sensible and agreeable, and wanting nothing but more colour.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a prince,

if there had been such rich lords at home. I think you should write a compliment on the occasion. It is the more creditable, as Lord Milton sought the match. Mr. Conway gives up all the money he has in the world,—and has no East India bonds. Adieu!

P.S. When you do not hear from me, conclude all goes well.

1167. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 5, 1767.

I am sorry for what you tell me of a successor being thought of for you, though I trust there is no danger of its taking place. Should the old drunken uncle[1] last, sure the worst that could happen would be, that the nephew[2] would be overjoyed to obtain what you would refuse, and what he dares not hope for. Without a removal, I have no notion of your being set aside, in the present situation of things. Mr Conway is so essential to the present system, that nobody would venture to disoblige him: and removing you would be disobliging him.

You now perceive, my dear Sir, the prudence of my

Letter 1167.—[1] Lord Northington. *Walpole.*
[2] Sir James Wright. *Walpole.*

constant advice to you of not making yourself particularly noticed, or obnoxious by receiving too many favours from any one quarter. Your services are allowed: but might not a riband be thought, or at least be pleaded as a payment? Such unsettled times as these are not a season for thrusting oneself forward. God knows when they will be more stable! But pray, suffer one on the spot to be a little better judge than you can be. It is not what will figure at Florence, but what would give umbrage at London, that it is your business to consider.

No event has happened since my last: and yet the crisis does not seem past. The court, were there no radical evils, would, I think, easily baffle opposition, though great endeavours have been used of late to cement the factions of Rockingham and Grenville into one. Those attempts have not quite succeeded. The Marquis thinks it full as necessary for himself to be First Minister, as Grenville thinks he should, and neither will bend; at least, though Grenville has appeared the more pliant, his sincerity does not gain the more credit. Nobody can believe him disposed to act under a chit, but till his own purposes are served.

The House of Commons has been engaged this fortnight in examining the East India Company, and every single evidence has brought forth in stronger and stronger colours the right of the crown to the conquests made by the Company. This was thought the great problematic and ticklish question. There is now the highest probability that the Government will carry that point.

But there is a misfortune not so easily to be surmounted, the state of Lord Chatham's health, who now does not only not see the ministers, but even does not receive letters. The world, on the report of the opposition, believe his head disordered, and there is so far a kind of colour for this rumour, that he has lately taken Dr. Addington, a physician in

vogue, who originally was a mad doctor. The truth I believe is, that Addington[3], who is a kind of empiric, has forbidden his doing the least business, though he lies out of town, and everybody sees him pass in his coach along the streets. His case, I should think, is a symptomatic fever, that ought to turn to gout; but Addington keeps him so low that the gout cannot make its effort. Lord Chatham's friends are much alarmed, and so they say is Addington himself; yet, what is strange, he calls in no other help.

This delays all business, which had all been too long delayed. America, from whence the accounts are unpleasing, is yet to come on the carpet, so, notwithstanding the expedience of putting an end to the session, one knows not when it will be concluded. Whatever happens, I do not think Mr. Conway can be left out of the drama, nor is it probable that Grenville will enter victoriously upon the scene: both King and people hate him; but fools in this country can often do more than wise men can effect or prevent, and Lord Rockingham and his party are silly enough to do a great deal of mischief. Even old Newcastle whets his busy blunted sting. In truth, our squabbles are contemptible, and merely personal; I wish I could think the consequences as indifferent. I wish too, that it may call for your patience to wait the event. As I told you in my last, whenever I do not write, you may be sure no revolution has happened. Be, however, prepared; such a suspense as the present cannot last much longer, but must be determined one way or other. Lord Chatham's recovery and appearance would quash the opposition. His death would occasion a new settlement, and yet not of necessity pave the way for Grenville.

I saw your sister Foote the other night, at a great concert

[3] Antony Addington (1713–1790), father of Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, Speaker of the House of Commons and Prime Minister.

at Lady Ailesbury's, with her two sons, who are charming young men.

The papers have told you what I bid you expect, the death of poor Lord Tavistock. The Duchess feels it heavily, but the politicians of his court have decided that the Duke shall soon act as if he had forgotten it. Adieu!

1168. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, April 6, 1767.

Your letter has lain here a few days while I was in London, or I should certainly have obeyed your commands sooner. I will leave word with my housekeeper, as I am not settled here yet, to admit Sir Thomas Wentworth and your friends, whenever they shall call to see my house.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kind inquiry after my health. I was extremely ill the two last summers, but have had no complaint since Christmas last. I should have been very glad if you had given me as good an account of your own health, which I most sincerely desire, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1169. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, April 17, 1767.

My letter will not set out till Tuesday, though it ought to have gone to-night; but I had not time to write it in town, nor was well enough; for I went to the House of Commons with a very bad cold, was so fatigued, and got such a head-

Letter 1168.—Not in C.; reprinted from 4to ed. (1825) of the Letters to the Earl of Hertford and the Rev. H. Zouch, p. 284.

ache with staying there until two in the morning, that I was obliged to defer notifying our victory to you till I could come hither for a little repose.

The examination of the East India Company turned out so little to the content of the opposition, and staggered so many of the country gentlemen, who are less hardened than even a Patriot opposition, that they were very impatient to be rid of it. Some ten days ago they gave notice, that unless Beckford, who has conducted the business for Lord Chatham, should, the very moment after closing the evidence, produce his plan and motions, they would propose to—nay, that they would break up the Committee; for they already talked as masters, and boasted of having a majority in both Houses. They were encouraged in this vaunt by success in a point that had scarce been contested with them; this was the re-election of most of the late Board of Indian Directors. The Duke of Bedford was carried to the India House to vote—his son had not been dead three weeks. They went farther; carried him to the House of Lords this day se'nnight, and made him open a motion for which Lord Temple had summoned the Lords, though without acquainting them what it was to be: they had concealed the purport from their associates, Lord Rockingham's faction, by which, and more folly, they were defeated. Everybody but themselves was shocked at the Duke's indecent spirits and insensibility. The motion was, to address the King to set aside an act of the assembly at Massachusetts Bay, in which they have irreverently taken upon themselves the powers of Parliament. Lord Halifax imprudently falling upon Mr. Conway, the Duke of Richmond took his part, and on the previous question voted with Lord Rockingham and five more, with the court. That old busy sinner, Newcastle, and most of the faction, went away; and the court had sixty-three to thirty-six. This victory was, however, alarming, as the union of

the two factions would have run the court very hard. Impatient to recover their ground, the opposition hurried on their impolitic question in our House; and their boasts alarmed the Government so seriously, or rather Lord Bute, that he put forth all his strength; and after a debate of eleven hours, we were two hundred and thirteen to one hundred and fifty-seven. Yesterday the House adjourned for the holidays. Many country gentlemen will probably not come back this session; and unless we commit new absurdities, the opposition is demolished; but consider, if we had not been wonderfully ingenious for these last three months, our majority might have been double!

When the session will end the Lord knows! We have still the East India business to finish—indeed, to begin, if Lord Chatham will not accommodate with them, but pushes it to extremities. After that, the settlement of America is to come, which is still a more thorny point, but, *Caesarem vehimus*—we carry Lord Chatham and his Fortune; who is as fond of him as ever woman was of a wayward gentleman. He locks up his doors, and will neither see her nor anybody else; yet she is as constant as ever; I believe she is like me, and abhors the idea of Grenville for minister.

The Hereditary Prince arrived on Monday night, and two days after news came of his mother's death. I believe he will stay a very little time.

You wrong me in saying that if I desire it, you will stir no more for your riband. I do not advise you to give it up, but to excuse my interfering in it, and not to push it too violently. I should be glad to have you receive it from the King as an old promise; but fluctuating as our politics are, I am afraid it might be a demerit with another ministry to have received it from this. You was still more mistaken in thinking I hinted that Mr. Conway was not your friend: very far from it; I meant he has little or no power since Lord

Chatham came in, and not having pleased him thoroughly on the East Indian affair, was not likely to have more. You must consider how difficult it is for me to explain everything by the post, and should not take everything to yourself, which you do not clearly comprehend. I say as much as I can well, and you must make allowances for the rest. Adieu!

P.S. It is not the Duchess of Brunswick that is dead, but some other old Princess of that house.

Last night we learned a great event, the total expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain; they are all coming to your next door[1]. It is supposed to have proceeded from their having stirred up the insurrection at Madrid last year, when King Carlos was so wofully frightened. They must be a very silly set of fellows to be still meddling, when the times are so unfavourable. I wish they would be a little absurd here, that we might drive them out too; but in England, follies hurt nobody; nor have time: new ones succeed so rapidly.

1170. To Dr. Ducarel.

April 25, 1767.

Mr. Walpole has been out of town, or should have thanked Dr. Ducarel sooner for the obliging favour of his most curious and valuable work[1], which Mr. Walpole has read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. He will be very much obliged to Dr. Ducarel if he will favour him with a set of the prints separate; which Mr. Walpole would be glad to put into his volumes of English Heads; and shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning these obligations.

Letter 1169.—[1] They intended to land at Cività Vecchia, but were prevented by the Pope, and finally disembarked in Corsica.

Letter 1170.—[1] A reprint, with additions, of Ducarel's *Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered*.

1171. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1767.

Nothing was ever so vexatious! I have just written you a long letter of three sides, and laid it upon the hearth to dry, while I stepped into the next room to fetch some sealing-wax; a coal has fallen on it, and I find it all in flames. I have not time to write half of it again: I will just run over the heads, if I can remember them.

My chief article was a wonderful speech[1] made by Charles

Letter 1171. — [1] The following memorandum by Horace Walpole of Charles Townshend's speech, found among Miss Berry's papers, is here printed from the original in the possession of the late Sir T. V. Lister :—

'May 8th, 1767.

Charles Townshend had come to the House with a black silk hanging over his wounded eye, which in the warmth of debate he turned aside, and discovered two very small slips of sticking-plaster over and below his eye, not amounting to more than scratches. In the beginning of the day he made a fine speech, in which he said he hoped his behaviour in the conduct of the transaction with the East India Company had wiped out the levities and imperfections of his former life; and he magnified his own firmness in having borne and overborne much reproach and contradiction, which he insinuated to have received from Lord Chatham, whom he had not seen during the winter. At four o'clock he left the House, though the management of the day depended on him; and taking one or two members with him, he went to dinner. His presence growing absolutely necessary, Mr. Conway sent for him. He returned about eight, as Mr. Grenville was speaking; after whom Townshend rose, half drunk, and made the most extravagantly fine speech that ever was heard. It lasted an hour, with torrents of wit, ridicule, vanity, lies, and beautiful language. Not a word was premeditated, yet every sentence teemed with various allusions and metaphors, and every period was complete, correct, and harmonious. His variety of tones and gesticulation surpassed the best actor in comedy, yet the faltering of his pronunciation from liquor, and the buffoonery of his humour and mimicry, would not have been suffered in high comedy. Nothing had given occasion to his speech, and there was no occasion on which it would not have been as proper, or, to say truth, as improper; for if anything could exceed his parts, it was his indiscretion. He meant to please everybody and exalt himself; but lest he should not enough distinguish the latter, he took care to overturn all he had done to effect the former. The whole of his speech was diverting to every man that hated any set of men; it was impertinent and offensive to all it described or seemed to compliment; and was most painful to those who had any love for him. The purport seemed to be an intention of recommending Lord Rockingham's party for ministers, with himself at the head of them; complimenting but sneering at Grenville, and slightly noticing Conway. But lest the great families whom he

Townshend last Friday, apropos to nothing, and yet about everything—about ministries past, present, and to come; himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion—he was half drunk when he made it; and yet that did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities. I am sorry I have not time to be more particular, it would have diverted you. Nothing else is talked of, or at least was not when I began my letter.

The treaty with the East India Company is at a stop. The General Court went mad, voted themselves a dividend, and dismissed prosecutions against six of their servants, against whom they had commenced suits for bribery. The

adopted should assume too much, he ridiculed the incompetence of birth and high blood, cried up the sole advantage of abilities and experience, and informed those he protected that rank was not talents, and that they must wait till ripened, and not come to government as if forced in a hot-bed. The most injurious part fell on the crown, he stating the mischiefs of the late so frequent changes, calling for restitution of the first post in administration to the House of Commons, and treating the actual ministry as no longer existent. Government, he said, must not continue to be what he himself was always called, a weathercock.

Nobody but he could have made that speech; and nobody but he would have made [it], if they could. It was at once a proof that his abilities were superior to those of all men, and his judgement below that of any man. It showed him capable of being, and unfit to be, First Minister. Yet though it was rather the tittle-tattle of a coffee-house, and the flower of table eloquence, still was it the confusion of affected and laboured oratory. Nature in him made sport with rules and meditation; and half a bottle of champagne, poured on genuine genius, had kindled this wonderful blaze.

The House was in a roar of rapture, and some clapped their hands with ecstasy, like audience in a theatre. Nor was it the least striking circumstance of this speech, that, laying his hand on his heart, he called God to witness that he had not been made privy to the business of the day. Fourteen of the ministerial managers, who then were actually sitting round him, had concerted with him the motion at Townshend's own house that very morning, and were thunderstruck at his madness and effrontery; and when Conway, the moment he concluded, asked him how he could utter such a falsehood, he thought it the most favourable way of recommending the business to the House.

In this speech, he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good humour; for he pleased while he provoked at random; was malicious to nobody, cheerful to all; and if his speech was received with delight, it was only remembered with pity.'

House of Commons were justly enraged, and we are hatching a bill to prevent irregular dividends for the future; perhaps may extend a retrospect to the last. The opposition are thunderstruck; which is no little victory; yet were it better the agreement had taken place. The General Court has again voted to treat, but insist on their dividend. Mr. Conway moderates as much as possible, and I hope will be successful. To-morrow we shall sit day and night on America[2], wherein he adheres to moderation too, but I doubt will be overpowered. Lord Chatham's friends are for warmer work on both heads. Himself is no longer seen at all; consequently you may believe the suspicion of madness does not decrease.

Is not this very magnificent? A senate regulating the Eastern and Western worlds at once? The Romans were triflers to us; and yet our factions and theirs are as like as two peas.

In France there is a great flame on the affair of the Jesuits. It is known that they were to have attempted a revolution in Spain on Holy Thursday. The famous Abbé Chauvelin[3], the author of their demolition, has again denounced them to the Parliament, and demands their total expulsion on this new provocation, alleging that they were the cause of the late troubles in Bretagne, where they had again got footing. If they will make revolutions, why the devil don't they go to Petersburgh? Nobody could blame them for any mischief they might do to the Czarina.

Well! I must conclude, or my letter will be too late: you may pity me for stewing in the House of Commons at this time of year, but, luckily, we have no spring. They say it is the same everywhere, and that the frost has killed all the vines in France and Italy. Adieu!

[2] On May 13 Charles Townshend proposed certain import duties to be paid by the American colonies. The bill passed almost without opposition.

[3] The Abbé Henri Philippe de Chauvelin (1716–1770), author of two pamphlets on the constitution and doctrine of the Jesuits.

1172. To the Duke of Grafton.

Arlington Street. May 23, 1767.

I must entreat your Grace, to look upon the trouble I give you with your usual indulgence; and as my zeal to serve you has been hitherto attended with success, I will beg you to hear me with patience, when things are come to such a crisis, that my endeavours to prevent Mr. Conway's resignation are almost exhausted. Your Grace knows his honour and delicacy, and I may be bold to tell you, who are actuated by the same motives, that it is the character I hope he will always maintain. I had much rather see him give up everything and preserve his honour, than stay with discredit. But in the present case, I think him too much swayed by men who consult nothing but their own prejudices, passions, and interests, to which they would sacrifice him and the country.

I need not tell your Grace, that on the dismission of Lord Edgcumbe [1], Mr. Conway declared he would not remain long in the ministry. With infinite pains I have prevailed to keep him in place to the end of the session. He now persists in quitting, but the extravagance and unreasonableness of his old friends [2], I think, ought to discharge him from all ties to them. They have abused him in print, reflected on him in Parliament; and I maintain have broken all their engagements to him. I will name nobody, but was witness in the summer, to repeated promises from them *that they would* (*though taking liberties with Lord Chatham*) *distinguish Mr. Conway, commend him, and openly in their speeches avow their abhorrence of Mr. Grenville.* The world have seen how they have adhered to these declarations. What is worse, when Mr. Conway came over to them in the American business

Letter 1172.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Memoirs of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton*, p. 141.

[1] See letter to Mann of Dec. 8, 1766.

[2] The Rockingham party.

and professed publicly his disposition towards them, was it not notorious that they received him with the utmost coldness and indifference? They not only avoided a single expression of good will to him, but sat still, and heard him abused by Grenville and Rigby. He was thoroughly hurt at this behaviour, and I would beg your Grace to paint it strongly to him.

In many late conversations with him, they have shown the utmost extravagance: they not only aim at everything, but espouse Mr. Grenville, and though they say they do not like him for First Minister, would absolutely make him a part of their system. Mr. Conway objected strongly, and I went so far as to reproach them with this contradiction to all their declarations, and with adopting so arbitrary and unpopular a man.

Having stated these facts, I will now take the liberty of informing your Grace of my motives of writing you this letter. I told Mr. Conway, *that if his friends would not come in, I could not conceive why he was to go out*; and that I thought the question turned singly on this. When he made his declaration to them, he at the same time protested against entering into opposition. If they therefore will not come in but by force, does not their refusal put an end to his connection with them? Nothing therefore seems left but to drive them to this refusal. Accordingly, I have begged Mr. Conway to open his mind to your Grace, and I thought it right to apprise your Grace of what he will say to you, that you may not be surprised, and may be prepared with your answer. Your kindness to him, my Lord, has been invariable, and I am sure will continue so on this occasion, which I flatter myself may preserve the union of two men who have the strictest honour, and most public spirit of any men in England. The more indulgence your Grace shows to his scruples and delicacy, the more he will

feel the wildness and unreasonableness of his other connections. Pray, my Lord, forgive the extreme liberty I take of suggesting behaviour to your Grace; but knowing Mr. Conway as I do better than anybody does, I am called upon to paint to your Grace the best method of treating with him. If you should be so good as to tell him that you are willing to assist his delicacy, and to contribute to bring in his friends on reasonable terms, and that you hope he will not gratify them in any unreasonable hopes; it will open the door to a negotiation, in which I can venture to say they will be so immoderate in their demands, that it will not only shock him, but be a strong vindication to his Majesty's rejection of them, and what is most at my heart, may, I hope, conduce to retain Mr. Conway in the King's service, when his other friends have shown that they mean nothing, but to engross all power in league with the worst men, or to throw the country into the last confusion.

If I can but prevail to keep Mr. Conway united with your Grace and acting with you, it is the height of my ambition; and if your Grace is so good as at least to accept my labours favourably, I shall be overpaid, for I have most undoubtedly no views for myself but those of being approved by honest men; and as there is nobody I can esteem more than your Grace, I am not ashamed, my Lord, though you are a minister, of professing myself

Your Grace's
Most obedient and devoted humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1173. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1767.

We are worn out here with the Parliament, but happily the Parliament is almost worn out too; not so much from

not having business still before it, but the champions are fairly knocked up. The country gentlemen are all gone, and George Grenville himself, the inexhaustible haranguer Grenville, confesses he is tired. The truth is, he is beaten, has no hopes, and spits blood. Three weeks I trust will give us our quietus. Mr. Conway's moderation and patience has at last brought to bear the accommodation with the East India Company[1], and it only wants the Act of Parliament to finish it. In the meantime the House of Lords has revived the drooping opposition. Last Friday they examined the rejection by the Privy Council of the act of assembly of Massachusetts Bay[2]. Lord Mansfield maintained that more was necessary; that it ought to have been declared null *ab initio*; and demanded that the opinions of the judges might be taken. He spoke with all his subtlety, but was very roughly handled by the Chancellor[3] and Lord Northington. The judges would not have given their opinions if asked. However, the motion was rejected by only sixty-two voices to fifty-six. You will be startled at so trifling a majority; but the case was, the opposition had called for papers, which naturally go to the Committee; and in a Committee proxies cannot be used; so that if the opposition had even carried the question, they would have lost it the next moment on the report to the House, by thirty proxies to ten.

A more remarkable event of the day was, that the Duke of York spoke for the first time—and against the court; but

LETTER 1173.—[1] The East India Company had agreed to pay to the Government four hundred thousand pounds a year for two years.

[2] 'The Assembly of Massachusetts had reluctantly complied with the requisition of the Secretary of State, Lord Shelburne, to award compensation to the sufferers in the recent riots, but had inserted a clause in their bill granting a free pardon to the rioters. This clause was deemed an encroachment on the constitutional rights of the crown, and their bill was accordingly annulled by an Order of the King in Council.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. v. p. 181.)

[3] Lord Camden. *Walpole.*

did not vote. His two brothers[4] voted with the ministry. I am assured by everybody (for I was not present), that if the administration can stand till routed by his eloquence, they will be immortal. How he puts one in mind of his father! This is not the only walk of fame he has lately chosen. He is acting plays with Lady Stanhope[5] and her family, the Delavals. They have several times played *The Fair Penitent*: his Royal Highness is Lothario; the lady, I am told, an admirable Calista. They have a pretty little theatre in Westminster; but none of the royal family have been audience. I doubt, my dear Sir, that your riband will not sail to you by that channel. I have never been at this play; for though I was told I might ask for a ticket, and did not want curiosity, yet as some people have been refused, I did not choose to have such a silly matter to take ill.

Lord Chatham's state, I doubt, is, too clearly, the gout flown up into his head. He may recover, but, as yet, he is assiduously kept from all company. The opposition have named, and firmly believe, a new administration, composed of Lord Bute's friends, with the Duke of Northumberland at the head; but I believe their best reason for believing it is, from having applied in that quarter themselves, and been rejected. One event I think will happen before it is long, and which may produce changes. Mr. Conway, I think, will retire, not from disgust, or into opposition, but from delicacy towards his old friends. This was my chief reason for writing to you to-night. It is not decided yet, nor publicly known, but I chose you should be apprised, and not think there were any reasons more disagreeable for it. To me it will have nothing unpalatable. I have long wished to be off the stage; and near three months ago notified my

[4] The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] Sister of Sir Francis Delaval, and wife of Sir W. Stanhope, brother of Philip, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. *Walpole.*

intention of coming into Parliament no more. I am still young enough to enjoy my liberty, without any formal austerity of retiring, and yet shall not be hovering over the scene when it is more decent to have done with it; unless one had the ambition of being an actor, which, happily, has never been my case. I never was more than prompter. Adieu!

1174. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 30, 1767.

You will wonder at another letter so soon, but do not be alarmed. It is yourself you must wonder at; you have occasioned this *hors-d'œuvre*. Lady Holland is just arrived, and has brought me—oh, brought me only the finest little bust[1] that ever my eyes beheld. I gaze on it from morning till night; and if it were possible for me to part with it, I would send it you back, as the only return, my dear Sir, that I can ever make you worthy of such a present. It is more a portrait than any picture I ever saw. The sculptor evidently studied nothing but the countenance. The hair and ears seem neglected to heighten the expression of the eyes, which are absolutely alive, and have a wild melancholy in them that one forebodes might ripen to madness. In short, I do not know whether it is not more exquisite in its kind than my eagle. At least this little Caligula is far superior to my great Vespasian, which was allowed to be the fourth or fifth bust in Rome. I shall make a solemn dedication of it in my pantheon chapel, and inscribe the donor's name. I assure you it is not bronze, whatever you may have thought, but flesh: the muscles play as I turn it round. It is my reigning favourite; and, though I have

Letter 1174.—[1] A bust of Caligula, found at the discovery of Herculaneum. *Walpole.*

some very fine things in my collection, I am fonder of none—not of the eagle, or my Cowley[2] in enamel.

It arrived to comfort me the very day I heard from Paris that I had no success at the sale of Mons. Julien's[3] cabinet, where everything sold as extravagantly as if the auction had been here. Your other present, of Montesquieu's Letters[4], was very agreeable too; I could not go to bed till I had finished them at near three in the morning; and yet there is very little in them but ease and graces. I am a little scandalized at the notes, which, though very true, are too bitter, considering the persons are alive. Madame Geoffrin will be much hurt: indeed, the letters themselves that regard her are very mortifying; and I think it cruel to publish private letters while the persons concerned in them are living. Nobody has a right to publish what the author certainly did not mean such persons should ever see. It is making him inflict a wound against his intention; and such publications must frighten people from writing their private sentiments of others to their most intimate friends. The case happened but last summer to my friend Lady Suffolk, who found herself in some disagreeable letters of Swift. After this, will you tell me where these Letters were printed, and whose the notes[5] are? You may safely; Madame Geoffrin and the Duchess d'Aiguillon were very obliging to me at Paris, and I am sorry they will be vexed; but I have no particular friendship with them, and you may be sure I shall never mention it. I have not even lent the book to anybody (though it amused me enough to read it twice), lest my Lady Hervey should hear of it, who loves

[2] A miniature of Cowley the poet, by Zincke, after the portrait by Lely.

[3] The Chevalier de Julienne (d. 1766), director of the Gobelins tapestry works in Paris, and a collector of pictures.

[4] *Lettres familières*, published in 1767.

[5] The Abbé Galliani. *Walpole.*—Ferdinand Galiani (1728-1787), a Neapolitan; a *littérateur* and secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy in Paris.

them both. I own I am much obliged to you for it, and you see you may trust my discretion.

Lady Holland has charged me to say a thousand civil things to you for her and my Lord, who is not yet come to town. She is as much enchanted with you as I am with Caligula. The town will insist that my Lord Holland was sent for to give advice for forming a new ministry. I wish he was, for your sake. Your other protector[6], whom I mentioned in my last, is in great disgrace; has been thoroughly chid, was not spoken to at a great review on Monday in the face of all England, and, they say, is to go on a pilgrimage with his sister to Spa.

Nothing has happened since my last; but the crisis approaches—I was going to say, fast; but there are so many difficulties on all sides that I think nothing can be settled quickly. I don't like the hue so well as I did. I don't know whether it was not the very night I wrote to you that there was a majority but of three in the House of Lords. I should not mind that, if it frightened nobody more than it does me. The times are very interesting now, while things are yet in agitation; and yet they will appear most inconsiderable hereafter. Neither the actors nor the actions are great,—and yet I could foresee great consequences, according as the scenes shall be shifted; but I think the whole more likely to subside into trifling and instability. We are nothing but factions, and those factions have very limited views. There is not a man but George Grenville who has any deep views. He is capable of any extremities; but he had rather be very bad *for* the court than *against* it. Adieu!

[6] The Duke of York. *Walpole.*

1175. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1767.

Well! at last, this long session is finished, and the Parliament rises to-morrow. I have been so uncertain what to write, that I have not written to you for a month. I can now tell you but one point affirmatively: Mr. Conway does quit. It is unlucky; bad for the public, disadvantageous for himself, distressing to the King; but he had promised his late friends. I call them *late*, for they have by no means shown themselves so this winter, nor are half grateful enough for such a sacrifice. He might be minister: he retires with nothing.

They have bowed to idols, have been led by that old heathen, the Duke of Newcastle, towards the Bedfords, and have almost sacrificed even to Grenville. Well! what is to follow? I am sure I don't know. There has been a dabbling with the Bedfords, to detach them from Grenville,—they refused; and yet I believe are still hankering. The pretensions of the last ministers are as high as if they had any pretensions; and yet they make a show of stickling for the other opposition too. This cannot on either part be granted. The court, too, is so strong, that it cannot be taken by storm; and even this last week, though the Government is in a manner known to be dissolved, the majority has been very triumphant. The House of Lords has sat day after day, and night after night, on the Dividend Bill[1], and yet all Lord Mansfield's abilities have been baffled. I should rather think some administration would be patched up from promiscuous quarters which may weather the next session, and when a new Parliament is chosen, the King

Letter 1175.—[1] A bill to regulate the dividend to be paid by the East India Company.

may have what ministers he pleases. In a week, perhaps, I may be able to be more informing; at present all is in suspense.

I do not wonder your Great Duchess wonders that her dogs are not arrived, and you must wonder too; yet I am not to blame. I cannot get such a thing of the smallness and beauty you require. Lord Dacre's bitch disappointed me by a miscarriage. I have been at the repositories where they are sold, yet could find but one, and that was tanned, and too large. When Madame de Mirepoix was here, I teased all my acquaintance for two. After six months I got them, and she sent them back the next morning, saying they were too large. I am called away and must finish: you shall hear the moment anything is settled. Adieu!

1176. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1767.

You have heard enough, even in the late reign, of our *interministeriums*, not to be surprised that the present lasts so long. I am not writing now to tell you it is at an end; but I thought you might grow impatient.

The Parliament was scarce separated when a negotiation was begun with the Bedfords, through Lord Gower; with a view to strengthen the remains of administration by that faction, but with no intention of including George Grenville, who is more hated at court than he even is in other places. After some treaty, Lord Gower, much against his will, I believe, was forced to bring word, that there was no objection made by his friends to the Treasury remaining in the Duke of Grafton; that Grenville would support without a place; but Lord Temple (who the deuce thought of Lord Temple?) insisted on equal power, as he had demanded with Lord Chatham. There was an end of that treaty!

Another was then begun with Lord Rockingham. He pleaded want of strength in his party,—and he might have pleaded almost every other want—and asked if he might talk to the Bedfords. Yes! he might talk to whom he pleased, but the King insisted on keeping the Chancellor,—'And me,' said the Duke of Grafton; but added, that for himself, he was very willing to cede the Treasury to his Lordship. Away goes the Marquis to Woburn; and, to charm the King more, negotiates with both Grenvilles too. These last, who had demanded everything of the crown, were all submission to the Marquis, and yet could not dupe him so fast as he tried to be duped. Oh, all, all were ready to stay out, or turn their friends in, or what he pleased. He took this for his own talents in negotiation, came back highly pleased, and notified his success. The Duke of Grafton wrote to him that the King meant they should come in, *to extend and strengthen his administration.* Too elated with his imaginary power, the Marquis returned an answer, insolently civil to the Duke, and not commonly decent for the place it was to be carried to. It said that his Lordship had laid it down for a principle of the treaty, that the present administration was at an end. That supposed, *he* was ready to *form* a comprehensive ministry, but first must talk to the King.

Instead of such an answer as such a *remonstrance* deserved, a very prudent reply was made. The King approved the idea of a comprehensive administration: he desired to unite the hearts of *all* his subjects: he meant to exclude men of no denomination attached to his person and government; it was such a ministry that *he* intended to *appoint.* When his Lordship should have *formed a plan* on such views, his Majesty would be ready to receive it from him. The great statesman was wofully puzzled on receiving this message. However, he has summoned his new allies to assist in com-

posing a scheme or list. When they will bring it, how they will bring it formed, or whether they will ever bring it, the Lord knows. There the matter rests at present. If the Marquis does not alter his tone, he sinks for ever, and from being the head of a separate band, he must fall into the train of Grenville, the man whom he and his friends opposed on all the arbitrary acts of that ministry, and whom they have irremissibly offended by repealing his darling Stamp Act. Apropos, America is pacified, and the two factions cannot join to fish in troubled waters, there, at least.

Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops worth twelve thousand pounds for the Queen, a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth twenty-four thousand more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus[1], and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to ninety thousand pounds. He has *reduced* the appointments of the Governor of Bengal to thirty-two thousand pounds a year; and, what is better, has left such a chain of forts and distribution of troops as will entirely secure possession of the country—till we lose it. Thus having composed the Eastern and Western worlds, we are at leisure to kick and cuff for our own little island, which is great satisfaction; and I don't doubt but my Lord Temple hopes that we shall be so far engaged before France and Spain are ripe to meddle with us, that when they do come, they will not be able to reunite us.

Don't let me forget to tell you, that of all the friends you

LETTER 1176.—[1] A legacy of seventy thousand pounds, left to Clive by Mir Jaffier, was devoted by him to the establishment of a fund for disabled officers of the East India Company and their families

have shot flying, there is no one whose friendship for you is so little dead as Lord Hillsborough's. He spoke to me earnestly about your riband the other day, and said he had pressed to have it given to you. Write and thank him. You have missed one by Lord Clive's returning alive, unless he should give a hamper of diamonds for the Garter.

I told you how kindly Lady Holland spoke of you: but she forgot what you tell me of the indulgence you obtained of the Great Duke for my Lord. He is better since his return, but grown a little peevish.

Well! I have remembered every point but one—and see how he is forgotten! Lord Chatham! He was pressed to come forth and set the administration on its legs again. He pleaded total incapacity; grew worse and grows better. Oh, how he ought to dread recovering!

Mr. Conway resigns the day after to-morrow. I hope in a week to tell you something more positive than the uncertainties in this letter. Good night.

1177. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1767.

I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk[1]. I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she

Letter 1177.—[1] Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk.

should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and, when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd she would eat her supper in her bedchamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your Lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham[2]. I can give your Lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with Miss Hotham till some of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but, as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now at least know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more

[2] Her great-niece. *Walpole.*

respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much. I am,

My dear Lord,

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

1178. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.

I find one must cast you into debt, if one has a mind to hear of you. You would drop one with all your heart, if one would let you alone. Did not you talk of passing by Strawberry in June, on a visit to the Bishop[1]? I did not summon you, because I have not been sure of my own motions for two days together for these three months. At last all is subsided; the administration will go on pretty much as it was, with Mr. Conway for part of it. The fools and the rogues, or, if you like proper names, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles, have bungled their own game, quarrelled, and thrown it away.

Where are you? What are you doing? Where are you going or staying? I shall trip to Paris in about a fortnight, for a month or six weeks. Indeed, I have had such a loss in poor Lady Suffolk, that my autumns at Strawberry will suffer exceedingly—and will not be repaired by my Lord of Buckingham[2]. I have been in pain, too, and am not yet quite easy about my brother, who is in a bad state of health.

Have you waded through or into Lord Lyttelton[3]? How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven-and-twenty years together!

Except one day's gout, which I cured with the bootikins,

Letter 1178.—[1] Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham. Montagu announced this intention in one of his letters to Horace Walpole.

[2] Lady Suffolk's nephew, who inherited Marble Hill.

[3] His recently published *History of the Life of Henry II.*

I have been quite well since I saw you: nay, with a microscope you would perceive I am fatter. Mr. Hawkins saw it with his naked eye; and told me it was common for lean people to grow fat when they grow old. I am afraid the latter is more certain than the former, and I submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as Miss Chudleigh does still!

If you are not totally abandoned, you will send me a line before I go. The Clive has been desperately nervous, but I have convinced her it did not become her, and she has recovered her rubicundity. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1179. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.

The clouds disperse; but there have been dark moments. The very day on which I wrote to you last was critical. A meeting of the two factions was held at Newcastle House, where the Duke of Bedford was agent for the Grenvilles; and the old wretch himself laboured tooth and nail, that is, with the one of each sort that he has left, to cement, or rather, to make over his friends to the same influence. But to no purpose; passion reigned, and a quarrel soon ensued. Grenville had commissioned his proxy to demand declarations against America, whence, though everything is pacified, his pride required a hecatomb of victims. This was not yielded; nor all the places under the Government, to glut the rapaciousness of the Bedford crew. The latter, too, formally protested against Mr. Conway's leading the House of Commons, which Lord Rockingham's interest and necessity called for, and which could not be waived, as Mr. Conway's resignation was a sacrifice to that party. The meeting broke

up in very bad terms: yet the Duke of Bedford, as if sensible of his folly, begged another the next night; and as if insensible of his folly, repeated it, and clinched the quarrel. Hallelujah! What had Grenville to do but to let the present administration be dissolved? He could never have wanted occasion to break with Lord Rockingham again.

On the Wednesday Lord Rockingham asked an audience —as everybody did, and must think to offer his services. But common sense is a fool when it expects fools to act with common sense. The Marquis behaved sillily and impertinently, and *then* wondered he was not pressed to accept. Great offence was taken at his behaviour; and yet there was coolness and prudence enough left to permit another offer to be made. This condescension did the business. The weak man took it for weakness, and thinking that he should force more and more, lost all. In short, he refused—and then Mr. Conway found himself at liberty. He and the Duke of Grafton have jointly undertaken the administration, which was strong enough before, and now will be fortified by the contempt the world must have for both factions, who did not know how to make use of a moment which so many strange events had put into their hands.

The system, or rather arrangement, is not yet quite settled; but when one knows what is trumps, it is not difficult to play the game. I have not liked an hour so well as the present since Lord Chatham fell ill. He remains as he was in place, no minister, and with little hopes of recovering.

I have been very unfortunate in the death of my Lady Suffolk[1], who was the only sensible friend I had at Straw-

LETTER 1179.—[1] Henrietta, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, first married to — Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards to George Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley. During the life of her first husband she was mistress of King George II, Woman of the Bedchamber, and

berry. Though she was seventy-nine, her senses were in the highest perfection, and her memory wonderful, as it was as accurate on recent events as on the most distant. Her hearing has been impaired above forty years, and was the only defect that prevented her conversation from not being as agreeable as possible. She had seen, known, and remembered so much, that I was very seldom not eager to hear. She was a sincere and unalterable friend, very calm, judicious, and zealous. Her integrity and goodness had secured the continuation of respect, and no fallen favourite had ever experienced neglect less. Her fortune, which had never been near so great as it was believed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining of either fortune or illness. No mortal but Lord Chetwynd[2] and I were acquainted with her real situation. I sat with her two hours on Saturday night, and though I knew she was ill, and found her much changed, did not suspect her danger so great. The next evening she was better; and retiring to her chamber to supper with Lord Chetwynd, she pressed her hand suddenly to her side, and expired in half an hour. I believe she left Marble Hill to Lord Buckingham, and what else she had to Miss Hotham[3]: at least I guess so from what I have heard her say, for I have not yet been told her will. I think now of going for a few weeks to Paris: my autumns will not be near so pleasant, from the loss I have mentioned. Adieu!

afterwards Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. She is often mentioned by Pope and Swift. *Walpole.* Lady Suffolk's first husband was Charles Howard, ninth Earl of Suffolk.

[2] William, Viscount Chetwynd, a great friend of Lord Bolingbroke. *Walpole.*

[3] Henrietta, only child of Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, by Dorothy, only daughter of Sir John Hobart, first Earl of Buckingham, brother of Lady Suffolk. *Walpole.*

1180. To Thomas Astle.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Aug. 3, 1767.

I have been so long confined by my brother's illness, that I have not been able to give myself the pleasure of asking you to bestow a day on me. I am now at liberty, and if you have nothing else to do next Sunday, I shall be very happy if you will dine with me at Strawberry Hill, where a bed will be at your service. I want to show you what use I have made of the papers and books with which you was so kind as to furnish me. It will take up some time to read it[1] to you.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
and most obedient Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1181. To George Montagu.

Friday, Aug. 7, 1767.

As I am turned knight-errant, and going again in search of my old fairy[1], I will certainly transport your enchanted casket[2]; and will endeavour to procure some talisman, that may secrete it from the eyes of those unheroic harpies, the officers of the Custom House. You must take [care] to let me have it before to-morrow se'nnight.

The house at Twickenham, with which you fell in love, is still unmarried; but they ask 130*l.* a year for it. If they asked 130,000*l.* for it, perhaps my Lord Clive might snap it

Letter 1180.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. Frederick Barker.

[1] Probably the *Historic Doubts on Richard III*, finished by Horace Walpole at this time.

Letter 1181. — [1] Mme. du Deffand.

[2] A silver casket sent by Montagu to his friend Mme. Roland, of Rheims.

up; but that not being the case, I don't doubt but it will fall, and I flatter myself that you and it may meet at last upon reasonable terms.

That of General Trapaud is to be had at 50*l.* a year, but with a fine on entrance of 500*l.* As I propose to return by the beginning of October, perhaps I may see you, and then you may review both. Since the loss of poor Lady Suffolk, I am more desirous than ever of having you in my neighbourhood, as I have not a rational acquaintance there left. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1182. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 18, 1767.

It is odd to take leave because we are coming nearer to one another, but I remember the last time I was at Paris how difficult it was for you to get my letters thence; and therefore as I shall not stay above a month or six weeks at most, I do not know whether I shall attempt to write to you. I can have little or nothing material to tell you. Your best way, if you have anything to say, will be to direct your letters to England, whence I shall receive them safely in four days.

Everything is settled here; Lord Bristol has given up Ireland, content with fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds, with having made his brother[1] a bishop, and his brother-in-law, Phipps[2], an Irish baron, and not willing to expose himself to the torrents of abuse that were prepared for him.

Letter 1182.—[1] Frederick, afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*—Third son of John Hervey, Baron Hervey of Ickworth; succeeded his brother as fourth Earl of Bristol, 1779; Bishop of Cloyne, 1767-68; Bishop of Derry, 1768-1803; d. 1803.

[2] Created Lord Mulgrave; he married Lepelle, eldest daughter of John, Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*

I should not say content, for he already seems to sigh after his robes and guards. Lord Townshend[3] is overjoyed to succeed him, and has ceded the Lieutenancy of the Ordnance to Mr. Conway, and takes Lady Ailesbury's brother, Lord Frederick Campbell, for his secretary. I do not know how the Irish will relish a Scot. Lord Townshend will impose upon them at first, as he has on the world; will please them by a joviality, and then grow sullen and quarrel with them. His brother Charles remains Chancellor of the Exchequer, will impose on nobody, though he will try to impose on everybody; will please, offend, lower his character, if possible, but will neither be out of humour himself nor let anybody else be so. Lord Rockingham will declare against opposition, and will oppose; and the Duke of Newcastle, and their disgusts, will reconcile Lord Rockingham and the Bedfords. The latter will be violent, and George Grenville damp their fire by talking them to death, in order to blow it up. Lord Temple will call himself head of the opposition, and will only do all the dirty work of it.

The Duke of York, we are told, has succeeded very well at Paris. I shall know more certainly in a few days. It is undoubted that that court has taken great pains to honour and please him.

It is not from any hurry that I finish my letter so soon; but politics are subsided, and the town is a desert. I am here preparing for my journey, and have come home these two nights at ten o'clock, from having nowhere to go. It will be different at Paris, where one does not begin to go till nine. You will think me a strange man to leave England when I had just fixed everything here to my mind; but I hate politics, and am glad to pass a month without hearing of them. Nature, that gave me a statesman's head, forgot to give me ambition or interestedness; and, if I had

[3] George, Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.*

never been contradicted, I should have been as trifling as a king. Adieu!

1183. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1767.

I received your long, kind, and melancholy letter a few hours after the post was gone out, or I had told you sooner how infinitely I pity you and the Duke of Grafton; I know what both must feel; though abstractedly from good nature, you are not more concerned in the unfortunate accident, than in one that happens in any part of the globe[1]. You could not prevent what you neither knew nor could foresee. One is not to blame for building a house, that may be neglected, fall, and crush a family an hundred years hence.

Last night, by Lord Rochford's[2] courier, we heard of Charles Townshend's death[3]; for which, indeed, your letter had prepared me. As a man of incomparable parts, and most entertaining to a spectator, I regret his death. His good humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from loving him; but, in a political light, I own I cannot look upon it as a misfortune. His treachery alarmed me, and I apprehended everything from it. It was not advisable to throw him into the arms of the opposition. His death avoids both kinds of mischief. I take for granted you will have Lord North for Chancellor of the Exchequer[4]. He is

Letter 1183.—Incomplete in C.; now printed from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] 'Tuesday, Sept. 1. As the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Secretary Conway were returning from Camden Place in Kent, a man of seventy, much intoxicated with liquor, rolled against the wheel of their curricle, which threw him down and very much hurt his leg. His Grace ordered all possible care to be immediately taken of the man, and when he arrived in town sent Mr. Adair, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Gataker to his assistance; but the wound soon turned to a mortification, and the man is since dead.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1767, p. 474.)

[2] Ambassador at Paris.

[3] He died on Sept. 4, 1767.

[4] Lord North succeeded Townshend in that office.

very inferior to Charles in parts; but what he wants in those will be supplied by firmness and spirit.

With regard to my brother, I should apprehend nothing, were he like other men; but I shall not be astonished, if he throws his life away; and I have seen so much of the precariousness of it lately, that I am prepared for the event, if it shall happen.

I will say nothing about Mr. Harris[5]; he is an old man, and his death will be natural. For Lord Chatham, he is really or intentionally mad[6],—but I still doubt which of the two. T. Walpole has writ to his brother here, that the day before Lord Chatham set out for Pynsent, he executed a letter of attorney, with full powers to his wife, and the moment it was signed he began singing. This comes from Nuthall[7].

You may depend upon it I shall only stay here to the end of the month; but if you should want me sooner, I will set out at a moment's warning, on your sending me a line by Lord Rochford's courier. This goes by Lady Mary Coke[8], who sets out to-morrow morning early, on the notice of Mr. Townshend's death, or she would have stayed ten days longer. I sent you a letter by a Mr. Fletcher, but I fear he did not go away till the day before yesterday.

I am just come from dining *en famille* with the Duc de Choiseul: he was very civil—but much more civil to Mr. Wood[9], who dined there too. I forgive this gratitude to the *peacemakers*.

[5] General Conway's brother-in-law. He died on Oct. 7, 1767.

[6] From May 1767, till October 1768, Chatham's mind was deranged. He was relieved by a severe attack of gout.

[7] Thomas Nuthall, Solicitor to the Treasury, the intimate friend and legal adviser of Lord Chatham. He died in 1775, a few hours after having been shot by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath.

[8] Lady Mary Coke was related to Charles Townshend through his marriage to her eldest sister, recently created Baroness Greenwich.

[9] Robert Wood, Under Secretary of State at the time of the signature of the Peace of Paris.

I must finish; for I am going to Lady Mary, and then return to sup with the Duchess de Choiseul, who is not civiller to anybody than to me. Adieu! Yours ever.

1184. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, Sept. 20th, 1767.

I am excessively thankful, dear Madam, for your most obliging compliance with my request when you was in so melancholy a situation. I could only wish the letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you have not suffered by your hurry, fatigue, and distress. I heartily grieve for all Mr. Townshend's family, especially your sister and his mother, the last of whom I think the least likely to get over so terrible a blow, considering her state of health. I beg, when it is proper, you will say something for me to Lady Dalkeith, and a great deal to poor Lady Townshend, if you see her. I think it too early to write; but I will wait on her as soon as I return, which will be in a fortnight at latest. I am very glad your Ladyship's passage was more favourable than Lady Mary Chabot's, who was twenty-three hours at sea, and in the utmost danger. A Dutch vessel was lost very near them.

Poor Mons. de Guerchy expired on Thursday last. There is a house of as great calamity as the one you attend! Nothing else has happened here since you left us, nor indeed, I think, ever does, except deaths, marriages, and promotions. To my great joy, the Prince of Conti is gone to L'Isle Adam with all his *strolling* court, and I have not once seen him. I dined with Lady Rochford at the Duchesse d'Aiguillon's on Wednesday last. The views are fine, excepting the want of verdure, and the garden, like all their gardens, seems to be in no keeping. On Friday we dined at Mr. Wood's at Meudon, where the prospect is

much finer, but his house is a perfect ruin, like an old banqueting house at the end of an old-fashioned garden.

The Duke of York has had a violent fever[1] at Monaco, but I think is reckoned out of danger. The Prince has paid him great attention; so great, that he has put off a journey to the Duc de Choiseul's at Chanteloup[2]. What can a Frenchman do more?

Lord March and George Selwyn arrived this morning, and I expect them here every minute. Lord Algernon Percy is here too.

As I may set out sooner than I have mentioned, I do not know, Madam, whether you will trust me with any commissions. But my acquaintance here is so established, both with friends and shops, that I can easily get anything executed after my return to England.

Forgive me, dear Lady Mary, if I conclude this letter of scraps. I can tell you nothing from hence worth writing. Suppers are all the events, and as you know, seldom lively.

Your most faithful
and devoted humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1185. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Sept. 27, 1767.

SINCE you insist upon my writing from hence, I will; I intended to defer it a few days longer, as I shall set out on my return this day se'nnight.

Within the five weeks of my being here, there have happened three deaths, which certainly nobody expected

LETTER 1184.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xxii–xxiii.

[1] The Duke of York died at Monaco on Sept. 17, 1767.

[2] The country seat of the Duc de Choiseul, near Poissy.

six weeks ago. Yet, though the persons were all considerable, their loss will make little impression on the state of any affairs.

Monsieur de Guerchy returned from his embassy with us about a month before my arrival. He had been out of order some time, and had taken waters, yet seeing him so often I had perceived no change, till I was made to remark it, and then I did not think it considerable. On my arrival, I was shocked at the precipitate alteration. He was emaciated, yellow, and scarcely able to support himself. A fever came on in ten days, mortification ensued, and carried him off. It is said that he had concealed and tampered indiscreetly with an old complaint, acquired before his marriage. This was his radical death; I doubt, vexation and disappointment fermented the wound. Instead of the duchy he hoped, his reception was freezing. He was a frank, gallant gentleman; universally beloved with us; hated I believe by nobody, and by no means inferior in understanding to many that affected to despise his abilities.

But our comet is set too! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb! that duplicity is fixed, that cowardice terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers, who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered. With a robust person he had always a menacing constitution. He had had a fever the whole summer, recovered as it was thought, relapsed, was neglected, and it turned to an incurable putrid fever.

The opposition expected that the loss of this essential pin would loosen the whole frame; but it had been hard, if both his life and death were to be pernicious to the administration. He had engaged to betray the latter to the

former, as I knew early, and as Lord Mansfield has since declared. I therefore could not think the loss of him a misfortune. His seals were immediately offered to Lord North, who declined them. The opposition rejoiced; but they ought to have been better acquainted with one educated in their own school. Lord North has since accepted the seals—and the reversion of his father's pension.

While that eccentric genius, Charles Townshend, whom no system could contain, is whirled out of existence, our more artificial meteor, Lord Chatham, seems to be wheeling back to the sphere of business—at least his health is declared to be re-established; but he has lost his adorers, the mob, and I doubt the wise men will not travel after his light.

You, my dear Sir, will be most concerned for the poor Duke of York, who has ended his silly, good-humoured, troublesome career, in a piteous manner. He had come to the camp at Compiègne, without his brother's approbation, but had been received here not only with every proper mark of distinction, but with the utmost kindness. He had succeeded, too, was attentive, civil, obliging, lively, pleased, and very happy in his replies. Charmed with a court so lively in comparison of the monastic scene at home, he had promised to return for Fontainebleau, and then scampered away as fast as he could ride or drive all round the south of France, intending to visit a lady at Genoa, that he was in love with, whenever he had a minute's time. The Duc de Villars[1] gave him a ball at his country-house, between Aix and Marseilles; the Duke of York danced at it all night as hard as if it made part of his road, and then in a violent sweat, and without changing his linen, got into his postchaise. At Marseilles the scene changed. He arrived in a fever, and found among his letters, which

Letter 1185.—[1] Honoré Armand (1702–1770), Duc de Villars, Governor of Provence.

he had ordered to meet him there, one from the King his brother, forbidding him to go to Compiègne, by the advice of the Hereditary Prince. He was struck with this letter, which he had ignorantly disobeyed, and by the same ignorance had not answered. He proceeded, however, on his journey, but grew so ill that his gentlemen carried him to Monaco, where he arrived the third, and languished with great suffering until the seventeenth. He behaved with the most perfect tranquillity and courage, made a short will, and the day before he died dictated to Colonel St. John[2] a letter to the King, in which he begged his forgiveness for every instance in which he had offended him, and entreated his favour to his servants. He would have particularly recommended St. John, but the young man said handsomely, 'Sir, if the letter was written by your Royal Highness yourself, it would be most kind to me; but I cannot name myself.' The Prince of Monaco, who happened to be on the spot, was unbounded in his attentions to him, both of care and honours; and visited him every hour till the Duke grew too weak to see him. Two days before he died the Duke sent for the Prince, and thanked him. The Prince burst into tears and could not speak, and retiring, begged the Duke's officers to prevent his being sent for again, for the shock was too great. They made as magnificent a coffin and pall for him as the time and place would admit, and in the evening of the 17th the body was embarked on board an English ship, which received the corpse with military honours, the cannon of the town saluting it with the same discharge as is paid to a marshal of France. St. John and Morrison embarked with the body, and Colonel Wrottesley[3] passed through

[2] Henry, brother of Frederick, Viscount Bolingbroke, and Groom of the Bedchamber to Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole.*

[3] Afterwards Sir John Wrottesley, another of the Duke of York's Grooms of the Bedchamber. *Walpole.*

here with the news. The poor lad was in tears the whole time he stayed.

I shall beg Madame de Barbantane to trouble herself with this letter; I must ask this favour by a note, for I do not visit her; during my last journey I once or twice supped in company with her, but without much acquaintance. She is now in a convent with Mademoiselle [4], the Duke of Orléans' daughter; and Madame de Boufflers is at L'Isle Adam, and will not return to Paris before I am set out.

Lord Holland is expected here at the beginning of October. I have no doubt of his obtaining his earldom, but it will not be given before the end of next session. It is true I believe that Lord Carlisle [5], who is now here, will receive the green riband from the hands of the King of Sardinia. If Lord Cowper goes to England, he may undoubtedly secure the promise of the next; and Lord Warwick is in a bad state of health; but they never give green ribands to more than two English at a time. I am sorry that being at Florence should be made a reason against bestowing ribands—I trust it will not remain so.

You tell me of the French playing at whisk; why, I found it established when I was last here. I told them they were very good to imitate us in anything, but that they had adopted the two dullest things we have, whisk and Richardson's novels.

So you and the Pope are going to have the Emperor [6]! Times are a little altered; no Guelphs and Ghibellines now. I do not think the Cæsar of the day will hold his Holiness's stirrup while he mounts his palfrey. Adieu!

[4] Louise Marie Thérèse Bathilde, Mdlle. d'Orléans (d. 1822); m. (1770) Jean Joseph Henri, Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

[5] Frederick Howard (1748-1825), fifth Earl of Carlisle; Treasurer of the Household, 1777–79; Commissioner to treat with America, 1778; President of the Board of Trade, 1779; Viceroy of Ireland, 1780–82; Lord Steward of the Household, 1782–83; Privy Seal, April–Dec. 1783.

[6] Joseph II visited Italy in 1769.

1186. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 13, 1767.

I arrived last night at eleven o'clock, and found a letter from you, which gave me so much pleasure, that I must write you a line, though I am hurried to death. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am that Lord North drags you to light again[1]; it is a satisfaction I little expected. When do you come? I am impatient. I long to know your projects.

I had a dreadful passage of eight hours, was drowned, though not shipwrecked, and was sick to death. I have been six times at sea before, and never suffered the least, which makes the mortification the greater: but as Hercules was not more robust than I, though with an air so little herculean, I have not so much as caught cold, though I was wet to the skin with the rain, had my lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, and stepped into the sea up to my knees. *Qu'avois-je à faire dans cette galère?* In truth, it is a little late to be seeking adventures! Adieu! I must finish, but I am excessively happy with what you have told me.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1187. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1767.

Thank you; I am as well as anybody can be that has been drowned from above and below, that was sick to

Letter 1186.—[1] Lord North, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had appointed Montagu his secretary.

death for eight hours, with the additional mortification of finding myself not invulnerable. In short, I had every affliction from my passage, except in not catching cold; so that on that side I am still first cousin to Hercules.

I find London as empty as possible, and politics quite asleep,—I mean, in town. In the counties they are all mad about elections. The Duke of Portland, they say, carried thirty thousand pounds to Carlisle, and it is all gone already. Lord Clive is going before his money, and not likely to live three months.

Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'nnight; but, as the Queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time, this may be only a bravado. The report is, that she intends to acknowledge all my Lord can desire[1].

I found Lord Holland most remarkably mended in his health. Lady Holland has set out to-day, and he follows her to-morrow. I beg you will tell the Marquise de Broglie (whom you will see at the Président's) that Lord Holland carries her a box of pimpernel seed, and will leave it at Mons. Panchaud's, whither she must send for it. I hope you will be so good as not forget this; nor another little commission, which is, to ask Madame Geoffrin where Mons. Guibert, the King's carver, lives, and then to send him a guinea, for a drawing he made for me, which I will deduct from the lottery tickets which I have bought for you, at twelve pounds seventeen and sixpence apiece. The numbers are 17574, on which I have written your name and Madame de Bentheim's, and 26442, on which I have written Wiart's.

I have twice called on my Lady Townshend, but missed her; I am now going to her by appointment.

Pray tell Lord Carlisle that I delivered his letters and

LETTER 1187.—[1] Lord Bolingbroke was divorced from his wife on March 10, 1768. She married Topham Beauclerk two days later.

parcels. Say a great deal for me to Madame du Deffand and Lord March, who I need not say are what I left best at Paris. Do not stay for more hurricanes and bad weather, but come away the first fine day. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn,
à l'Hôtel de Duc de York,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.

1188. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

Ce 16 Octobre 1767.

Voici, chère Grand'maman [1], le numéro de votre billet de loterie, c'est 17138. J'y ai écrit votre nom et je vous en dois six francs de reste. Ah que je souhaite que cela soit le gros lot! Non pas pour vous, chère Grand'maman, car vous n'aimez pas l'argent, mais pour tous ceux que vous rendrez heureux. Ne voulez-vous pas me mander comment va votre santé? Montez-vous à cheval? Dormez-vous? Vous ménagez-vous? Ou bien allez-vous vous tuer? Préférez-vous toujours les devoirs et même la politesse à la vie? Eh, mon Dieu! pour qui vous assujettissez-vous à cette contrainte? Pour des courtisans, pour des femmes qui ne vous ressemblent point, et oubliez que vous avez des amis qui s'intéressent à votre santé, que vous êtes la grand'maman de tous les pauvres, et que le Roi a des sujets qui sont honnêtes gens et à qui vous devez l'exemple et la protection. Je ne veux pas demander de vos nouvelles à ma pauvre femme [2], car véritablement la tête lui tourne. Elle a si

Letter 1188.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

[1] Walpole called Mme. de Choiseul 'grand'maman' in imitation of Mme. du Deffand. The actual grandmother of Mme. du Deffand was a Duchesse de Choiseul.

[2] Madame du Deffand.

horriblement peur que vous ne devinssiez sérieusement malade, qu'elle ne fera que me communiquer ses agitations. C'est au bon Abbé[3] à qui je m'adresse, et qui je supplie de me dire la vérité.

Ma Grand'maman, vous m'avez si bien persuadé que vous avez la bonté de vous intéresser à moi que je ne crois vous importuner en vous parlant de ce qui me regarde. J'ai eu un bien mauvais passage, mais je me porte bien, et on veut même que je sois engraissé, mais je crois que ces gens-là me regardent à travers leurs lunettes comme l'Ambassadeur de Naples quand il croyait ses jambes si prodigieusement enflées.

Voilà, chère Grand'maman, comme j'ai perdu la timidité. Mais le véritable respect, la plus parfaite reconnaissance, voici ce que je ne perdrais jamais. Conservez-nous vos bontés, à moi et à ma petite femme, et donnez-nous des oncles et des tantes. Je vous jure que nous n'en serons jamais jaloux, encore ne vous seront-ils pas plus attachés que votre très affectionné petit-fils,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1189. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1767.

It is an age since we have had any correspondence. My long and dangerous illness last year, with my journey to Bath: my long attendance in Parliament all winter, spring, and to the beginning of summer; and my journey to France since, from whence I returned but last week, prevented my asking the pleasure of seeing you at Strawberry Hill.

I wish to hear that you have enjoyed your health, and shall be glad of any news of you. The season is too late,

[3] The Abbé Barthélemy, who lived with the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul.

and the Parliament too near opening, for me to propose a winter journey to you. If you should happen to think at all of London, I trust you would do me the favour to call on me. In short, this is only a letter of inquiry after you, and to show you that I am always most truly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1190. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1767.

I HAVE been returned from Paris above a fortnight, but I found everything here so profoundly quiet that all the news of England would not furnish a paragraph. The ministers are firmly seated, and opposition scarce barks ; at least, keeps its throat for the opening of Parliament. Lord Chatham is given out to be much better, and will, we are told, reappear upon the stage. The rage of elections is so great, and so enormously expensive, that I should not think the session would be much attended. There is no popular cry in the counties, or, if any, it is against general warrants, and the authors of them.

Mr. Conway has acted nobly, and refused the emoluments of Secretary of State, which amount to above five thousand pounds a year, contenting himself with the profits of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, which do not exceed eleven hundred, and waiting for a regiment. This moderation is ill matter for an opposition.

Did you receive my letter from Paris, in which I talked to you of the Duke of York's death ? I should be sorry it miscarried ; the body is not yet arrived.

I found your brother Ned just recovered out of a very dangerous pleurisy. Mr. Foote is not quite re-established, and is forced to tread with great caution.

General Pulteney is dead, having owned himself worth

a million, the fruits of his brother's virtues[1]! He has left an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Lord Darlington[2], and three hundred a year to each of his two brothers[3]; four hundred a year only to Colman, Lady Bath's nephew, whom Lord Bath had recommended to him for the Bradford estate, but the old General was angry with Colman, for having entered into the management of the theatre in Covent Garden; and had told him he would not leave his estate to an actor. All the vast rest, except a few very trifling legacies, he leaves to his cousin Mrs. Pulteney[4], a very worthy woman, who had risked all by marrying one Johnstone, the third son of a poor Scot, but who is an orator at the India House, and likely to make a figure now in what *house* he pleases. She has one daughter[5], and is with child, but is fat, and not young. If she dies without children, the whole goes to Lord Darlington; but I think Mr. Johnstone Pulteney will try every method to be a Nabob before that happens. The real Nabob, Lord Clive, is reckoned in a very precarious state of health. Lord Holland is set out for Nice, much recovered before he went. Well! I have exhausted the mines of both Indies, and have nothing more to tell you, nor shall have probably before the Parliament meets. Adieu!

P.S. Oh, your poor young Queen of Naples[6], who has

LETTER 1190.—[1] William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[2] Henry Vane, second Earl of Darlington, whose grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, was a Pulteney, and aunt of Lord Bath. *Walpole.*

[3] Hon. Frederick and Hon. Raby Vane.

[4] Frances, daughter of Daniel Pulteney, and wife of William Johnstone, who took the name of Pulteney in addition to that of Johnstone, and who afterwards succeeded his brother as fifth Baronet, of Westerhall.

[5] Henrietta Laura Pulteney, cr. Baroness Bath in 1792, and Countess of Bath in 1803; m. (1794) Sir James Murray, Baronet, who assumed the name of Pulteney; d. 1808.

[6] Maria Josepha, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. She was married to the King of Naples by proxy in August 1767, but died on the day appointed for her journey to Italy.

got the small-pox, and will lose her beauty, if not her life! How much stronger superstition and prejudice are than maternal love, when all these deaths cannot open the Empress Queen's eyes in favour of inoculation! But she has escaped herself, and that will close them faster than ever.

November 1st.

I receive your letter of October 17. Do you mean that your second letter to Paris was to me? Or to *Mr. Hoare* or to *Mr. Hume*, for I cannot read the name distinctly.

I must contradict much of what I have been writing: the Duke of York's body is arrived, and your young Queen is dead. You gave the former very good advice. He would not have taken it, for I believe one seldom acts in health as one wishes or intends to do when one is at the point of death. The letter was not, as I told you, addressed to the King, but to the Duke of Gloucester, to be shown to him. As I am making all sorts of *amendes honorables*, I must do justice to Lord North, who has no pension, as I heard at Paris.

Thank you for the bill of lading and what it imports; I had not received the former.

I wonder all the Princes of Europe are not frightened *into* their wits—why, they die every day! and might avoid it, most of them, by being inoculated. Mr. Sutton would insure them at twelve-pence a head. He inoculates whole counties, and it does not cause the least interruption to their business. They work in the fields, or go up to their middles in water, as usual. It is silly to die of such an old-fashioned distemper!

Monday, 3rd.

I have this moment received yours from Madame de Barbantane; but I have no time to answer it, only to tell you that I did receive your letter for Lord Hilsborough,

and probably the bill of lading, but forgot it in my hurry going to Paris.

The Queen was brought to bed yesterday, of a fourth Prince[7]! Good night! I have scarce time to save the post.

1191. To the Rev. Thomas Warton.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1767.

I shall be very thankful for a transcript of the most material passages in Mr. Beale's[1] pocket-book, and of Hollar's letters, if you will be so good as to employ any person to transcribe them, and let me know the expense when done. It is unlucky with regard to the former, that Mrs. Beale's article is printed off, and several other subsequent sheets, for the second edition. And I must not expect that so trifling a work should go any farther. The sight of the pocket-book will, however, gratify my own curiosity, though I am much ashamed to give you so much trouble, Sir. You will permit me, I hope, in return, though a small one for so many favours, to send you a most singular book, of which I have lately been permitted to print two hundred copies (half only indeed for myself). It is the *Life* of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself. You will not find him unworthy of keeping company with those paladins, of whom you have made such charming use in your notes on Spenser. Pray let me know how I shall convey it to you.

I am, &c.

[7] Prince Edward (1767–1820), cr. Duke of Kent in 1799; the father of Queen Victoria.

Letter 1191.—[1] Charles Beale, of Walton, in Buckinghamshire. He held a post under the Board of Green Cloth, and was interested in chemistry and in the manufacture of artists' colours. The pocket-book mentioned by Walpole is probably one of a series in which Beale kept notes of his own affairs and those of his wife Mary (1632–1697), daughter of Rev. J. Cradock, Vicar of Walton-on-Thames, and one of the best-known female portrait painters of her day. An account of Mrs. Beale and some transcripts from her husband's pocket-books are given in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

1192. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1767.

The house is taken that you wot of, but I believe you may have General Trapaud's for fifty pounds a year, and a fine of two hundred and fifty, which is less by half, look you, than you was told at first. A jury of matrons, composed of Lady Frances[1], my Dame Bramston, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Carberry[2], and the merry Catholic Lady Brown, have sat upon it, and decide that you should take it. But you must come and treat in person, and may hold the congress here. I hear Lord Guilford is much better, so that the Exchequer will still find you in funds.

You will not dislike to hear, shall you? that Mr. Conway does not take the appointments of Secretary of State. If it grows the fashion to give up above five thousand pounds a year, this ministry will last for ever, for I do not think the opposition will struggle for places without salaries. If my Lord Ligonier does not go to heaven, or Sir Robert Rich to the devil, soon, our General will run considerably in debt—but he had better be too poor than too rich. I would not have him die like old Pultney, loaded with the spoils of other families and the crimes of his own. Adieu! I will not write to you any more, so you may as well come.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1193. To the Hon. Thomas Walpole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1767.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the sight of such curious papers. I heard the transaction last night from

Letter 1192. — [1] Lady Frances Elliot. See letter to Montagu of March 21, 1766.

[2] Hon. Frances Fitzwilliam, daughter of fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam, and widow of George Evans, second Baron Carbery.

Letter 1193.—Not in C.; reprinted

Mr. C.[1], to whom Lord C.[2] had told it with great concern for you, and from the part he had been forced to take in it. What can I say of a man who was born to astonish the world from the greatest things to the least? What sort of madness is it? real? or affected? No matter[3]. I heartily pity you, yet do not see how so good-natured a man could act otherwise, for you are not a Grenville.

Well, Sir, but we shall want this strange man, and may his singularity be as useful as it has been. You judge very right about Portugal. Oh! no, it is not over—there are more storms too, I think, than one gathering abroad.

Mr. Conway has at last obtained the King's and the Duke of Grafton's consent to his not taking any part of the profits of Secretary of State. He is in debt, and may ruin himself: and yet I own I could not bring myself to dissuade him from this step.

Lord Orford, I hear, has compromised Ashburton. Palk[4] is to come in for this session: and Sullivan and Charles Boone next Parliament. The latter is well off. I do not know what he means to do with Castle Rising. By what I hear of his circumstances, the best thing he can do will be to sell it: but he seldom does the best thing, even for himself, which is the only excuse I know for the rest of his behaviour. The lawyers think he gets ten thousand pounds for himself by Harris's[5] death, and he demands it in ready money directly—but I do not believe he gets it, except for his life.

from *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole, pp. 10–12.

[1] General Conway.

[2] Lord Camden.

[3] Lord Chatham, who was at this time in a strange state of health, fancied that he might receive benefit from the air at his former country place, Hayes. Hayes had been sold to Thomas Walpole, who laid out considerable sums of money there. He was extremely unwilling to part with it, but at last did so as a favour to Lord and Lady Chatham. (See *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 31–33.)

[4] Robert Palk, of Haldon, near Exeter, sometime Governor of Madras; created a Baronet in 1782.

[5] John Harris, who was the second husband of Lord Orford's grandmother, Mrs. Rolle.

I heartily wish Lord Walpole may open his eyes on the behaviour of his false friends. I do not think the parts of the opposition at all united. I will take great care of the paper for you, and am,

Dear Sir,
Your most obliged humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1194. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1767.

Ce qui est différé, n'est point perdu. Though the Parliament has been met a week, and I have not opened my pen's lips, you will have amends made you for your impatience. We are triumphant beyond the paltry wisdom of calculation. We do not stoop to the detail of divisions to judge of our strength. Two oppositions, that tread hard upon the heels of a majority, are the best secret in the world for composing a ridiculous minority. In short, Lord Rockingham's and the Duke of Bedford's parties, who could not have failed to quarrel if they had come into place together, are determined at least to have their quarrel, if they cannot have their places. On the first day, the centurions of the former were very warm, but having nothing to complain of but the bad weather and the price of corn, the ministers had very little trouble. George Grenville, to show he would not support the Rockinghams, did not speak till the question was passed; and then was wonderfully placid. Next day, he and Dowdswell squabbled for two hours, on their different creeds for America: the House laughed at both, and the ministers kept their countenance: but the Bedfords were angry, or glad to be angry with Grenville. Two days afterwards, the Duke of Newcastle, who had rather make peace than not make mischief, scuttled to Bedford House, and tried to

unite the two factions, but could scarce obtain to be heard; and is gone to whisper anybody that will be whispered at Bath. However, if he has but three dependents left upon earth, and can make two of them wait in his antechamber while he affects to be locked up with the third, he will be satisfied. Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton are driving about the town with long speeches, which nobody cares to hear. The latter is a very beacon, to warn folks not to come near the party he belongs to, which is always the wrong. The Rockinghams, who have no reason to be angry with anybody but themselves, which nobody likes to be, do not know with whom to be most angry. George Grenville is distracted that the ministers will not make America rebel, that he may be minister and cut America's throat, or have his own throat cut; and everybody else, I suppose, will get places as soon as they can. My Lord Chatham is still at Bath. If all had been quite confusion, perhaps he might have come forth again—faith! as all will be quite peace, I do not know whether he may not still come. This is the state of our Vesuvius: though the lava has done running, the grumblings have not entirely ceased.

The Duke of Bedford is to be couched on Saturday for cataracts in both eyes. This is all our public and private news, except the divorce of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, which is determined; and by consent of her family, she is to marry Mr. Beauclerk, the hero of the piece—an affair in which I suppose you interest yourself no more than I do!

Should anything happen before Friday, I shall have two days to write it; if not, as Brutus and Cassius, or some such persons as you and I, say,

This parting was well made.

Friday, 4th.

Brother Brutus, I do not know a word more. Everything remains quiet in the senate. Adieu!

1195. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1767.

I have received your letter of the 21st of November, just as I was going to write to you. The volumes of *Herculaneum* came to me safe three days ago, for which I give you many thanks.

Your brother's letter gives me much concern. I had heard accounts of the extravagance of your nephew[1], who is allowed to be very good-natured, but I doubt has not a strong understanding. When I returned from Paris this last time, I asked your brother how his nephew went on? He said he was a little expensive, but seemed desirous of softening the matter, instead of being angry, as I should have expected. I was glad to find him in that humour—but I see it was so far from being sincere, that he seems to have seized it as an excuse for giving you a very disagreeable notice. Poor Gal was always afraid that the love of his natural children would preponderate, and that makes me conclude that Gal knew your brother has power over Linton. I should be exceedingly vexed on your account, if I did not think your brother's life as good as almost anybody's of his age. He looks young and healthy, and as he is very careful of himself, the gout is but a preservative. For your nephew, my dear Sir, I know what nephews are! Sad things on which to build the hopes of a family! Hope is pleasant—but building distant hopes—oh, what folly! —to build on others—excess of folly! 'Tis the comfort of growing old, that one sees all this *is* folly; so far am I from calling it disappointment.

I must now prepare you for a new public scene. The obstinacy of George Grenville, who, on the first day of the

Letter 1195.—[1] Horace Mann the younger.

session, would not act with the Rockingham faction, and who openly quarrelled with the second, disgusted his own friends, or gave them a handle for being disgusted. The Duke of Bedford sent for him, and told him he himself was weary of opposition, and his friends more so; and therefore desired that each squadron might be at liberty *to provide* for themselves. Would not one think they were starving? After this *decent* declaration, his Grace sent to lay himself and *his friends* at the Duke of Grafton's feet, begging, as alms, that they might have some of the first and best places under the Government. What heart is hard enough to resist so moving a petition? Well! I believe it will be granted: it breaks opposition to pieces; and surely these good folks will not be formidable, from their characters at least. This, I think, will be the arrangement: Lord Gower[2], President of the Council—(it is a drunken place by prescription; Lord Granville had it, and Lord Northington has). Lord Weymouth[3], Secretary of State. I do not know yet, but probably shall before the post goes out, whether Lord Shelburne[4] will keep America, or go out angrily, as he certainly is not over-well treated. If he resigns, Lord Hillsborough will be Secretary for America, and Lord Sandwich[5], Postmaster. Mr. Rigby will take anything he can get, and better it as soon as he can. The rest are too insignificant, whether they are taken or wait.

The flower of this whole negotiation is, that it is not six months since the Duke of Bedford objected to Mr. Conway, as improper for Leader of the House of Commons, and now stoops to place his people under him; nay, they have owned there is nobody so proper. This is triumph enough, and

[2] Lord Gower became President of the Council, and held that office until 1779.

[3] Lord Weymouth became Secretary of State for the Southern Province in January 1768.

[4] Lord Shelburne did not resign until the following year.

[5] Lord Sandwich became Joint Postmaster-General in Jan. 1768.

all I care about the matter; nay, and all I shall say about it, and more than you must say; for by the end of the week I suppose Lord Weymouth will be your master, and there is none of the set but must think opening a letter is innocence, compared with anything else they have done. You will not wonder, therefore, if I become more reserved for the future—at least for some time; for though the court will take them, I shrewdly suspect that they do not intend to keep them long. For my part, I am perfectly indifferent whether they do or not, as my resolution was taken, when I declined coming into Parliament again, to have nothing more to do with politics for the rest of my life; and I am not apt to break my resolutions. I cannot, like the Duke of Newcastle, sail through life with generation after generation; and I am sick of the present. I have seen them in all shapes, and know them thoroughly; and unless I receive new provocations from any set, I prefer none to the other. In truth, I do not know whether the Bedfords are not the best, as they have not shame enough to be hypocrites.

So your King of Naples[6] is a madman, or an idiot! and they set aside his eldest brother on the same pretence, to make room for him! Poor North, and poor South! The devil at Petersburgh, and a lunatic at Naples! Give me the Bedlamite: one cannot be angry with Vesuvius for boiling over one, but one hates to be strangled by Lucifer, and then hear him lay it on God[7] himself! Yet, Voltaire and the French philosophers can find charms in such a character! 'Tis a precious world, and one must be mad too, to do anything but laugh at it. Adieu!

[6] Ferdinand IV, King of Naples; d. 1825.

[7] See the manifesto of the Czarina, on the death of her husband. *Walpole.*

1196. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 19, 1767.

You are now, I reckon, settled in your new habitation[1]: I would not interrupt you in your journeyings, dear Sir, but am not at all pleased that you are seated so little to your mind—and yet I think you will stay there; Cambridge and Ely are neighbourhoods to your taste; and if you do not again shift your quarters, I shall make them and you a visit: Ely I have never seen. I could have wished that you had preferred this part of the world, and yet I trust I shall see you here oftener than I have done of late. This, to my great satisfaction, is my last session of Parliament, to which, and to politics, I shall for ever bid adieu!

I did not go to Paris for my health, though I found the journey and the sea-sickness, which I had never experienced before, contributed to it greatly. I have not been so well for some years as I am at present; and if I continue to plump up as I do at present, I do not know but by the time we may meet, whether you may not discover—with a microscope—that I am really fatter. I went to make a visit to my dear old blind woman, and to see some things I could not see in winter.

For the Catholic religion, I think it very consumptive—with a little patience, if Whitfield, Wesley, my Lady Huntingdon, and that rogue Madan[2] live, I do not doubt but we shall have something very like it here. And yet I had rather live at the end of a tawdry religion, than at the beginning, which is always more stern and hypocritic.

Letter 1196.—[1] At Waterbeach, near Cambridge.

[2] Rev. Martin Madan (1726-1790), a Methodist. He had been severely blamed for advising a friend named Haweis not to resign a living when required to do so by the patron, in spite of the declaration of the latter that the living was given on that condition. Madan attracted great attention in 1780 by his *Thelypthora*, in which he advocated polygamy.

I shall be very glad to see your laborious work of the maps: you are indefatigable, I know; I think mapping would try my patience more than anything.

My *Richard the Third*[3] will go to the press this week, and you shall have one of the first copies, which I think will be in about a month, if you will tell me how to convey it: direct to Arlington Street.

Mr. Gray went to Cambridge yesterday se'nnight; I wait for some papers from him for my purpose.

I grieve for your sufferings by the inundation, but you are not only a hermit, but, what is better, a real philosopher. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1197. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1767.

I SEND you these few lines only as a sequel, or confirmation of my last. The treaty is concluded, and Lord Gower has actually kissed hands as Lord President, in the room of Lord Northington, who retires on a pension. Lord Shelburne keeps the Southern department, but Lord Hilsborough is Secretary of State for America, and Lord Sandwich is to be Postmaster. The most material alteration is, that Mr. Conway will, at the end of next month, quit the Seals, which he has long wished to do, but will remain Cabinet Counsellor, and acting minister in the House of Commons: this the King and the Duke of Grafton both insist on. Lord Weymouth is to wait till then. Mr. Conway was desirous of quitting the minute he could, but it was thought right, that as the Duke of Bedford had objected to him in the summer, they should be forced to swallow this sub-

[3] *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*, by Horace Walpole, published in February 1768.

mission of coming in under him—and they have swallowed it — and nobody doubted but they would. They have swallowed Lord Shelburne too, to whom they objected next, when they could not help stooping to Mr. Conway, but this was likewise denied; and they have again submitted. The Duke of Marlborough was to have the Garter, but to defer it as long as possible, the vacant one was immediately given to the Duke of Cumberland; and two more must drop before the Duke of Marlborough can obtain one; for this is only the second instance[1] in my memory, where a single one was given alone. The Bedfords are to have some other trifles.

In the moment of projection, we thought this whole arrangement would blow up. Lord Chatham arrived at Reading; but he has stopped at Mrs. George Pitt's[2] at Wandsworth Hill, and we hear no more of him.

Well! I once more breathe at liberty! I have done with politics, and in three months shall have done with Parliaments. I do not talk of retiring, for that would be a tie, and I should want to break it; but if I know myself at all, I shall take care how I embark again. It will not be for want of opportunity, for I think this arrangement will not hold to July: but I neither guess nor prophesy, especially not, when there will be any system that will last. How strange and precipitate our changes are! Two months ago I doubted whether the numbers and activity of the opposition might not shake the administration. By the splitting of the opposition into pieces, and by the treachery of one of those fragments, the administration is more shattered than it could have been but by a decisive defeat.

LETTER 1197. — [1] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, received a Garter alone, from George II, who gave it him to disappoint a cabal, in a moment not unlike that in the letter above. *Walpole.*

[2] Penelope Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; a very distant relation of Lord Chatham. *Walpole.*

Truly we politicians see a great way! Well! I shall only laugh at the trade now. I was born in it, and have lived in it half a century; I do not admire it, I am overjoyed to quit it, and shall be very indifferent what happens to the business. Adieu!

1198. To Thomas Astle.

Jan. 16, 1768.

Mr. Hume has told me to-day that you have been so very kind as to say that Mr. Duane[1] is possessed of my father's papers, which we have reckoned so miserable a loss to our family, and that you thought he would not be averse to let me have them. I do not know the thing that could make me so happy as the recovery of them nor which would be so great an obligation to me. If you would obtain them for me it would be the highest favour; I venture to ask this great favour of you, who may judge what a treasure it must be to a son who adores his father's memory.

1199. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

This, I should think, my dear Sir, would be but a short letter, since I have little or no news to tell you; for I hope my good will is no news to you. The moment I saw in the papers that Sir William Rowley was dead, I desired Mr. Conway to make every necessary representation of your claim to a red riband. He spoke to the Duke of Grafton, who met him halfway, acknowledged your title, and said that there was nobody he wished more to serve; and yet

Letter 1198.—Not in C., presumably incomplete; reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue of Dec. 23, 1896.

[1] Matthew Duane (1707–1785), a lawyer and collector of coins and antiquities.

there are circumstances I do not like. The King has lately given the late Duke of Cumberland's riband to his second son; and I know has said, 'It had already had the effect he intended it; it was prodigious the number of considerable applications he had had since he had thus stamped the order with dignity.' I do not know whence these applications are; but we change hands so often, that I shall not wonder if red ribands go in part of payment. I am very sorry for it, but you see I am ready to do more than I promised, and do not want to be put in mind. I could wish to have got this for you: I shall now be of little use to you. I have totally done with politics for ever, and favours are seldom obtained by people who neither do hurt nor good. Mr. Conway will resign this week, and Lord Weymouth will have the Seals. The latter is very good-natured, and, I think, will not be your enemy. Lord Chatham is said to have the gout in both feet.

Pho! I see I have begun my letter on the wrong side of the paper. Well! no matter. Sir William Rowley has left six thousand pounds a year—to whom do you think?—to his great-grandson. To his son, who had not disobliged him, he gives but eight hundred a year; the same to his grandson; all the rest to his grandson's heir, and the savings. It is rather leaving an opportunity to the Chancery to do a right thing, and set such an absurd will aside. Do not doubt it. The law makes no bones of wills. I have heard of a man who begun his will thus: 'This is my will, and I desire the Chancery will not make another for me.' Oh, but it did. If the Admiral has left his riband to somebody unborn, I hope the Chancery will give it to you in the meantime.

We have had most dreadful frost and snow, but they lasted not quite three weeks. Yet, though the weather is quite warm, and it has rained several times, there are

opposition-lumps of ice lying about the streets, that cannot be prevailed upon to melt, and take their places in the kennel. You tell me you have had snow at Florence.

The Duke of Newcastle has been dying[1], but is out of danger. He says he will meddle no more with politics, and therefore I think I will not declare that I have done with them, for I am sure he will relapse to them, and I should hate to be like him.

Well! I may as well bid you good night, for I have nothing more to say. If I hear anything to-morrow, when I return to town, I shall have time enough to tell you, for my letter will not set out till next day. If nothing happens, I shall take no notice, but end here.

Tuesday, 19th.

I met Mr. Mackenzie this morning at Princess Amelia's. He took me aside, and expressed the greatest solicitude about your riband. I told him what I had just done. He said he would himself tell the Duke of Grafton the share he had in it, and how long ago it had been promised to you. I gave him a thousand thanks, and told him I would this very evening let you know how much you are obliged to him. Write him a line, and say I had acquainted you with this mark of his friendship and remembrance.

1200. To Lord Hailes.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

I will begin, Sir, with telling you that I have seen Mr. Sherriff and his son. The father desired my opinion on sending his son to Italy. I own I could by no means advise it. Where a genius is indubitable and has already made much progress, the study of antique and the works

Letter 1199.—[1] He survived until November 1768.

of the great masters may improve a young man extremely, and open lights to him which he might never discover of himself: but it is very different sending a young man to Rome to try whether he has genius or not; which may be ascertained with infinitely less trouble and expense at home. Young Mr. Sherriff has certainly a disposition to drawing; but that may not be genius. His misfortune may have made him embrace it as a resource in his melancholy hours. Labouring under the misfortune of deafness, his friends should consider to what unhappiness they may expose him. His family have naturally applied to alleviate his misfortune, and to cultivate the parts they saw in him: but who, in so long a journey and at such a distance, is to attend him in the same affectionate manner? Can he shift for himself, especially without the language? who will take the trouble at Rome of assisting him, instructing him, pointing out to him what he should study? who will facilitate the means to him of gaining access to palaces and churches, and obtain permission for him to work there? I felt so much for the distresses he must undergo, that I could not see the benefits to accrue, and those eventual, as a compensation. Surely, Sir, it were better to place him here with some painter for a year or two. He does not seem to me to be grounded enough for such an expedition.

I will beg to know how I may convey my *Richard* to you, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I do not wonder you could not guess the discovery I have made. It is one of the most marvellous that ever was made. In short, it is the original Coronation Roll of Richard the Third, by which it appears that very magnificent robes were ordered for Edward the Fifth, and that he did, or was to have walked at his uncle's coronation. The most valuable monument is in the Great Wardrobe. It is not, though the most extraordinary, the only thing that will surprise

you in my work. But I will not anticipate what little amusement you may find there. I am, Sir, &c.

1201. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1768.

I have waited for the impression of my *Richard*, to send you the whole parcel together. This moment I have conveyed to Mr. Cartwright a large bundle for you, containing *Richard the Third*, the four volumes of the new edition of the *Anecdotes*, and six prints of your relation Tuer. You will find his head very small: but the original was too inconsiderable to allow it to be larger. I have sent you no Patagonians[1], for they are out of print, I have only my own copy, and could not get another. Pray tell me how, or what you heard of it, and tell me sincerely, for I did not know it had made any noise.

I shall be much obliged to you for the extract relating to the Academy of which a Walpole[2] was President. I doubt if he was of our branch, and rather think he was of the younger and Roman Catholic branch.

Are you reconciled to your new habitation? Don't you find it too damp? and if you do, don't deceive yourself, and try to surmount it; but remove immediately. Health is the most important of all considerations.

Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

Letter 1201.—[1] *An Account of the Giants lately discovered; in a letter to a Friend in the Country*, a political squib by Horace Walpole, published in August 1766.

[2] Richard (1564–1607), son of Christopher Walpole, of Docking and of Anmer Hall, Norfolk; a Jesuit, and Rector of the Colleges of Valladolid (1592) and of Seville (1593).

1202. To Lord Hailes.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1768.

I have sent to Mr. Cadell my *Historic Doubts*, Sir, for you. I hope they may draw forth more materials, which I shall be very ready either to subscribe to or adopt. In this view I must beg you, Sir, to look into Speed's History of England, and in his account of Perkin Warbeck you will find Bishop Leslie[1] often quoted. May I trouble you to ask, to what work that alludes, and whether in print or MS.? Bishop Leslie lived under Queen Elizabeth, and though he could know nothing of Perkin Warbeck, was yet near enough to the time to have had much better materials than we have. May I ask, too, if Perkin Warbeck's proclamation exists anywhere authentically? You will see in my book the reason of all these questions.

I am so much hurried with it just now, that you will excuse my being so brief. I can attribute to nothing but the curiosity of the subject, the great demand for it; though it was sold publicly but yesterday, and twelve hundred and fifty copies were printed, Dodsley has been with me this morning to tell me he must prepare another edition directly. I am, Sir, &c.

1203. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768.

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems* by *Mr. Gray* advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was

Letter 1202.—[1] John Leslie (1527–1596), Bishop of Ross, author of a *History of Scotland*, first published in 1830.

not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter[1]. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me anything. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shown you mine; which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as *Richard* and the *Noble*

LETTER 1203.—[1] 'To your friendly accusation, I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff; viz. *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin* (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welsh, and certain little notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed anything), partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this I shall be but a shrimp of an author.' Gray to Walpole, Feb. 25, 1768.

Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them ; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once ; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of Lord Capel [2] and Lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the *Noble Authors*, cost me more trouble than all the rest together : and you may perceive that the worst part of *Richard*, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you : at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate : nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia ! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on Lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his History. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his History. And yet I admire my Lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation [3]

[2] Arthur Capel (1604–1649), first Baron Capel, beheaded a few weeks after Charles I.

[3] Gray writes thus of Leslie in his letter to Walpole of Feb. 25, 1768 :— 'He has preserved no proclamation : he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of

was, which Speed in his History says is preserved by Bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun—and of those, nothing but the last volume of *Painters* is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing*?

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, 'People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry.' Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out[4].—Oh no—leave us, both of you, to *Amabellas*[5] and *Epistles to Ferney*[6], that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's[7] hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to

which is taken by Speed . . . the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially.'

[4] 'I found him close with Swift—
Indeed?—No doubt,
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'

Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. *Walpole*.

[5] *Amabella*, a poem by Edward Jerningham (1727–1812).

[6] *Ferney, an Epistle to M. de Voltaire*, by George Keate (1729–1797).

[7] Bonnell Thornton (1724–1768), author of a burlesque *Ode on St.*

Mr. ——, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder.—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own *Cymons*[8] and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve anything better.

Pray read the new *Account of Corsica*[9]. What relates to Paoli[10] will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write Historic Doubts on the present Duke of G. too. Indeed, they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly[11].

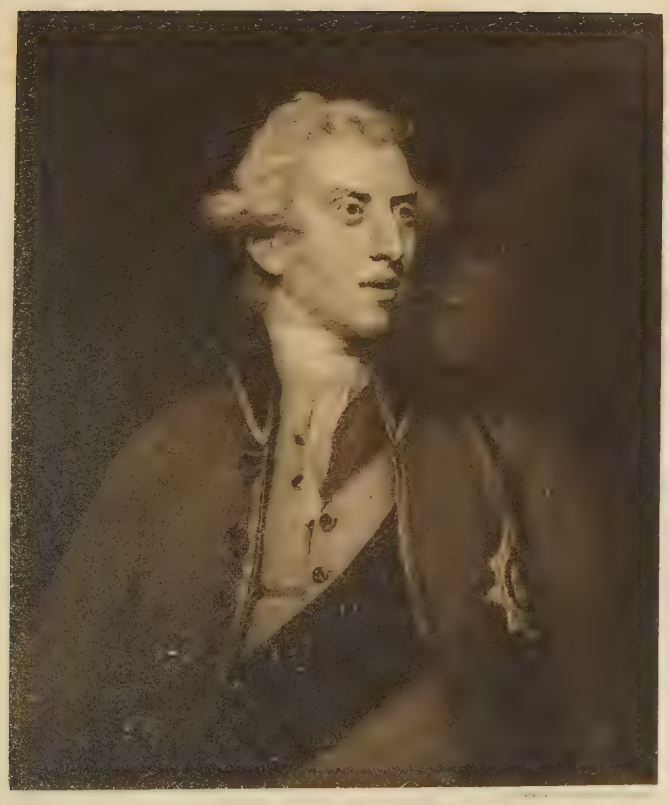
Cecilia's Day, adapted to the Antient British Musick: the Salt Box, the Jew's Harp, the Marrow Bones and Cleavers, the Hum-Strum or Hurdy-Gurdy, &c. (London, 1763).

[8] *Cymon, a Dramatic Romance*, produced at Drury Lane in 1767.

[9] *Account of Corsica*, by James Boswell (1740–1795).

[10] Paschal Paoli (1725–1807), leader of the Corsicans in their struggles for independence.

[11] Horace Walpole alludes here to the relations of his niece, the Dowager



William Henry, Duke of Glowcester
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.

Will you be so kind as to look into Leslie *De Rebus Scotorum*, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated? You will find in Speed my reason for asking this. I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter—and as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1204. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

De Londres, ce 23 Février 1768.

Ah, Madame, que vous m'avez comblé de surprise, de joie et de reconnaissance, et cependant que je suis mécontent! Votre petite-fille[1] qui cherche toujours à faire adorer vos bontés, m'avait annoncé, par M. l'Ambassadeur, le tableau[2] qu'il m'apportait, en m'ordonnant de l'envoyer demander au moment de son arrivée. Jugez de mon impatience, Madame, et de ma mortification en apprenant que ce cher tableau était déposé à Calais. Ce délai augmentait la per-

Countess Waldegrave, with the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. Lady Waldegrave had in fact been privately married to the Duke on Sept. 6, 1766, but by the Duke's desire, the marriage was not publicly acknowledged until 1772. When the Duke first distinguished Lady Waldegrave by his attentions, Horace Walpole expressed to his niece his strong disapproval of the connection. This, and his refusal to meet the Duke, caused a breach of Walpole's friendship with Lady Waldegrave until after the public announcement of her marriage.

Letter 1204. — Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

[1] Mme. du Deffand, who called herself the grandchild of the Duchesse.

[2] A 'washed drawing' representing 'Madame la Marquise du Deffand, and the Duchesse de Choiseul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive; alluding to her calling the Duchesse *Grand'maman*. Every part of the room is exactly represented, and Mme. du Deffand most exactly like, which the Duchesse is not; by M. de Carmontel, a gentleman belonging to the Duke of Orléans, who has done in the same manner most of the court of France.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

suasion où j'ai été qu'au moins après quelques jours (mais quels jours!) je vous retrouverais exactement comme ma très fidèle mémoire vous conserve trait pour trait.

Enfin, ce jour tant désiré arrive. Je déchire le ballot, plutôt que je ne l'ouvre! Oh! ma chère Grand'maman, je tombe des nues; je n'aurais pas été plus pétrifié en y trouvant ma véritable aïeule; il n'a pas la moindre ressemblance. Non, non, il n'a que le souvenir da la grâce que vous avez bien voulu me faire qui reste et qui m'empêche de me désespérer; grâce si inattendue, et que jamais je n'aurais eu la présomption de demander. M. de Carmontel où a-t-il pris que vous avez une figure comme le reste du monde? Je crois que s'il avait à peindre votre âme il ne la peindrait pas plus belle que celle de Marc-Aurèle. Que lui avez-vous fait, Madame, vous qui n'avez fait de mal à personne? Et de ce que vous ne vous souciez pas de votre figure, lui est-il permis de n'y prendre pas garde? J'aurais beau faire, si nous étions aux temps de la chevalerie, de promener ce joli portrait par tous les pays de la terre, pour faire avouer que vous êtes la plus parfaite personne du monde. Le premier géant de rencontre se moquerait de moi, et ce ne serait qu'après l'avoir vaincu et envoyé vous baiser la main à Paris, qu'il conviendrait que j'eusse raison.

Mr. le Duc de Bedford qui était au comble de sa joie d'avoir regagné la vue quand je lui ai annoncé le charmant portrait qui devait m'arriver, croira qu'on ne lui a pas fait l'opération tout de bon. Et pour votre amie Milady Charlotte[3], il faudra absolument, à cette heure, que votre voyage en Angleterre ait lieu, pour la persuader que vous n'êtes pas devenue actuellement grand'mère! Oh! Madame,

[3] Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, wife of the general of that name. The Burgoynes lived for some years in a little house near Chanteloup, the country seat of the Duc de Choiseul.

il n'y a que le premier pas vers cet évènement qui pourrait me consoler du changement qu'a opéré cet abominable M. de Carmontel. Mais non, Madame, vous n'êtes point changée, témoin la grâce de votre intention. Les peintres n'ont point de pouvoir sur ma reconnaissance, qui vous voit telle que vous êtes. Elle retouche le tableau et vous rend toutes les grâces.

Eût-il réussi comme au portrait de Madame du Deffand, encore y manquerait-il ce que j'eusse cherché inutilement; l'éloquence, l'élégance, la saine raison, la bonté, l'humilité, et l'affabilité, sont-elles du ressort de la peinture? Voilà ce que vous eussiez possédé, Madame, avec une figure toute comme celle du tableau; cependant tout n'est pas perdu. Sous le joli badinage de la poupée on découvre cette unique duchesse, femme de premier ministre, qui quitte les plaisirs et la grandeur pour amuser les tristes moments d'une digne amie. Voilà cette âme qui en dépit de la maladresse du peintre se peint elle-même. Voilà d'où vient, Madame, que j'adore ce précieux monument de votre bon cœur. Voilà d'où vient que je dis et que je dirai toujours, je suis content.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame la Duchesse, votre très reconnaissant et très fidèle serviteur,

H. Walpole.

1205. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 26, 1768.

My list of dates tells me I ought to write to you, as it is above a month since I did. As nothing of any importance has happened, I missed the fit. The House of Commons has been employed in ferreting out bribery and corruption, and punishing some borough-jobbers and the

Corporation of Oxford[1], who rather deserved thanks for not having taken the money for themselves. Then we had a flaming bill[2] proposed, equal to the Self-denying Ordinance of last century; and, as if Satan himself had drawn it, the only result would have been perjury; but we had the grace not to swallow it. The opposition picked up spirits and plumped up their minority; but pushing their advantages too warmly, they fell on a jovial parson who was supported by the Treasury, and accused by one old sinner much worse than himself, and so sitting till past one in the morning, the minority was again reduced to 39 against 155[3]. This blow will probably put an end to the campaign and to the Parliament—a Parliament for ever memorable; but you will excuse me from writing their panegyric! Old Mr. Onslow, the last Speaker, did not live to see their exit; and when they meet, I believe he will not regret that he had nothing to do with them. His death was long, and dreadfully painful, but he supported his agony with great patience, dignity, good humour, and even good breeding.

Monsieur du Châtelet[4] is at last arrived, and is to be

LETTER 1205.—[1] The Mayor and Aldermen of Oxford offered to re-elect their members if the latter would engage to pay the debts of the Corporation, amounting to seven thousand five hundred pounds. The matter was laid before the House of Commons. The Mayor and Aldermen were committed to Newgate for five days. On their discharge they were reprimanded by the Speaker at the bar of the House.

[2] Beckford, on Jan. 20, moved for leave to bring in a bill to oblige members of Parliament to swear that they had not bribed their electors.

[3] 'One Fonnereau, a peevish man, who had all his life been a court tool, complained that Chauncy Townshend, a brother-dependant, but more favoured, had so much interest with the ministers, that one Bennet, parson of Aldborough, and attached to Townshend, had vaunted that he could obtain the dismission of any officer of the revenue who should vote for Fonnereau.' Grenville and others insisted on an inquiry into the matter. Bennet was called to the bar of the House of Commons. In the course of the inquiry 'it came out that [Fonnereau] had not only been more criminal than the clergyman, but for a series of years had established and profited of ministerial influence in the borough in question . . . the parson was acquitted by 155 to 39.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 112 and 114.)

[4] Louis Marie François, Marquis (afterwards Duc) du Châtelet d'Ha-

very sumptuous and magnificent. The ambassadress, I believe, will not come till the autumn. Lord Cathcart has kissed hands for Russia, in the room of Sir George Macartney, who has married Lord Bute's second daughter, and is to be in Parliament.

We are drowning again for the second winter, and hear of nothing but floods and desolation: but, come! I will not look for such common news to fill up my letter, but tell you a short story, and bid you good night. Last Monday there was at court a sea-captain who has been prisoner at Algiers. He was complaining how cruelly he had been used. They asked how? 'Why,' said he, 'you see I am not strong, and could do no hard labour, and so they put me to hatch eggs;' but his greatest grievance was, that, when he had hatched a brood, they took away his chickens. Did you ever hear of a more tender-hearted old hen? I laughed till I cried. Adieu!

1206. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Friday night, Feb. 26.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I must reply a few more words. I shall be very glad to see in print, and to have those that are worthy see your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were some pieces, too, that I had not seen. I am sorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, because Mr. Hume lays great stress upon it, and insists, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it must have been true, if he was true Duke of York. Mr. Hume would have persuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no such thing there; nor, what is more, in Casley's[1]

raucourt, French Ambassador in London; d. 1793. His wife was of the De Rochechouart family.

Letter 1206. — [1] David Casley, author of a *Catalogue of MSS. of the King's Library* (1734).

Catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to Sir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to inquire after it, because I would produce it if I could, though it should make against me: but he, I believe, thinking I inquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was published at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is displeased that I have plucked a hair from the tresses of their great historian [2], or whether, as I suspect, he is offended for King William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only smiled; as I must do when I find one party is angry with me on King William's, and the other on Lord Clarendon's account.

The answer advertised is Guthrie's [3], who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* History. I shall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be answered, if he sells that and one or two copies of his History. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an answer, too, which I shall see, and, if I can, will get him to publish; for, if I should ever choose to say anything more on this subject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers: to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wish to get some account of a book that was once sold at Osborn's, that exists perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called *A Paradox, or Apology for Richard the Third*, by Sir William Cornwallis [4]. If you will discover it, I should be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a

[2] Bishop Leslie.

[3] William Guthrie (1708-1770), author of Histories of England and Scotland.

[4] Sir William Cornwallis, Knight, author of *Essays on certain Paradoxes*, one of which is entitled *The Praise of King Richard III.* Cornwallis died about 1631.

syllable since the general warrants, very obligingly sent me an account of the Roll at Kimbolton; and has since, at my desire, borrowed it for me and sent it to town. It is as long as my Lord Lyttelton's History; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill-written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been possessed of, or been Earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the first earls is Æneas. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongst the first is Richard the Third, in whose reign it was finished, and with whom it concludes. He is there again with his wife and son, and Edward the Fourth, and Clarence[5] and his wife, and Edward their son (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret Countess of Salisbury, their daughter.—But why do I say with these? There is everybody else too—and what is most meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well observed from the most savage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor shaded. Richard is straight, but thinner than my print; his hair short, and exactly curled in the same manner; not so handsome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the same countenance, as drawn by a different painter, especially when so small; for the figures in general are not so long as one's finger. His Queen is ugly, and with just such a square forehead as in my print, but I cannot say like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) must have been imaginary, can one lay great stress on the five. I shall, however, have these figures copied, especially as I know of no other image of the son. Mr. Astle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

[5] George Plantagenet (1449-1478), Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV; m. (1469) Lady Isabel Nevill, eldest daughter of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. Their son was Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, beheaded in 1499.

I wish you had told me in what age your Franciscan friars lived; and what the passage in Comines is. I am very ready to make *amende honorable*. Thank you for the notes on the *Noble Authors*. They shall be inserted when I make a new edition, for the sake of the trouble the person has taken, though they are of little consequence. Dodsley has asked me for a new edition; but I have had little heart to undertake such work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do such jobs for one! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Saturday morning.

On reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived—I read and write in such a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or say.

1207. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 8, 1768.

I FIND by your letter and by what Mr. Mackenzie has told me himself within these two days, that he has gone farther and let you more into the affair than I chose to do; and I will tell you why I did not. I set no value on the *promise* of a favour; and I hold a disappointment more grievous than expectation pleasing. But since you know so much, I will tell you all. On Mr. Mackenzie's suggestion, I prevailed on Mr. Conway to make your riband his request, when he resigned the Seals. The King received it most graciously, and granted the request. But as I found no time fixed, and know how often old promises are superseded by new, I thought best to say nothing of the matter, till I could tell you the affair was completed. When that

will be, the Lord knows. By the delay, I suppose not till there are more vacant to bestow. Mr. Mackenzie says he has again spoke to the Duke of Grafton, who says he looks upon your riband as settled. Still I advise you not to be too sanguine, nor to mention it where you are, as you would be mortified, if any accident should prevent the accomplishment.

I do think that you sent me the account of the statues; I will look for it at Strawberry, where it must be if I have it; and where it must be if I ever had it.

Our and my last Parliament will be dissolved the day after to-morrow. I do not know a single syllable of other political news.

Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury have had a signal escape—I was going to say, but attended with shocking circumstances, but, as I was writing the preceding words, my footman is come in, and says the affair is discovered. In short, last Wednesday, they were waked at six in the morning with an alarm that the house was on fire. It was so; a new library, just finished, was in flames. Many of the books are destroyed, many damaged; pictures burnt, and some papers, and nine hundred pounds in bank-notes, gone; all appearances of a robbery attempted to be concealed by setting fire to the room in three places. Thus, the suspicion fell on a set of old and faithful servants. I now hear that the assassin is discovered, and is a servant of the Duke of Richmond. I know no more yet. Adieu! I must go and inquire; for they have been in miserable suspense, and the whole town has been blaming him and her, because they would not believe it could be done by their own servants.

1208. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 12, 1768.

The house, &c., described in the enclosed advertisement I should think might suit you; I am sure its being in my neighbourhood would make me glad, if it did. I know no more than what you will find in this scrap of paper, nor what the rent is, nor whether it has a chamber as big as Westminster Hall; but as you have flown about the world, and are returned to your ark without finding a place to rest your foot, I should think you might as well inquire about the house I notify to you, as set out with your caravan to Greatworth, like a Tartar chief; especially as the laws of this country will not permit you to stop in the first meadow you like, and turn your horses to grazing, without saying *by your leave.*

As my senatorial dignity is gone, and the sight of my name is no longer worth threepence, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous Parliament, that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like the figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see, but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly

whining, and droning, and interrupting, like a cigale in a sultry day in Italy.

Guthrie has published two criticisms on my *Richard*; one abusive in the *Critical Review*; t'other very civil and even flattering in a pamphlet—both so stupid and contemptible, that I rather prefer the first, as making some attempt at vivacity; but in point of argument, nay, and of humour, at which he makes an effort too, both things are below scorn. As an instance of the former, he says, the Duke of Clarence might die of drinking sack, and so be said to be drowned in a butt of malmsey! of the latter sort, are his calling the Lady Bridget[1] *Lady Biddy*, and the Duke of York *poor little fellow*! I will weary you with no more such stuff!

The weather is so very March, that I cannot enjoy my new holidays at Strawberry yet. I sit reading and writing close to the fire.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called *Sentimental Travels*. They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good nature and strokes of delicacy. Gray has added to his poems three ancient Odes[2], from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's hall?—

LETTER 1208.—[1] Fourth daughter of King Edward IV. She became a nun.

[2] *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Triumphs of Owen*.

Oh, yes, just now perhaps these Odes would be tasted at many a contested election. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1209. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Thursday, March 31, 1768.

I have received your letter, with the extract of that from Mr. Mackenzie. You know it was not agreeable to my opinion that you should hear of the new promise, because when it is not immediately executed, I look upon it as little preferable to an old one, and because I thought it would be raising the quicksilver of your impatience unnecessarily. I do not think any honours will be bestowed yet. The peerages are all postponed to an indefinite time. If you are in a violent hurry, you may petition the ghosts of your neighbours—Masaniello and the Gracchi. The spirit of one of them walks here; nay, I saw it go by my window yesterday, at noon, in a hackney chair.

Friday.

I was interrupted yesterday. The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. This spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The ministry despised him. He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed '*No.* 45, *Wilkes and Liberty.*' They tore to pieces the coaches of

Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to town and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoilt several with writing all over them 'No. 45,' pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes. I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters. At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had their windows broken. Another mob rose in the City, and Harley, the present mayor, being another Sir William Walworth, and having acted formerly and now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion House not being illuminated, and he out of town, they broke every window, and tried to force their way into the house. The trained bands were sent for, but did not suffice. At last a party of Guards from the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illuminated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were returned members. The day was very quiet, but at night they rose again, and obliged almost every house in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's in

Argyle Buildings (Lord Lorn[1] being in Scotland). She was obstinate, and would not illuminate, though with child, and, as they hope, of an heir to the family, and with the Duke, her son[2], and the rest of her children in the house. There is a small court and parapet wall before the house: they brought iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pavement, and battered the house for three hours. They could not find the key of the back door, nor send for any assistance. The night before, they had obliged the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink 'Wilkes's health.' They stopped and opened the coach of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, who has made a formal complaint, on which the Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to issue a proclamation, but hearing all was quiet, and that only a few houses were illuminated in Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants, a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened since. In short, it has ended like other election riots, and with not a quarter of the mischief that has been done in some other towns.

There are, however, difficulties to come. Wilkes has notified that he intends to surrender himself to his outlawry, the beginning of next term, which comes on the 17th of this month. There is said to be a flaw in the proceedings, in which case his election will be good, though the King's Bench may fine or imprison him on his former sentence. In my own opinion, the House of Commons is the place where he can do the least hurt, for he is a wretched speaker, and will sink to contempt, like Admiral Vernon, who I remember just such an illuminated hero,

LETTER 1209.—[1] John Campbell, Lord Lorn, eldest son of John, Duke of Argyll, and second husband of the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess Dowager of Hamilton. *Walpole.*

[2] Duke of Hamilton, her son by her first husband. *Walpole.*

with two birthdays in one year. You will say, he can write better than Vernon—true; and therefore his case is more desperate. Besides, Vernon was rich: Wilkes is undone; and, though he has had great support, his patrons will be sick of maintaining him. He must either sink to poverty and a jail, or commit new excesses, for which he will get knocked on the head. The Scotch are his implacable enemies to a man. A Rienzi[3] cannot stop: their histories are summed up in two words—a triumph and an assassination.

I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for the presents his Majesty sent him on his kindness and attention to the late Duke of York. You shall hear the suite of the above histories, which I sit quietly and look at, having nothing more to do with the storm, and sick of politics, but as a spectator, while they pass over the stage of the world. Adieu!

1210. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, April 15, 1768.

Mr. Chute tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the Church, I don't care which. You will get the gout, turn Methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fullness of my heart to such an old and true friend—but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the

[3] Nicolo Rienzi, a famous demagogue at Rome. *Walpole.*

remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it[1]. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of oats, and discussing stale newspapers? There have you got, I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since Queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant Duke and Duchess[2], that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talk to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish Armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer: for with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bons mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart[3] in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together, and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known—not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy[4], but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute,

Letter 1210.—[1] Mrs. Clive retired in April 1769.

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who had a seat at Adderbury in Oxfordshire.

[3] Albinia (d. 1816), daughter of Lord Vere Bertie, son of first Duke of Ancaster; m. (1757) Hon. George Hobart, brother of second Earl of Buckinghamshire, whom he succeeded in 1793.

[4] *The Mysterious Mother*, of which fifty copies were printed at Strawberry Hill.

who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue *in character* for the Clive, which she would speak admirably—but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them; for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.

My press is revived, and is printing a French play[5] written by the old Président Hénault. It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished. He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but an hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu! though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

[5] *Cornélie, Vestale: tragédie.*

1211. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1768.

Well, dear Sir, does your new habitation improve as the spring advances? There has been dry weather and east wind enough to drain and parch the fens. We find that the severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, though of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched and turned into brooms, and the laurustinus is perished everywhere. I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics, and I hope this destruction imports, that, though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself that we are to be our own empire to eternity.

The Duke of Manchester has lent me an invaluable curiosity, I mean invaluable to us antiquaries—but perhaps I have already mentioned it to you, I forget whether I have or not. It is the original Roll of the Earls of Warwick, as long as my gallery, and drawn by John Rous[1] himself—ay, and what is more, there are portraits of Richard III, his Queen and son, the two former corresponding almost exactly with my print, and a panegyric on the virtues of Richard, and a satire, upwards and downwards, on the illegal marriage of Edward IV, and on the extortions of Henry VII. I have had these and seven other portraits copied, and shall, some time or other, give plates of them—but I wait for an excuse; I mean till Mr. Hume shall publish a few remarks he has made on my book—they are very far from substantial, yet still better than any other trash that has been written against it, nothing of which deserves an answer.

Letter 1211.—[1] John Rous or Ross (d. 1491), priest of the chapel at Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick.

I have long had thoughts of drawing up something for London like St. Foix's[2] Rues de Paris, and have made some collections. I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passage to that end; as where any great houses of the nobility were situated, or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our Princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner.

I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow. When I am more settled here, I shall put you in mind of your promise to bestow more than one day on me.

I hope the Methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c., in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogue preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson[3], hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about an hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake—I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish—but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,
H. W.

[2] Germain François Poullain de St. Foix (1703–1776), author of *Essais Historiques sur Paris.*

[3] James Gibson, executed at Tyburn on March 23, 1768.

1212. To Thomas Astle.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, April 22, 1768.

You was so good as to say you would procure a person for me, who could transcribe the inscriptions on the Duke of Manchester's Roll of the Earls of Warwick; but as you thought the expense would be considerable, I wish, Sir, I could see such a person, that I might know what he would ask for that work. I shall be much obliged to you, Sir, if you can send any such person to me, or will only inform me where I may meet with him. You will excuse, I hope, the trouble I give you, though it is not for myself, to whom you have always been most obliging.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1213. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 23, 1768.

As Wednesday last was the great day of expectation when Mr. Wilkes was to, and did, make his appearance in the King's Bench, I ought to have told you the event by Friday's post; but, my dear Sir, I could tell you no event; nor was I in my life ever so puzzled to translate law into so much sense as would form a narrative. Would not one think that on so common an event as an outlawry and surrender, it must be as well known in Westminster Hall what is to be done, as a schoolboy knows he is to be whipt if he plays truant? No such matter! All the great lawyers in England are now disputing in barbarous Latin and half English,

Letter 1212.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. F. Barker.

whether 'Wilkes' is 'Wilkes,' whether he can surrender himself when he does surrender, with twenty more questions equally absurd, with which they have puzzled themselves, and, by consequence, all England, and, by consequence, all Europe. There are, at least, two dozen French now writing from London to Paris, that the *capias utlegatum* was not taken out as it should have been, and that the *fiat* should have been issued, &c. Well, patience! Let us come to facts, if we cannot get at meaning.

On Wednesday all precautions were taken to prevent riots. Westminster Hall was garrisoned by constables, and Horse and Foot Guards were ready to support them.

Wilkes had applied to the Attorney-General[1] for a writ of error against his outlawry, which the Attorney had promised, as they say; but the night before had been overpersuaded by the Master of the Rolls[2] not to sign the *fiat*. Wilkes appeared according to promise. The Attorney-General moves to commit him. Lord Mansfield and the Judges of the King's Bench tell him the *capias utlegatum* should have been taken out, and, not having been, there was no such person as Mr. Wilkes before them; nay, that there was no such person, for, Mr. Wilkes being an outlaw, an *utlegatus* does not exist in the eye of the law. However, this *non entity* made a long speech, and abused the Chief Justice to his face, though they say, with great trembling—and then—why then?—one or two hallooed, and nobody answered, and Mr. Wilkes walked away, and the Judges went home to dinner, and a great crowd, for there was a vast crowd, though no mobbing, retired.

This passed on Wednesday; it is now Saturday night. Several *capias* issued, and the Lord Mayor has turned out some of the Sheriffs' officers for not apprehending Wilkes.

LETTER 1213.—[1] Sir William de Grey.
[2] Sir Thomas Sewell.

In short, some are afraid; more want to shift the unpopularity from their own shoulders to those of others; Wilkes does not resist, but rather shifts his quarters, not being impatient to have his cause tried when he is on the wrong side of a prison. The people are disposed to be angry, but do not know wherefore, and the court had rather provocation was given than give it; and so it is a kind of defensive war, that I believe will end with little bloodshed. At least, hitherto, it is so uninteresting, that I should not have studied it so much, but to try to explain it to you, as at such a distance you might think it more considerable. As I shall be in town to-morrow, and my letter cannot go away till Tuesday, I will tell you if I hear any more, though I am heartily tired of the subject, and very indifferent about the hero.

Tuesday, 26th.

I am not a jot wiser than I was. Wilkes has certainly played at hide and seek, and is heartily sick of his personage, and would fain make his peace, having the sense to see that he must fall at last. There was a great crowd at Westminster to-day, expecting his appearance, but I do not know whether he came or not, for I have not been abroad, nor seen anybody that could tell. *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*, but not a Cromwell. Adieu!

1214. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Thursday, May 12, 1768.

You sit very much at your ease, my dear Sir, demanding ribands and settling the conveyance. We are a little more gravely employed. We are glad if we can keep our windows whole, or pass and repass unmolested. I call it reading history as one goes along the streets. Now we have a chapter of Clodius—now an episode of Prynne, and so on.

I do not love to think what the second volume must be of a flourishing nation running riot. You have my text; now for the application.

Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his hackney-coach and drew him through the City to Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. Last Saturday his cause was to be heard, but his counsel pleading against the validity of the outlawry, Lord Mansfield took time to consider, and adjourned the hearing till the beginning of next term, which is in June.

The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man[1] was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or five more persons were killed, and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against the officer and men: so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays Government under great difficulties. On the other side, the young man is said to have been very riotous, and marked as such by the Guards. But this is not all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them

LETTER 1214.—[1] His name was William Allen.

in motion. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages on merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing. I just touch the heads, which would make a great figure if dilated in Baker's *Chronicle* among the calamities at the end of a reign. The last mob, however, took an extraordinary turn; for many thousand sailors came to petition the Parliament yesterday, but in the most respectful and peaceable manner; desired only to have their grievances examined; if reasonable, redressed; if not reasonable, they would be satisfied. Being told that their flags and colours, with which they paraded, were illegal, they cast them away. Nor was this all: they declared for the King and Parliament, and beat and drove away Wilkes's mob.

It is now Friday morning; everything was quiet yesterday. Lord Suffolk moved the Lords to address the King to confer some mark of favour on the Lord Mayor Harley, for his active and spirited behaviour. The Duke of Grafton answered that it was intended; and the House were very zealous. I hope neither the King of Westminster nor the King of London will think of the red riband!

I wish with all my heart I may have no more to tell you of riots; not that I ever think them very serious things, but just to the persons on whom the storm bursts. But I pity poor creatures who are deluded to their fate, and fall by gin or faction, when they have not a real grievance to complain of, but what depends on the elements, or causes past remedy. I cannot bear to have the name of Liberty profaned to the destruction of the cause; for frantic tumults only lead to that terrible corrective, Arbitrary Power,—which cowards call out for as protection, and knaves are so ready to grant.

I believe you will soon hear of the death of Princess Louisa[2], who is in a deep consumption.

I am much obliged to Lord Stormont for his kind thoughts, and am glad you are together. You will be a comfort to him, and it must be very much so to you at this time, to have a rational man to talk with instead of old fools and young ones, boys and travelling governors.

I say nothing about the riband, because you must be sensible how very unlikely it is to make its appearance just now. Adieu!

1215. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1768.

You have told me what makes me both sorry and glad: long have I expected the appearance of Ely, and thought it at the eve of coming forth! Now you tell me it is not half written—but then I am rejoiced that you are to write it. Pray do; the author is very much in the right to make you author for him. I cannot say you have addressed yourself quite so judiciously as he has. I never heard of Cardinal Lewis of Luxembourg[1] in my days, nor have a scrap of the history of Normandy, but Ducarel's tour to the Conqueror's kitchen. But the best way will be to come and rummage my library yourself; not to set me to writing the lives of prelates; I shall strip them stark, and you will have them to re-consecrate. Cardinal Morton[2] is at your service: pray say *for* him, and *of* me, what you please. I have very slender opinion of his integrity; but, as I am not spiteful, it would be hard to exact from you a less favourable account

[2] The King's sister. *Walpole.*

Letter 1215.—[1] Cardinal Louis de Luxembourg St. Pol, Archbishop of Rouen and Bishop of Ely, 1438–43; d. 1443.

[2] Cardinal John Morton (d. 1500), Bishop of Ely, 1489–96; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1496–1500; Lord Chancellor, 1486–1500.

of him than I conclude your piety will bestow on all his predecessors and successors. Seriously, you know how little I take contradiction to heart, and beg you will have no scruples about defending Morton. When I bestow but a momentary smile on the abuse of my answerers, I am not likely to stint a friend in a fair and obliging remark. The man that you mention, who calls himself *Impartialis*, is, I suppose, some hackney historian, I shall never inquire whom, angry at being censured in the lump, and not named. I foretold he would drop his criticisms before he entered on Perkin Warbeck, which I knew he could not answer, and so it happened—good night to him!

Unfortunately, I am no culinary antiquary; the Bishop of Carlisle[3], who is, I have oft heard talk of a *sotelle*[4], as an ancient dish. He is rambling between London, Hagley, and Carlisle, that I do not know where to consult him; but, if the book is not printed before winter, I am sure he could translate your bill of fare into modern phrase. As I trust I shall see you here some time this summer, you might bring your papers with you, and we will try what we can make of them. Tell me, do, when it will be most convenient for you to come, from now to the end of October. At the same time, I will beg to see the letters of the University to King Richard: and shall be still more obliged to you for the print of Jane Shore. I have a very bad mezzotinto of her, either from the picture at Cambridge or Eton.

I wish I could return these favours by contributing to the decoration of your *new old* house; but, as you know, I erected an old house, not demolished one, I had no windows, or frames for windows, but what I bespoke on purpose for the places where they are. My painted glass was so exhausted, before I got through my design, that

[3] Charles Lyttelton.

[4] Probably a mistake for *sotelte*—'subtilty'—the mediaeval name for ornamental dishes of confectionery.

I was forced to have the windows in the gallery painted on purpose by Pecket. What scraps I have remaining are so bad, I cannot make you pay for the carriage of them, as I think there is not one whole piece; but you shall see them when you come hither, and I will search if I can find anything for your purpose—I am sure I owe it you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

1216. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1768.

To send you empty paragraphs when you expect and want news is tantalizing, is not it? Pray agree with me, and then you will allow that I have acted very kindly in not writing till I had something to tell you. *Something*, of course, means Wilkes, for everything is nothing except the theme of the day. There has appeared a violent *North Briton*, addressed to, and written against Lord Mansfield, threatening a rebellion if he continued to persecute Mr. Wilkes. This paper, they say, Wilkes owned to the Chevalier de Chastelux[1], a French gentleman, who went to see him in the King's Bench, and who knew him at Paris. A rebellion threatened in print is not very terrible. However, it was said that the paper was outrageous enough to furnish the law with every handle it could want. But modern mountains do not degenerate from their ancestors; their issue are still mice. You know, too, that this agrees with my system, that this is an age of abortions. Prosecutions were ordered against the publishers and venders, and there, I suppose, it will end.

Yesterday was fixed for the appearance of Wilkes in

Letter 1216. — [1] François Jean (1734-1788), Marquis de Chastellux, a *littérateur* and member of the French Academy.

Westminster Hall. The Judges went down by nine in the morning, but the mob had done breakfast still sooner, and was there before them; and as Judges stuffed out with dignity and lamb-skins are not absolute sprites, they had much ado to glide through the crowd. Wilkes's counsel argued against the outlawry, and then Lord Mansfield, in a speech of an hour and a half, set it aside; not on *their* reasons, but on grounds which he had discovered in it himself. I think they say it was on some flaw in the Christian name of the county, which should not have been *Middlesex to wit*,—but I protest I don't know, for I am here alone, and picked up my intelligence as I walked in our meadows by the river. You, who may be walking by the Arno, will, perhaps, think there was some timidity in this; but the depths of the law are wonderful! So pray don't make any rash conclusions, but stay till you get better information.

Well! now he is gone to prison again,—I mean Wilkes; and on Tuesday he is to return to receive sentence on the old guilt of writing, as the Scotch[2] would *not* call it, *the* 45, though they call the rebellion so. The sentence may be imprisonment, fine, or pillory; but as I am still near the Thames, I do not think the latter will be chosen. Oh! but stay, he may plead against the indictment, and should there be an improper *Middlesex to wit* in that too, why then in that case, you know, he did *not* write *the* 45, and then he is as white as milk, and as free as air, and as good a member of Parliament as if he had never been expelled. In short, my dear Sir, I am trying to explain to you what I literally do not understand; all I do know is, that Mr. Cooke, the other member for Middlesex, is just dead, and that we are going to have another Middlesex election, which is very unpleasant to me, who hate mobs so near as Brentford.

[2] The Scotch called the rebellion in 1715, '*the* 15,' and that in 1745, '*the* 45.' *Walpole.*

Serjeant Glynn[3], Wilkes's counsel, is the candidate, and I suppose the only one, in the present humour of the people, who will care to have his brains dashed out, in order to sit in Parliament. In truth, this enthusiasm is confined to the very mob or little higher, and does not extend beyond the county. All other riots are ceased, except the little civil war between the sailors and coal-heavers, in which two or three lives are lost every week.

What is most disagreeable, even the Emperor of Morocco has taken courage on these tumults, and has dared to mutiny for increase of wages, like our journeymen tailors. France is pert too, and gives herself airs in the Mediterranean. Our Paolists were violent for support of Corsica, but I think they are a little startled on a report that the hero Paoli is like other Patriots, and is gone to Versailles[4], for a peerage and pension. I was told to-day that at London there are murmurs of a war. I shall be sorry if it prove so. Deaths! suspense, say victory;—how end all our victories? In debts and a wretched peace! Mad world, in the individual or the aggregate!

Well! say I to myself, and what is all this to me? Have not I done with that world? Am not I here at peace, unconnected with courts and ministries, and indifferent who is minister? What is a war in Europe to me more than a war between the Turkish and Persian emperors? True; yet self-love makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious. Well! I have seen it so; I have seen its conquests spread farther than Roman eagles thought there was land. I have seen, too, the Pretender at Derby; and, therefore, you must know that I am content with historic seeing, and wish Fame and

[3] John Glynn (d. 1779), Recorder of London, 1772–79.

[4] Paoli's visit was undertaken in order to protest against the sale of Corsica to France by the Genoese.

History would be quiet and content without entertaining me with any more sights. We were down at Derby, we were up at both Indies; I have no curiosity for any intermediate sights. Indeed, I have no objection to the courts of Versailles and Madrid carting[5] that old bawd the Pope. She will cry as Mother Needham did of her bagnio, 'What will become of this poor Church when I am in the arms of my sweet Jesus?'

Your brother was with me just before I came out of town, and spoke of you with great kindness, and accused himself of not writing to you, but protested it was from not knowing what to say to you about the riband. I engaged to write for him, so you must take this letter as from him too. I told him with pleasure what I tell you, that my Lord Mayor has contented himself with the honour of Privy Counsellor and the solidity of a contract, and will not dress himself in your plumes. When they will be yours, I am sure I know not. I hope there will be no war, for some hero to take your honours out of your mouth, sword in hand. The first question I shall ask when I go to town will be, how my Lord Chatham does? I shall mind his health more than the stocks. The least symptom of a war will certainly cure him. Adieu! my dear Sir.

1217. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation[1]. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and

[5] So in MS.

Letter 1217.—[1] This letter is addressed:

'To George Montagu, Esq.,
at Adderbury,
Oxfordshire.'

down, I wish you was still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I *will* come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess[2] travel to the north? I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a lad*dess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason. It is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer'—as if we ever had any other! The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which,

[2] Of Buccleuch.

as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer—I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's Chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook[3]: I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of—but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer—therefore, good night.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

1218. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1768.

I am glad you have writ to me, for I wanted to write to you, and did not know what to say. I have been but two nights in town, and then heard of nothing but Wilkes, of whom I am tired to death, and of T. Townshend, the truth

[3] She died in July 1768.

Letter 1218.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

of whose story[1] I did not know; and indeed the tone of the age has made me so uncharitable, that I concluded his ill-humour was put on, in order to be mollified with the reversion of his father's place, which I know he has long wanted; and the destination of the Pay Office has been so long notified, that I had no notion of his not liking the arrangement. For the new Paymaster[2], I could not think him worth writing a letter on purpose. By your letter and the enclosed, I find Townshend has been very ill-treated, and I like his spirit in not bearing such neglect and contempt, though wrapped up in 2,700*l.* a year.

What can one say of the D. of G.[3], but that his whole conduct is childish, insolent, inconstant, and absurd—nay, ruinous? Because we are not in confusion enough, he makes everything as bad as possible, neglecting on one hand, and taking no precautions on the other. I neither see how it is possible for him to remain minister, nor whom to put in his place. No Government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the Colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant, and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all and dying of a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute and Dyson, and that four mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a whore and a horse-race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo, while each of them has 3,000*l.* a year and three thousand

[1] He was Joint Paymaster-General. 'The Duke of Grafton, . . . to gratify Rigby with the whole employment, offered to make Townshend one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland. Townshend refused it with warmth, saying, he would not be turned backwards and forwards every six months; and resigning, joined the opposition.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 152–3.)

[2] Rigby.

[3] The Duke of Grafton.

bottles of claret and champagne! Not but that I believe these last good folks are still not satisfied with the satisfaction of their wishes. They have the favour of the Duke of Grafton, but neither his confidence nor his company; so that they can neither sell the places in his gift nor his secrets. Indeed, they have not the same reasons to be displeased with him as you have; for they were his enemies and you his friend—and therefore he embraced them and dropped you, and I believe would be puzzled to give a tolerable reason for either.

As this is the light in which I see our present situation, you will not wonder that I am happy to have nothing to do with it. Not that, were it more flourishing, I would ever meddle again. I have no good opinion of any of our factions, nor think highly of either their heads or their hearts. I can amuse myself much more to my satisfaction; and, had I not lived to see my country at the period of its greatest glory, I should bear our present state much better. I cannot mend it, and therefore will think as little of it as I can. The Duke of Northumberland asked me to dine at Sion to-morrow; but, as his vanity of governing Middlesex makes him absurdly meditate to contest the county, I concluded he wanted my interest here, and therefore excused myself; for I will have nothing to do with it.

I shall like much to come to Park Place, if your present company stays, or if the Fitzroys or the Richmonds are there; but I desire to be excused from the Cavendishes, who have in a manner left me off, because I was so unlucky as not to think Lord Rockingham as great a man as my Lord Chatham, and Lord John more able than either. If you will let me know when they leave you, you shall see me: but they would not be glad of my company, nor I of theirs.

My hay and I are drowned; I comfort myself with a fire,

but I cannot treat the other with any sun, at least not with one that has more warmth than the sun in a harlequin-farce.

I went this morning to see the Duchess of Grafton, who has got an excellent house and fine prospect, but melancholy enough, and so I thought was she herself: I did not ask wherefore.

I go to town to-morrow to see *The Devil upon Two Sticks*[4], as I did last week, but could not get in. I have now secured a place in my niece Cholmondeley's[5] box, and am to have the additional entertainment of Mrs. Macaulay in the same company; who goes to see herself represented, and I suppose figures herself very like Socrates.

I shall send this letter by the coach, as it is rather free spoken, and Sandwich may be prying[6].

Mr. Chute has found the subject of my tragedy, which I thought happened in Tillotson's time, in the Queen of Navarre's Tales; and what is very remarkable, I had laid my plot at Narbonne and about the beginning of the Reformation, and it really did happen in Languedoc and in the time of Francis the First. Is not this singular?

I hope your canary hen was really with egg by the blue-bird, and that he will not plead that they are none of his and sue for a divorce. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

1219. To François Arouet de Voltaire.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1768.

You read English with so much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuse my making use

[4] A comedy by Foote.

[5] Mary, daughter of Arthur Woffington, sister of Mrs. Woffington the actress, and wife of Hon. Robert Cholmondeley.

[6] He was Joint Postmaster-General.

of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expressions that would not do justice to the sentiments I feel at being so distinguished.

It is true, Sir, I have ventured to contest the history of Richard the Third, as it has been delivered down to us: and I shall obey your commands, and send it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have justly observed, *that* world is comprised within a very small circle of readers—and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, Sir, only as the first genius in Europe, who has illustrated every science; I have a more intimate dependence on you than you suspect. Without knowing it, you have been my master, and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours; so far, Sir, am I from living in that state of barbarism and ignorance with which you tax me when you say *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu.* I was not a stranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our house by dining with my mother—though I was at school, and had not the happiness of seeing you: and yet my father was in a situation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast. I am a very private man, distinguished by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done anything to deserve—but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.

But, Sir, if I can tell you nothing good of myself, I can at least tell you something bad; and, after the obligation

you have conferred on me by your letter, I should blush if you heard it from anybody but myself. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticisms you had made on our Shakspeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I shall send you, because I cannot accept even the honour of your correspondence, without making you judge whether I deserve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon; but having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to suppose that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleased with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would despise me, and I should despise myself—a sacrifice I cannot make, Sir, even to you.

Though it is impossible not to know *you*, Sir, I must confess my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the history of Monsieur de Genonville[1], nor can tell whether it is true or false, as this is the first time I ever heard of it. But I will take care to inform

LETTER 1219.—[1] Coulon de Jumonville, a French officer sent in May, 1754 to convey to Washington a summons from the commandant of Fort Duquesne (afterwards Pittsburg) requiring him to withdraw from territory claimed for Louis XV. 'Before delivering the summons, Jumonville was ordered to send two couriers back with all speed to Fort Duquesne to inform the commandant that he had found the English, and to acquaint him when he intended to communicate with them.'. While hiding in the forest with his men to await the commandant's instructions, Jumonville and his party were discovered by Washington himself at the head of forty followers. The French seized their guns; Washington gave the word to fire; Jumonville and nine of his men were killed, and the rest, with one exception, taken prisoners. It was not until the end of the fight that Washington learned that Jumonville had been the bearer of a summons. The affair attracted great attention in France. Voltaire asserted that the Seven Years' War sprang from this skirmish. (See Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, ed. 1899, vol. i. pp. 150–5.)

myself as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will send you the exact account as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been so, of a foul assassination. I should have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the result of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the respect I owe you, Sir, and my impatience to thank you for so unexpected a mark of your favour, made me choose not to delay my gratitude for a single post. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1220. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 22, 1768.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 4th, and think one of mine must have miscarried, as I am almost positive that I did thank you for the print of Tristram Shandy. I have not a list of my dates here, but in the next I will send you an account of all the letters I have written to you since Christmas last.

You will see in all the papers the sentence[1] passed on Wilkes, which is severe enough, though not so strong as usual, it not having, I suppose, been thought prudent to add the pillory, though that disgrace would have ascertained the rejection of him from the House of Commons. He does intend to appeal to the House of Lords, but I doubt that is not just the court where he will find the easiest

LETTER 1220.—[1] 'On the 18th, sentence was pronounced on Wilkes. For the *North Briton*, No. 45, he was condemned to pay a fine of £500, and to suffer imprisonment for ten months. For the *Essay on Woman*, £500 more, and imprisonment for twelve months, to be computed from the expiration of the first ten. He was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself being bound in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 each.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. p. 154.)

redress. In the meantime, his stock is much fallen. His sentence being rather passive than active, and exhibiting no spectacle, does not strike the mob with much compassion: they love to be shocked in order to be melted. The novelty, too, is over: though great pains were taken, and a thousand handbills dispersed to summon his constituents, the crowd was very small at his receiving sentence, with which he was much struck. Contributions hang off; in short, the holiday is over.

But there was a collateral reason which helped to put out this flame. The coal-heavers, who, by the way, are all Irish Whiteboys, after their battles with the sailors, turned themselves to general war, robbed in companies, and murdered wherever they came. This struck such a panic, that in Wapping nobody dared to venture abroad, and the City began to find no joke in such liberty. They cried out for the Guards, were transported to see them, and encouraged them to seize or kill the coal-heavers,—for aldermen love the military when their neighbour Alderman Ucalegon's[2] house is set on fire. This dangerous riot is quelled, and I hear several of these banditti are to be tried and hanged immediately. You may be easy; I think we shall have no more tumults.

I am quite ignorant what is to be done about Corsica[3]; it looks rather as if we should take no part: but I live here out of all politics, and am content if there is no war between my neighbours, the two Kings of Brentford[4]. If the monarchs round about you expel the Pope, I hope they will not send him hither, as they have done the Jesuits; for, wise as Europe thinks us, there is no folly

[2] 'Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.' *Walpole.*

[3] The English Ambassador at Paris protested strongly but ineffectually against the purchase of Corsica by the French. The English Government then took the course of secretly supplying the Corsicans with arms and ammunition.

[4] The King and Wilkes. *Walpole.*

of which Europe purges itself, which we are not ready to receive.

I have written to you so often lately, that you must excuse a short letter, which is but the epilogue to all I have been telling you before. As riots, events, revolutions, compose the gross of our correspondence, 'tis happy when we have little to say. The world would be more dull if it furnished no matter for history, but its felicity would be greater too. Adieu!

1221. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1768.

You ordered me, my dear Lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day, that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the Beast in the Revelations is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos, or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus: 'I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to assure you,' &c.

I peeped at London last week, and found a tolerably full Opera. But now the Birthday is over, I suppose everybody will go to waters and races till his Majesty of Denmark[1] arrives. He is extremely amorous; but stays so short a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone must not

Letter 1221.—[1] Christian VII, King of Denmark.

haggle. They must do their business in the twinkling of an *allemande*, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little surprised, when he inquires for the seraglio in Buckingham House, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburgheresses*[2]?

Is it true that Lady Rockingham is turned Methodist? It will be a great acquisition to the sect to have their hymns set by Giardini. Pope Joan Huntingdon will be deposed, if the husband becomes First Minister. I doubt, too, the saints will like to call at Canterbury and Winchester in their way to heaven. My charity is so small, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of Patriots.

We have had some severe rain; but the season is now beautiful, though scarce hot. The hay and corn promise that we shall have no riots on their account. Those black dogs the Whiteboys or coal-heavers are dispersed or taken; and I really see no reason to think we shall have another rebellion this fortnight. The most comfortable event to me is, that we shall have no civil war all the summer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there; but the writ for Middlesex will not be issued till the Parliament meets; so there will be no pretender against King Glynn[3]. As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the King *de facto*; and hope to pass and repass unmolested through his Majesty's *long, lazy, lousy* capital[4].

My humble duty to my Lady Strafford and all her pheasants. I have just made two cascades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. Chetwynd or my Lady Sondes, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is

[2] The Queen's German Keepers of the Robes, Mesdames Hagedorn and Schwellenberg.

[3] Serjeant Glynn, Member of Parliament for Middlesex. *Walpole.*

[4] Brentford. *Walpole.*

a very silly letter! But you must take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1222. To François Arouet de Voltaire.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1768.

One can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame, if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still farther: for you have supported your arguments, without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest perhaps to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head; for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is

a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville[1]; and though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, Sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unless that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of those orders, I doubt he will not be justified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all disposed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit[2], who pitched the old woman's nephew into the river, because 'ce jeune homme auroit assassiné sa tante dans un an.'

I am grieved that such disputes should ever subsist between two nations who have everything in themselves to create happiness, and who may find enough in each other to love and admire. It is your benevolence, Sir, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman *du côté du cœur*. It is on the strength of that connection that I beg you, Sir, to accept the homage of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 1222.—[1] See note on letter to Voltaire of June 21, 1768.

[2] An allusion to a fable in Voltaire's *Zadig*.

1223. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 4, 1768.

Since our riots and tumults, I conclude you are glad when you do *not* hear from me; it is a symptom that we are tolerably quiet; for you can have no fear for me, who live out of the storm. It is true, our mobs are subsided;—several of the formidable coal-heavers are hanged. I intended to tell you the wonderful story of Green[1], who defended himself against them all for thirteen hours together, and killed eighteen or twenty; but you will see the trial at large in the papers. You will be charmed with his heroism, and with the courage and indifference of the sailor[2] who shut himself up with him and assisted him, and stayed behind in the house coolly when Green was gone off. It is pretty astonishing, too, that a house should be besieged for thirteen hours together in the capital, and no notice taken of it, though a justice of peace passed by at the time! Well! but we have a worse riot, though a little farther off. Boston—not in Lincolnshire, though we have had a riot even there, but in New England, is almost in rebellion[3], and two regiments are ordered thither. Letters are come in, that say the other provinces disapprove; and even the soberer persons there. In truth, it is believed

Letter 1223.—[1] John Green, an alehouse keeper in Shadwell.

[2] His name was Gilberthorp. (See *Ann. Reg.* 1768, pp. 224–7.)

[3] On June 10, 1768, 'a great tumult happened at Boston, in consequence of a seizure made by the Board of Customs, of a sloop belonging to one of the principal merchants of that town. . . . Upon the seizure, the officers made a signal to the *Romney* man-of-war; and her boats were sent manned and armed, who cut away the sloop's fasts, and conveyed her under the protection of that ship. The populace having assembled in great crowds upon this occasion, they pelted the Commissioners of the Customs with stones, broke one of their swords, and treated them in every respect with the greatest outrage; after which, they attacked their houses, broke their windows, and hauled the Collectors' boat to the common, where they burnt it to ashes.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1768, p. 71.)

in the City that this tumult will be easily got the better of. Our navy, too, is in so very formidable plight, that our neighbours will not much care to interfere. It is tremendous the force we have in the river, at Plymouth and Portsmouth.

We expect our cousin and brother of Denmark next week;—since he will travel, I hope he will improve: I doubt there is room for it. He is much, I believe, of the stamp of many youths we have sent you; but with so much a better chance, that he has not a travelling tutor to make him more absurd than he would be of himself. Poor Denmark, if Oxford or Cambridge had furnished him with a governor!

We have lost our Pope. Canterbury[4] died yesterday. He had never been a Papist, but almost everything else. Our Churchmen will not be Catholics; that stock seems quite fallen.

At last I have got two black puppies for your Great Duchess. They are as small as if I had bought them out of the fairy-tales; and though I have had them a fortnight, I think they are rather grown smaller than increased. I have laid out by different channels for the first ship that goes to Leghorn, but as yet have not heard of one. Don't, therefore, drop a hint about them, lest they should arrive as slowly as your riband. They may die by the way, they may grow large or ugly, they may get the mange with salt provisions, &c. I will tell the captain that you will give him two guineas if they arrive safely, and if they do, and are beautiful, that the Great Duchess will give him her hand to kiss. In short, I will do my utmost that you may be content. I had not, you see, forgotten, but literally, these were the first I could procure. They are excessively scarce, especially when very small, as these promise to

[4] Dr. Secker. *Walpole.*

be; they are the merriest little mice imaginable; the bitch, the smaller of the two. Adieu! this commission was the chief purpose of my letter. Possibly you may hear again soon, if our royal visitor produces anything worth repeating.

1224. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1768.

You are very kind, or else you saw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here: where at least we have it like fish, that could not find vent in London. I saw nothing there but the ruins of loo, Lady Hertford's cribbage, and Lord Bottetourt, like Patience on a monument, smiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia[1] he cannot be indifferent: he must turn their heads somehow or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury; for I take all his *douceur* to be enamelled on iron.

My life is most uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a soul with me, but accidental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holdernesse, Lady Ancram, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yesterday. They were but just gone, when George Selwyn, Lord Bolingbroke, and Sir William Musgrave, who had been at Hampton Court, came in, at nine at night, to drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the Duke of Grafton

Letter 1224.—[1] He had recently been appointed Governor of Virginia.

himself, that Bishop Cornwallis[2] goes to Canterbury. I feared it would be ——[3]; but it seems he had secured all the backstairs, and not the great stairs. As the last head of the Church[4] had been in the midwife line, I suppose Goody Lyttelton had hopes; and as he had been president of an atheistical club, to be sure Warburton did not despair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three bishops had supped with Nancy Parsons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am sure ——[3] would have been of the number; and ——[3], who told the Duke of Newcastle, that if his Grace had commanded the Blues at Minden, they would have behaved better, would make no scruple to cry up her chastity.

The King of Denmark comes on Thursday; and I go to-morrow to see him. It has cost three thousand pounds to new furnish an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, supposing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own minister Dieden's.

Augustus Hervey, thinking it the *bel air*, is going to sue for a divorce from the Chudleigh. He asked Lord Bolingbroke t'other day, who was his proctor? as he would have asked for his tailor. The nymph has sent him word, that if he proves her his wife he must pay her debts; and she owes sixteen thousand pounds. This obstacle thrown in the way looks as if she was not sure of being Duchess of Kingston. The lawyers say it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that she was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradesmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made Professor of Modern History; and I believe it is worth five hundred a year. I knew nothing of it till I saw it in

[2] Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

[3] Names left blank in all the editions.

[4] Thomas Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Walpole.*

the papers; but believe it was Stonhewer[5] that obtained it for him.

Yes, again; I use a bit of alum half as big as my nail. once or twice a week, and let it dissolve in my mouth. I should not think that using it oftener could be prejudicial. You should inquire; but as you are in more hurry than I am, you should certainly use it oftener than I do. I wish I could cure my Lady Ailesbury, too. Ice-water has astonishing effect on my stomach, and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be so white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Danish King see such good specimens of the last age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very present age. However, sure you will both come and look at him: not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epsom in a tim-whisky; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my stairs, that are come to see the house; Margaret is chattering, and the dogs barking; and this I call retirement! and yet I think it preferable to your visit at Becket[6]. Adieu! Let me know something more of your motions before you go to Ireland, which I think a strange journey, and better compounded for: and when I see you in town I will settle with you another visit to Park Place.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[5] Richard Stonehewer or Stonhewer (d. 1809); Under Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1765; for the Southern Province, 1766; Auditor of Excise, 1767–72. Stonhewer was the Duke of Grafton's tutor at Cambridge, and was afterwards his private secretary and intimate friend. He was also a close friend and correspondent of Gray, whose acquaintance he made at Cambridge. It was through Stonhewer's influence with the Duke of Grafton that the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge was conferred on Gray. Stonhewer bequeathed to Pembroke College, Cambridge, Gray's commonplace books and holograph copies of most of his poems, which had been left to him by William Mason.

[6] Lord Barrington's seat, near Faringdon, in Berkshire.

1225. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Aug. 13, 1768.

I wondered, indeed, what was become of you, as I had offered myself to you so long ago, and you did not accept my bill; and now it is payable at such short notice, that as I cannot find Mr. Chute, nor know where he is, whether at your brother's or the Vine, I think I had better defer my visit till the autumn, when you say you will be less hurried, and more at leisure. I believe I shall go to Ragley the beginning of September, and possibly on to Lord Strafford's, and therefore I may call on you, if it will not be inconvenient to you, on my return.

I came to town to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy-tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late King, and enough of the late Prince of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carleton House, and at night at Lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts King exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, or like the late King, and does the honours of himself very civilly. There is a favourite too, who seems a complete jackanapes; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three-and-twenty, but who will be tumbled down long before he is prepared for it. Bernsdorff[1], a Hanoverian, his First Minister, is a decent sensible

Letter 1225.—[1] Johann Hartwig Ernst (1712–1772), Count von Bernstorf.

man—I pity him, though I suppose he is envied. From Lady Hertford's they went to Ranelagh, and to-night go to the Opera. There had like to have been an untoward circumstance: the last new opera in the spring, which was exceedingly pretty, was called *I Viaggiatori Ridicoli*, and they were on the point of acting it for this royal traveller.

I am sure you are not sorry that Cornwallis is Archbishop. He is no hypocrite, time-server, nor high-priest. I little expected so good a choice. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1226. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Saturday, Aug. 13, 1768.

My impatience insists on writing to you to-night, though my letter cannot go till Tuesday. Mr. Mackenzie surprised and rejoiced me yesterday in the evening, by telling me that Sir John Dick[1] is to carry you the riband of the Bath, and is to carry it immediately. With my caution and prudence I do not know whether I should not have waited to let the badge be actually in Sir John's hands and to be sure that he himself was set out, for fear of the distance between *intercalicem*[2] and an installation—but since Mr. Mackenzie has actually notified it to you, I cannot hold my peace; I must wish you joy; I must exult, and I must do justice to your friend. This finishing stroke was given by Mr. Mackenzie, nor can I claim any merit since Mr. Conway on his going out, did, at my entreaty, obtain the King's promise that you should be the next. Mr. Mackenzie settled it with the Duke of Grafton, and said to me last night, 'I would carry the riband myself rather than he should not have it.' In truth, I never saw more earnest friendship;

Letter 1226.—[1] Consul at Genoa, and then at Leghorn. *Walpole.*

[2] 'Between the cup' (and the lip)—an allusion to the uncertainties which had attended Mann's receiving the Order of the Bath.

and I congratulate you that you had so powerful an intercessor. I, you see, could get nothing but promises!—but since you are content, I shall be so, for seldom does my satisfaction depend on favour and interest. What little I had I shun and relinquish every day, and get more and more out of the world as fast as I can. Death shall never find me at a levee. Nor will he, I think, see me very unwilling to go with him, though I have no disappointments; but I came into the world so early, and have seen so much, that I am satisfied. While the comedy lasts, I sometimes go to it, but indifferent whether Lord Chatham or Garrick is on the stage, and determined to meddle with the scuffles of no green-room.

The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late King, his grandfather. White, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, *galant*, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last, is lodged at St. James's, where he has levees, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind, by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute Prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them! He was last night at my Lady Hertford's, having told my Lord, who by his office[3] received him at St. James's, that having made his first acquaintance among the men with him, he would be acquainted among the ladies first with his wife. All the people of fashion that could be got together at this time of year were there. He stayed near an hour, behaved very properly, and talked to the ministers and some of the ladies. His own Prime

[3] Of Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

Minister, Bernsdorffe, is with him, a decent, sensible man; but there is a young favourite too, called Comte de Holke, who, poor lad! is quite intoxicated with his favour.

Apropos, did I tell you that Lord Bute is gone abroad, and, as his friends and the physicians say, never likely to return?—but he must die, before the generality will believe he is even ill. You should say something civil to Mr. Mackenzie on this chapter, and that you hope his brother is not so ill as report makes him; and that if he should think of Italy, you hope he will command your house.

Sunday.

The little King was last night at the Opera, and seemed extremely tired of it, though it was the *Buona Figliuola*, played by Lovatini and the Guadagni. He not only seems to have no ear, but not the least curiosity[4]; he took no notice of anything, and was only occupied with acting royalty, for his assumed principality of Travendahl[5] is scarce at all in question. His court behaves to him with Eastern submission. What would I have taken to be Bernsdorffe, bowing and cringing to him at every word in the face of a new and free nation! A grave old man, running round Europe after a chit, for the sake of domineering over a parcel of beggar Danes, when he himself is a Hanoverian, and might live at ease on an estate he has at Mecklenburgh!

Bishop Cornwallis[6] is our new Archbishop; a quiet, amiable, good sort of man; without the hypocrisy of his predecessor, or the abject soul of most of his brethren. He had a stroke of a palsy as long ago as when I was at

[4] He was extremely short-sighted. Bernsdorffe owned to somebody 'que c'étoit le secret d'état.' *Walpole.*

[5] As he travelled incognito, he took the title of Comte de Travendahl. *Walpole.*

[6] Frederic, Bishop of Litchfield and brother of the first Earl Cornwallis. *Walpole.*

Cambridge with him, the remaining appearances of which will keep up the hopes of our other cardinals.

There is a disagreeable affair at home, resulting from the disquiets in America. Virginia, though not the most mutinous, contains the best heads and the principal *boute-feux.* It was thought necessary that the governor should reside there. It was known that Sir Jeffery Amherst would not like that; he must, besides, have superseded Gage[7]. At the same time, Lord Bottetourt[8], a court favourite, yet ruined in fortune, was thought of by his friend Lord Hilsborough. This was mentioned to Sir Jeffery; with the offer of a pension. He boggled at the word *pension*; but neither cared to go to his government, nor seemed to dislike giving it up. On this, the new arrangement was too hastily made: Amherst refused the pension, and yesterday threw up his regiment too. His great merit and public services cast an ugly dye on this affair, though a necessary one. Both sides seem to have acted too hastily.

The black dogs are not yet set out; I cannot hear of a vessel going directly to Leghorn. I have written to your brother (with the news of the riband) to desire he will employ some of our people at the Custom House to lay out for the first ship. The dog grows a little; but *sa future* will lie in the palm of your hand. However, do not announce these black princes till you can introduce them at court. Adieu!

1227. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1768.

As you have been so good, my dear Lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude

[7] Brother of Lord Gage, and afterwards general at Boston in the beginning of the American war. *Walpole.*—He was at this time Commander-in-Chief in North America.

[8] Norbonne Berkeley, Lord Bottetourt, Groom of the Bedchamber to George the Third. *Walpole.*

to try to amuse you with anything new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the Master of the Horse[1] happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the King's coaches having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger King of their own heads. However, as his Danish Majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer: so with all the dispatch that could possibly be made, King George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the King of Denmark's apartment on t'other side of the palace is about thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish Majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the Queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the Kings of the North, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five that same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest

LETTER 1227.—[1] The Duke of Ancaster.

posterity: and then, the Fates so willing it, the British Prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law[2], where he poured forth the fullness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could ever have torn him.—And here let Calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Hamburgh, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the Pole, that though on Shooter's Hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious Countess, of blood royal herself[3], his Majesty, after descending from his car, and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath—pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fustian and tedious a History as that of Henry II[4]. Well then, this great King is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's

[2] The Princess Dowager of Wales.

[3] The Countess of Harrington, *née* Lady Caroline Fitzroy. Lady Mary Coke, describing the King's visit in her *Journal* (vol. ii. p. 336), writes under date of Sat., Aug. 13, 1768:—'Lady Harrington, it is remarked, pays him particular attentions. She met him upon the road, and follow'd him from Ranelagh to Lady Hertford's, where I was told he danced with Lady Bell' (Lady Isabella Stanhope, daughter of Lady Harrington, afterwards Countess of Sefton). Again Lady Mary writes under date of Aug. 14, 1768 (vol. ii. p. 337):—'I called on Lady Betty.... She wants to find out what can be Lady Harrington's view in taking such pains to make up to the King of Denmark. I think I have guessed it: he is said to be very generous and to like making presents, and you well know she has been suspected of inclining to receive them.'

[4] By Lord Lyttelton.

side[5]. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his First Minister for only the first of his slaves.—I hope this example, which they have been so good as to exhibit at the Opera, will contribute to civilize us. There is indeed a pert young gentleman, who a little discomposes this august ceremonial. His name is Count Holke, his age three-and-twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England, many ages ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Danish monarchs became absolute, the most refractory of that country used to write libels, called *North Danes*, against this great officer; but that practice has long since ceased. Count Holke seems rather proud of his favour, than shy of displaying it.

I hope, my dear Lord, you will be content with my Danish politics, for I trouble myself with no other. There is a long history about the Baron de Bottetourt and Sir Jeffery Amherst, who has resigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me, nor do I care a straw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court; and if you want to know more of Count Holke or Count Molke, or the grand vizier Bernsdorff, or Mynheer Schimmelman, apply to me, and you shall be satisfied. But what do I talk of? You will see them yourself. Minerva in the shape of Count

[5] His mother was Louisa, daughter of George II.

Bernsdorff, or out of all shape in the person of the Duchess of Northumberland, is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of kingcraft, as our Solomon James I called it, unless he is initiated in the arts of jockeyship? When this northern star travels towards its own sphere, Lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I shall go with him; and, if I can avoid running foul of the magi that will be thronging from all parts to worship that star, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth Castle for a day or two, if it will not be inconvenient; I should think it would be about the second week in September, but your Lordship shall hear again, unless you should forbid me, who am ever Lady Strafford's and your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1228. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1768.

You are always heaping so many kindnesses on me, dear Sir, that I think I must break off all acquaintance with you, unless I can find some way of returning them. The print of the Countess of Exeter[1] is the greatest present to me in the world: I have been trying for years to no purpose to get one. Reynolds the painter promised to beg one for me of a person he knows, but I have never had it. I wanted it for four different purposes; as a grandmother (in law, by the Cranes and Allingtons); for my collection of heads; for the volumes of prints after pieces in my own collection: and, above all, for my collection of Faithornes, which, though so fine, wanted such a capital print—and to this last I have

LETTER 1228.—Wrongly dated by C. Aug 30.

[1] Dorothy Nevill (d. 1608), second daughter of third Baron Latimer, and first wife of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter.

preferred it. I give you unbounded thanks for it; and yet I feel exceedingly ashamed to rob you. The print of Jane Shore I had: but as I have such various uses for prints, I easily bestowed it. It is inserted in my *Anecdotes* where her picture is mentioned.

Thank you, too, for all your notices. I intend next summer to set about the last volume of my *Anecdotes*, and to make still further additions to my former volumes, in which these notes will find their place. I am going to reprint all my pieces together, and, to my shame be it spoken, find they will at least make two large quartos. You, I know, will be partial enough to give them a place on a shelf; but as I doubt many persons will not be so favourable, I only think of leaving the edition behind me.

Methinks I should like for your amusement and my own, that you settled at Ely; yet I value your health so much beyond either, that I must advise Milton[2]; Ely being, I believe, a very damp, and consequently a very unwholesome situation. Pray let me know on which you fix: and if you do fix this summer, remember the hopes you have given me of a visit. My summer, that is, my fixed residence here, lasts till November. My gallery is not only finished, but I am going on with the round chamber at the end of it; and am besides playing with the little garden on the other side of the road, which was old Franklin's, and by his death come into my hands. When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

Mr. Granger[3] of Shiplake is printing his laborious and curious catalogue of English heads, with an accurate though

[2] Cole removed about 1770 to Milton, near Cambridge.

[3] Rev. James Granger (1723-1776), Vicar of Shiplake. His *Biographical History of England* (the work mentioned above) was published in 1769, and was dedicated to Horace Walpole.

succinct account of almost all the persons. It will be a very valuable and useful work, and I heartily wish may succeed, though I have some fears. There are of late a small number of persons who collect English heads, but not enough to encourage such a work; I hope the anecdotic part will make it more known and tasted. It is essential to us, who shall love the performance, that it should sell; for he prints no farther at first than to the end of Charles the First: and, if this part does not sell well, the bookseller will not purchase the remainder of the copy, though he gives but an hundred pounds for this half, and good Mr. Granger is not in circumstances to afford printing it himself. I do not compare it with Dr. Robertson's writings, who has an excellent genius, with admirable style and manner; and yet I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of Scotch puffing and partiality, when the booksellers have given the Doctor three thousand pounds for his Life of Charles V, for composing which he does not pretend to have obtained any new materials.

I am going into Warwickshire, and I think shall go on to Lord Strafford's; but propose returning before the end of September. Yours ever,

H. W.

1229. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 24, 1768.

Well, at last, my dear Sir, I hope and believe all your desires will be accomplished. I came to town again to-day to meet your brother on the subject of your riband, and ought to tell you how zealously he has laboured in the pursuit of it. But it is to Sir John Dick that you are most obliged: and lucky it has been that he was here. He has thridded all the mazes of office and encountered all its dragons. He knows what their kisses mean when they

want sops; and will not be rebuffed, as your brother or I should have been, when they breathe brimstone and contradiction. It has been lucky, too, that the difficulty has lately been surmounted of the King refusing to call the Great Duke *brother*. Mercy on us, if they had only been cousins, you could not have been invested—but *my good brother* will be happy to do such a job. Give me a full account of the ceremony, and in what chamber you are installed—methinks I wish it was by a Medici—I am not acquainted with these Austrian lads. Do you look well in your riband? Pink is rather a juvenile colour at your age—I could wish it were blue!

Come, come, but I forget: your brother says every necessary thing will be ready before the middle of next week—and as it cannot rain but it pours, Sir John Dick has found a ship to convey the two black dogs, and I hope they will arrive in time to be your esquires.

Well, now I will tell you what you must do. You must sit for your picture in the robes or with some of the ensigns of the Bath, and send it to Linton. This will please your brother, and be a proper memorial. If you could make it a little historic it would be still better. Could not you beg the Great Duke to add to the honour, and give you his portrait in the act of investing you with the order? I should like this hugeously. It would be such an answer to all impertinence.

The idle talk of nothing but the King of Denmark; and the wise, of Sir Jeffery Amherst. The Princess Amelie made a superb ball, firework, and supper, for the former last Friday, at her villa Gunnersbury, at which I was. I do not tell you the particulars, because I think all those things are very much alike, and differ but in a few dishes or a few crackers, more or less. The poor little King is fatigued to death, and has got the belly-ache. He was to

have set out on Monday to hear bad Latin verses at Cambridge, and to see the races at York, but is confined at St. James's.

Sir Jeffery, the newest saint in the Martyrology, has acted a little too like a saint. When he found his resignation gave great uneasiness to the court, and that they were desirous of pacifying him, he made his bill and asked for an English peerage, an American one, if any should be made, and a grant of the coal-mines at Quebec, which may produce nobody knows what, twenty, thirty thousand pounds a year. The Duke of Grafton told him the King had been so teased for peerages, that his Majesty had forbidden him to mention any more requests of that sort; and, for the coal-mines, I do not believe that they are frightened enough to make him a present of such a royalty —so at present he remains without his regiment or his disinterestedness. I am sorry your brother-knight demanded all these *tria juncta in uno*[1]. Adieu! Write to your brother and to Mr. Conway to thank them; I conclude you have written to Mr. Mackenzie.

1230. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Aug. 25, 1768.

I am heartily glad you do not go to Ireland; it is very well for the Duke of Bedford, who, as George Selwyn says, is going to be made a *mamamouchi*[1]. Your brother sets out for Ragley on Wednesday next, and that day I intend to be at Park Place, and from thence shall go to Ragley on Friday. I shall stay there three or four days, and then go

Letter 1229.—[1] An allusion to the motto of the Order of the Bath.

Letter 1230.—[1] Mamamouchi was the mock Turkish title proposed to be conferred upon M. Jourdain in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Act iv. Sc. 3). The Duke of Bedford was installed as Chancellor of Dublin University on Sept. 9, 1768.

to Lord Strafford's for about as many; and shall call on George Montagu on my return, so as to be at home in a fortnight, an infinite absence in my account. I wish you could join in with any part of this progress, before you go to worship the treasures that are pouring in upon your daughter[2] by the old Damer's death.

You ask me about the harvest—you might as well ask me about the funds. I thought the land flowed with milk and honey. We have had forty showers, but they have not lasted a minute each; and as the weather continues warm and my lawn green,

I bless my stars, and call it luxury[3].

They tell me there are very bad accounts from several colonies, and the papers are full of their remonstances; but I never read such things. I am happy to have nothing to do with them, and glad you have not much more. When one can do no good, I have no notion of sorrowing oneself for every calamity that happens in general. One should lead the life of a coffee-house politician, the most real patriots that I know, who amble out every morning to gather matter for lamenting over their country. I leave mine, like the King of Denmark, to ministers and Providence; the latter of which, like an able Chancellor of the Exchequer to an ignorant or idle First Lord, luckily does the business. That little King has had the gripes, which have addled his journey to York. I know nothing more of his motions. His favourite[4] is fallen in love with Lady Bel Stanhope[5], and the monarch himself demanded her for him. The mother was not averse, but Lady Bel very sensibly

[2] Hon. Mrs. Damer; the 'old Damer' was John Damer, her husband's great-uncle.

[3] 'Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.'—Addison, *Cato*, i. 4.

[4] Count von Holcke.

[5] Lady Isabella Stanhope (d. 1819), second daughter of second Earl of Harrington: m. (Dec. 1768) Charles William Molyneux, eighth Viscount Molyneux (created Earl of Sefton in 1769).

refused—so unfortunate are favourites the instant they set their foot in England! He is jealous of Sackville[6], and says, 'Ce gros noir n'est pas beau[7];' which implies that he thinks his own whiteness and pertness charming. Adieu! I shall see you on Wednesday.

1231. To Thomas Warton.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1768.

I returned hither but last night from a tour into Yorkshire, Derbyshire, &c., and found your letter, from the date of which I fear you will have thought me very rude, and forgetful of the civilities I have received from you. You do me great justice, Sir, in thinking I should be happy to be of use to you, if it was in my power; and I may add that nobody can think what you desire more proper for you than I do. Your merit is entitled to that and greater distinction, and were the place in my gift, I should think you honoured it by accepting it. But, alas! Sir, my opinion and my wishes are both very fruitless. I should not deserve the honour you have done me, if I did not speak sincerely and frankly to you. I have no interest with the ministry. I desire none, and have shown by my whole life that I will cultivate none. I have asked no favour for myself or my friends. Being now out of Parliament by choice, I doubt it would not help my interest. Mr. Gray's preferment gave me great pleasure; but I assure you upon my

[6] John Frederick Sackville (1745–1799), son of Lord John Philip Sackville, son of first Duke of Dorset; succeeded his uncle as third Duke of Dorset in 1769. Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1782–83; Ambassador to Paris, 1783–89.

[7] In a letter written in 1777 by Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, to her mother Countess Spencer, she describes Mr. Sackville (then Duke of Dorset) as follows:—'The Duke of Dorset came about 9—he has just left York, and goes from hence to Lord Derby's. I always have look'd upon him as the most dangerous of men, for with that beauty of his he is so unaffected and has a simplicity and persuasion in his manner that makes one account very easily for the number of women he has had in love with him.' (*Anglo-Saxon Review*, vol. i. p. 240.)

honour, Sir, that I knew not a word of its being intended for him, till I saw in the papers that he had kissed hands. I believe, Sir, you are acquainted with him, and he would confirm this to you. It would, therefore, Sir, be giving myself an air of importance which I have not, if I pretended I could either serve you, or would try to serve you in this case; I had much rather you should know how insignificant I am, than have you think me either vain of favour I have not, or indifferent to your interest. I am so far from it, that I will tell you what I think might be a method of succeeding, though I must beg you not to mention my name in it in any shape. Mr. Stonhewer is a great favourite of the Duke of Grafton, and the person that recommended Mr. Gray. If you are acquainted with Mr. Stonhewer, who is a very worthy man, he might possibly be inclined to name you to the Duke, if the place is not promised, nor he unwilling to recommend a second time. Lord Spencer, or Lord Villiers, if you know either of them, might be useful too. Excuse my hinting these things, but I should be happy to promote such merit, Sir, as yours,—you will interpret them as marks of the regard with which I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. The Duke of Marlborough might assist you, Sir, too.

1232. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1768.

I AM just returned hither from an expedition of visits and curiosity into Warwickshire, Yorkshire, and other counties. I stayed but one night in town, and could see nobody that could inform me whether Sir John Dick and your cap and feathers are set out, but I conclude so, and hope the first news from Florence will be a paragraph in the *Gazette* with

an account of the Great Duke investing you. The black infants[1] I found were embarked, and I hope will have a prosperous voyage.

I can tell you nothing but what you will see in the papers, of the King of Denmark hurrying from one corner of England to the other, without seeing anything distinctly, fatiguing himself, breaking his chaise, going tired to bed in inns, and getting up to show himself to the mob at the window. I believe that he is a very silly lad, but the mob adore him, though he has neither done nor said anything worth repeating; but he gives them an opportunity of getting together, of staring, and of making foolish observations. Then the newspapers talk their own language, and call him *a great personage*; and a great personage that comes so often in their way, seems almost one of themselves raised to the throne. At the play of *The Provoked Wife*, he clapped whenever there was a sentence against matrimony; a very civil proceeding, when his wife is an English princess! The other great personage[2] has at last given him a ball; my Lord Mayor gives him another to-morrow, and he himself is to give a masquerade to all the world at Ranelagh. He asked the King's leave, who said he could refuse nothing to him; the bishops will call this *giving an earthquake*; but if they would come when bishops call, the Bishop of Rome would have fetched forty by this time. Our right reverend fathers have made but a bad choice of their weapon in such a cold damp climate; and yet they were in the right to fix on a sin that they cannot commit themselves. The little King has sent five hundred tickets into the City; I don't know how many to Oxford, and to everybody that has banqueted him. Between him and Sir Jeffery Amherst, poor Wilkes is entirely forgotten:

Letter 1232.—[1] See letters to Mann of Aug. 4 and Aug. 13, 1768.
[2] The King.

but nobody should complain, for we take care to wear every subject threadbare.

The great war[3] between the Duke of Portland and Sir James Lowther is said to be compromised: it is certain that the latter is to be a Viscount, which looks like his giving up the elections contested between them.

I have had such another misfortune as I had last year in poor Lady Suffolk. My Lady Hervey[4], one of my great friends, died in my absence. She is a great loss to several persons; her house was one of the most agreeable in London; and her own friendliness, good breeding, and amiable temper, had attached all that knew her. Her sufferings, with the gout and rheumatism, were terrible, and yet never could affect her patience, or divert her attention to her friends.

I must beg you to transmit the enclosed to Mr. Hamilton, our minister at Naples, as I am not sure that he received one that I wrote to him some time ago by the post.

1233. To Lady Mary Coke.

[Oct. 1768.]

It is not new for me, dear Madam, to be obliged to you, nor I hope for me to think of anything that I can hope would be agreeable to your Ladyship. I am very sorry you will not accept the ticket, as you would be so great an ornament to the masquerade, and I am infinitely obliged for the beautiful box. I was at Mrs. Harris's last night, but am not to be there to-night; but I shall endeavour to find an opportunity of seeing your Ladyship as soon as I can.

[3] An election contest. Sir James was not created a peer at that time. *Walpole.*

[4] Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, and mother of the three succeeding Earls, George William, Augustus, and Frederick. *Walpole.*

Letter 1233.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiii.

1234. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, Oct. 10, 1768.

I give you a thousand thanks, my dear Lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I shall not be able to repay it with a relation of the masquerade to-night; for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my feet, and have not stirred off my bed or couch since Tuesday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion[1] on Friday, for which a new road, paddock, and bridge were made, as other folks make a dessert. I conclude Lady Mary[2] has, and will tell you of all these pomps, which health thinks so serious, and sickness with her grave face tells one are so idle. Sickness may make me moralize, but I assure you she does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a comparison between the repose (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the last gout, three years ago—you remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord Weymouth was so good as to call at least once every day, and inquire after me; and the foreign ministers insisted that I should give them the satisfaction of seeing me, that they might tranquillize their sovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were so kind, though very nervous themselves, as to send messengers and long messages every day from Claremont. I cannot say this fit has alarmed Europe quite so much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and asked with much majesty if it was the Duke of Newcastle had sent? 'No, Sir, it was only the butcher's boy.' The butcher's boy is, indeed, the only courier I have had. Neither the King of France

Letter 1234.—[1] The villa of the Duke of Northumberland near Brentford. *Walpole.*

[2] Lady Mary Coke, sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

nor King of Spain appears to be under the least concern about me.

My dear Lord, I have had so many of these transitions in my life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a masquerade. I am ready to say to most people, 'Mask, I know you.' I wish I might choose their dresses!

When I have the honour of seeing Lady Strafford, I shall beseech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

1235. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1768.

I have been confined these three weeks with the gout in both feet, and am still lying upon my couch; yet I must oblige myself to write you a few lines, as the resignation of Lord Chatham will have excited your curiosity. In truth, I am little able to satisfy it; for besides having entirely bidden adieu to politics, I am here, ten miles from town, which is a thousand miles from truth. To the King, I am told Lord Chatham pleaded want of health, and despair of it: but to the Duke of Grafton he complained of the treatment of Sir Jeffery Amherst, and the intended removal of Lord Shelburne—the last, an unwise measure of the last accession to the administration. I do not see why want of health should have dictated this step more just now than at any moment for this last year. It being timed too at the eve of the Parliament has a suspicious look. As I have always doubted of the reality of his disorder, this proceeding does not abate my suspicion, yet there is in this conduct as in all his preceding, something unaccountable. No reconciliation seems to have taken place with his family: he is as

extravagantly profuse as ever, and I believe almost as much distressed. Lord Shelburne protested he had not received the slightest intimation of Lord Chatham's intention, and yet has since resigned himself. The common report, for I really know nothing of the matter, is, that this nail started will not unpeg the administration. Lord Rochford is Secretary of State, but Lord Weymouth goes into Lord Shelburne's province. Who is to be Privy Seal I do not know.

We have rumours here that the rebuffs in Corsica[1] have shaken the Duke of Choiseul's credit considerably, which tottered before by the King's apprehension of that invasion producing a war. Our newspapers have even disgraced the Duke, and given him the Duke of Nivernois for successor[2]; I do not wish them a more superficial minister than the latter. He is a namby-pamby kind of pedant, with a peevish *petite santé*, and much more fit to preside over one of your foolish Italian academies than to manage the affairs of a great kingdom.

Adieu! I write in such an uneasy posture that you will excuse my saying no more.

1236. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, 1768.

I give you a thousand thanks, dear Madam, for your very kind note: it gave me great pleasure, as I own I have been wishing, ever since I have been out of pain, for some opportunity of telling you how happy I should be to see you; the weather has been so bad, that I could not be unreasonable enough to ask that favour directly, and as for

Letter 1235.—[1] Fighting was going on at this time between the French and Corsicans.

[2] Choiseul remained in power until 1770.

Letter 1236.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 158.

this week past I have been on the point of going to town, I restrained my impatience and waited till it would give your charity less trouble. I am so much mended, that I shall certainly be in Arlington Street to-morrow or Sunday at farthest, and then I will not *resign*[1] the honour you intend me, but shall be very glad of every idle quarter of an hour you have to bestow on me, for I think it will be some time before I shall be able to dance an *allemande* with my Lady Milton.

1237. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 3, 1768.

I did receive your letter from Mr. Larpent, as I wrote you word; but I made no answer to one part (if I understand rightly what you mean) for your sake; because it is a subject[1] on which, my dear Sir, you should not talk to me. Indeed, it is so delicate, that I would wish you not to talk, act, or write upon it, but according to the directions you receive. You cannot be wrong *so*, and it may be unsafe for you to step a step out of that track. You know how very kindly I mean this, and may trust me who know the ground here better than you can do. If I mistake, you will excuse me, but I protest I do not recollect anything in which you interest yourself, except what I mean, on which I have not made you constant answers.

I wish you joy on the consummation of your wishes, and am pleased with the honours showered on you upon that occasion. Mr. Conway did receive your letter, and is happy to have contributed to your satisfaction.

[1] An allusion to the *resignation* of Miss Pitt's brother, the Earl of Chatham.

Letter 1237.—[1] Mr. W. thought Sir H. Mann meaned the invasion of Corsica by France; but he had alluded to the affairs of his own family, as will appear by a subsequent letter. *Walpole.*

Lord Chatham, if one may judge by symptoms, is not only peaceable, but has reason to be pleased. The Privy Seal is given to his friend Lord Bristol [2], and not only the Chancellor [3], but Mr. James Grenville remain in place; a complexion of circumstances that place Lord Shelburne in an awkward situation. Till to-day it was even believed that the latter's friend, Colonel Barré, would retain his place, but to-day I hear that he will resign it. Lord Harcourt is likely to go ambassador to Paris, and they say Lord Charles Spencer is to succeed him as Chamberlain to the Queen. Colonel Fitzroy (the Duke of Grafton's brother) is made her Vice-Chamberlain;—a clear proof of the favour of the Duke.

The Parliament is to meet on Tuesday next; and a busy session it must be. The turbulent temper of Boston, of which you will see the full accounts in all the papers, is a disagreeable prospect. *Corsica* will not fail to be talked of, and the heat of the late elections must rekindle as the petitions come to be heard. How happy do I feel to be quite out of the whirlwind! How I should feel the remains of my gout if I knew I was to be hurried down to the House of Commons! The town will not want even private amusement, which must pass too through the Parliamentary channel. I mean the Duke of Grafton's divorce; an event I am very sorry for, as I wish well to both parties.

Are the Black Prince and Princess not arrived yet? I am impatient to hear of their landing, and to learn the present state of their charms. I am glad they are not parrots, and will not be able to jabber what they hear on shipboard, to the great scandal of an Austrian court. Adieu!

[2] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol of that family. *Walpole.*

[3] Charles Pratt, Lord Camden. *Walpole.*

1238. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1768.

I have not received the cheese, but I thank you as much beforehand. I have been laid up with a fit of the gout in both feet and a knee; at Strawberry for an entire month, and eight days here; I took the air for the first time the day before yesterday, and am, considering, surprisingly recovered by the assistance of the bootikins and my own perseverance in drinking water. I moulted my stick to-day, and have no complaint but weakness left. The fit came just in time to augment my felicity in having quitted Parliament. I do not find it so uncomfortable to grow old, when one is not obliged to expose oneself in public.

I neither rejoice nor am sorry at your being accommodated in your new habitation. It has long been plain to me that you choose to bury yourself in the ugliest spot you can find, at a distance from almost all your acquaintance; so I give it up; and then I am glad you are pleased.

Nothing is stirring but politics, and chiefly the worst kind of politics, elections. I trouble myself with no sort, but seek to pass what days the gout leaves me or bestows on me, as quietly as I can. I do not wonder at others, because I doubt I am more singular than they are; and what makes me happy would probably not make them so. My best compliments to your brother; I shall be glad to see you both when you come; though for you, you don't care how little time you pass with your friends. Yet I am, and ever shall be,

Yours most sincerely,

H. Walpole.

1239. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1768.

You cannot wonder when I receive such kind letters from you, that I am vexed our intimacy should be reduced almost to those letters. It is selfish to complain, when you give me such good reasons for your system: but I grow old; and the less time we have to live together, the more I feel a separation from a person I love so well; and that reflection furnishes me with arguments in vindication of my peevishness. Methinks, though the contrary is true in practice, prudence should be the attribute of youth, not of years. When we approach to the last gate of life, what does it signify to provide for new furnishing one's house? Youth should have all those cares—indeed, charming youth is better employed. It leaves foresight to those that have little occasion for it. You and I have both done with the world, the busy world, and therefore I would smile with you over what we have both seen of it—and luckily we can smile both, for we have quitted it willingly, not from disgust nor mortifications. However, I do not pretend to combat your reasons, much less would I draw you to town a moment sooner than it is convenient to you, though I shall never forget your offering it. Nay, it is not so much in town that I wish we were nearer, as in the country. Unless one lives exactly in the same set of company, one is not much the better for one's friends being in London. I that talk of giving up the world, have only given up the troubles of it —as far as that is possible. I should speak more properly in saying that I have retired out of the world into London. I always intend to place some months between me and the moroseness of retirement. We are not made for solitude. It gives us prejudices; it indulges us in our own humours, and at last we cannot live without them.

My gout is quite gone; and if I had a mind to disguise its remains, I could walk very gracefully—except on going downstairs. Happily it is not the fashion to hand anybody—the nymph and I should soon be at the bottom.

Your old cousin Newcastle[1] is going; he has had a stroke of a palsy, and they think will not last two days. I hope he is not sensible, as I doubt he would be too averse to his situation. Poor man! he is not like my late amiable friend, Lady Hervey! two days before she died, she wrote to her son Bristol these words: 'I feel my dissolution coming on—but I have no pain—what can an old woman desire more?' This was consonant to her usual propriety—yes, propriety is grace; and thus everybody may be graceful, when other graces are fled—Oh, but you will cry, is not this a contradiction to the former part of your letter? Prudence is one of the graces of age—why yes, I do not know but it may be—and yet I don't know how; 'tis a musty quality; one hates to allow it to be a grace—come, at least it is only like that one of the Graces that hides her face. She has not the openness of the other two. In short, I have ever been so imprudent, that though I have much corrected myself, I am not at all vain of such merit. I have purchased it for much more than it was worth.

I wish you joy of Lord Guilford's amendment; and always take a full part in your satisfaction or sorrow. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

1240. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 18, 1768.

As there has been no event since the Parliament met, I did not write to you any account of it. Being happily

Letter 1239.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle died on Nov. 17, 1768.

quit of it, I do not burthen my memory with inquiring into details. If any genius should arise, or promise to arise, one is sure enough of hearing it without curiosity. By the modesty of the opposition, and by their little impatience for a division, it is plain they were conscious of the weakness of their numbers. From their conduct yesterday, it is certain that they have more weaknesses than one. They moved for all papers, with *all* powers, in which any mention has been made of Corsica. When the strength of a new Parliament is not known, methinks it were wise, by a plausible question to draw in as many of the lookers out, at least of the rational and the well meaning, as possible. In lieu of that, they frame a question that required a very opponent stomach to digest. Accordingly, the motion was rejected by 230 to 84—and thus a fluctuating majority becomes a stable one—for every interested man will now be in a hurry to be the two hundred and thirty-first. It was a great day for the administration, a better for the Duke of Choiseul, a bad one for this country: for, whatever the ministry may incline or wish to do, France will look on this vote as a decision not to quarrel for Corsica. She may determine to pursue a scheme she was ready to abandon; and we may be at last drawn in to save Corsica, when it might have been saved without our interfering.

The Duke of Newcastle is dead, of a stroke of a palsy. He had given up politics ever since—his illness a few months ago! It does not make the least alteration of any kind.

So the Turks have opened their temple of Janus[1]! To how many more temples it will communicate, who can tell? As France persuaded them to unlock it, no doubt she has false keys to other gates. The Duke of Choiseul totters; but sometimes our administration props him, and sometimes our opposition.

LETTER 1240.—[1] War had been declared between Turkey and Russia.

Lord Chatham has got a regular fit of the gout after so long an intermission. Many think this indicates his reappearance. If anything can reproduce him on the stage, the gout and the smell of war can. He might not like to make it while minister. There is nothing to check him, when out of place.

Adieu! for I have other letters to write, and am in haste to go out. I have seen with satisfaction your glories in the *Gazette*.

1241. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1768.

The young gentleman who will deliver this to you is the son of Lord Kaimes [1], a very learned and ingenious gentleman in Scotland, well known by his works. I have been desired to add my recommendation to these titles, though they want none; and though you want no incitement to be obliging and kind to your countrymen. It is indeed defrauding you of that merit, if I occasion the least part of it to be imputed to my solicitation. However, I know it is a pleasure to you to oblige me, and therefore I beg you will indulge your propensity; and you are sure I shall acknowledge your friendship, while you are pleasing yourself by exerting your good breeding and good offices in favour of this gentleman.

1242. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 1, 1768.

I like your letter, and have been looking at my next door but one [1]. The ground-story is built, and the side walls will certainly be raised another floor, before you think of arriving.

Letter 1241. — [1] Henry Home (1696–1782), Lord Kames, Lord of the Justiciary Court. His son was George Home-Drummond (d. 1819).

Letter 1242.—[1] Montagu contemplated taking lodgings in Arlington Street.

I fear nothing for you but the noise of workmen, and of this street in front and Piccadilly on the other side. If you can bear such a constant hammering and hurricane, it will rejoice me to have you so near me; and then I think I must see you oftener than I have done these ten years. Nothing can be more dignified than this position. From my earliest memory Arlington Street has been the ministerial street. The Duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my Lord President[2] is quitting, and which occupies too the ground on which my father lived; and Lord Weymouth has just taken the Duke of Dorset's—yet you and I, I doubt, shall always live on the wrong side of the way!

Lord Chatham is reconciled to Lord Temple and George Grenville. The second is in great spirits on the occasion; and yet gives out that Lord Chatham earnestly solicited it. The insignificant Lepidus patronizes Antony, and is sued to by Augustus! Still do I doubt whether Augustus will ever come forth again. Is this a peace patched up by Livia for the sake of her children, seeing the imbecility of her husband? or is Augustus to own he has been acting a changeling, like the first Brutus, for near two years? I do not know; I remain in doubt.

Wilkes has struck an artful stroke. The ministers, devoid of all management in the House of Commons, consented that he should be heard at the bar of the House, and appointed to-morrow, forgetting the election for Middlesex is to come on next Thursday. One would think they were impatient to advance the riots. Last Monday Wilkes demanded to examine Lord Temple: when that was granted, he asked for Lord Sandwich and Lord March. As the first had not been refused, the others could not. The Lords were adjourned till to-day—and, I suppose, are now sitting on this perplexing

[2] Earl Gower.

demand. If Lord Temple desires to go to the bar of the Commons, and the two others desire to be excused, it will be difficult for the Lords to know what to do. Sandwich is frightened out of his senses, and March does not like it. Well! this will cure ministers and great lords of being so flippant in dirty tyranny, when they see they may be worried for it four years afterwards.

The Commons, I suppose, are at this minute as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Portland—Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here, and scribbling to you, perfectly indifferent about both Houses!

You will just escape having your brains beaten out, by not coming this fortnight. The Middlesex election will be over. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

1243. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1768.

If I understand what you refer to in your letter through Mr. Larpent, I not only received, but have lately given you a reason why from prudence on your account I did not refer to it. If I misunderstand you, you will be so good as to contrive to give me a new hint: but I cannot recollect any other subject on which I have not answered. Your letters I have left at Strawberry, and cannot go thither for two reasons, to examine the dates. The first is, that as the Middlesex election is to be at Brentford on Thursday, I do not care to go through that riotous town; and the second, that the waters are so out and the river so high, that it is not easy to cross the Thames at Richmond.

Yes, that election is to be on Thursday, and every management and every mismanagement has been used to make it

produce more tumults. The House of Commons forgetting the day, ordered Wilkes to appear at their bar to-day; and when they had granted that, he demanded to call Lord Temple, Lord Sandwich, and Lord March[1], to be examined by him. As the demand was artfully made for the first singly, nobody cared, and the House allowed it. Then he asked for the two others. When the first had been granted, there could be no pretence for refusing the others. The two have been in a horrid anxiety, concluding Lord Temple would desire to go; but yesterday, when the Commons sent to the Lords to ask leave for the appearance of all three, Lord Temple was not in the House, and, I hear, disclaims having had any connection with Wilkes for some time. The Lords replied, they would return an answer by their own messengers; and have postponed the consideration to Monday. In the meantime they are beginning to exert themselves to prevent riots, and yesterday committed a solicitor[2] to Newgate for prevarication, when he was examined for having prosecuted a justice of peace, who took up a rioter last spring by the orders of their House. The other House have also put off the appearance of Wilkes before them till after the Middlesex election. These steps do not look favourably for him.

In the meantime, new game is started. Lord Chatham is reconciled to Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville. Impatience longs to know whether the first will reappear again. His friends say that he has a most favourable fit of the gout, and will certainly come forth after Christmas[3]. Others, that this reconciliation was patched up by Lady Chatham,

LETTER 1243.—[1] William Douglas, Earl of March and Ruglen, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. He had encouraged Kidgell to inform against Wilkes's *Essay on Woman*. *Walpole.*

[2] His name was Ayliffe.

[3] The Earl of Chatham reappeared at court in July 1769, and in the House of Lords in January 1770. The attack of gout mentioned by Walpole greatly improved his health.

from a sense of his imbecility, and desire of putting her children under the protection of her brothers. I do not know what to think. His resignation, followed directly by a fit of the gout, looks suspicious. And yet, has he been acting madness for two years together? Will his appearance have any effect, if he does produce himself? and how are he and Mr. Grenville to marry their incompatible politics together. Oh, say the last dozen years, what trouble is there in reconciling inconsistencies? or, suppose he is mad,—is he a worse politician for that? *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiae.* A mad minister and a mad people must conquer the world.

Your neighbour Paoli, I see, goes on grinding the French to powder. The Duc de Choiseul has a still worse enemy at home. There is a Mademoiselle L'Ange[4], now Countess de Barré, who has mounted from the dregs of her profession to the zenith of it, and gained an ascendant that all the duchesses and beauties of Versailles could not attain. Her husband has long been the pimp of Marshal Richelieu, and married this nymph in order to pave her way to favour. She gets ground every day, and probably will save Paoli before my Lord Chatham steps in to his assistance.

We have a new Russian Ambassador[5], who is to be magnificence itself. He is wondrously civil, and copious of words. He treated me the other night with a pompous relation of his sovereign lady's heroism. I never doubted her courage. She sent for Dr. Dimsdale[6]; would have no trial made on any person of her own age and corpulence: went into the country with her usual company, swore Dimsdale to secrecy, and you may swear that he kept his

[4] Marie Jeanne Gomard Vaubernier, Comtesse du Barry, guillotined in 1793.

[5] Count Czernichew.

[6] Dr. Thomas Dimsdale (1712–1800). He was invited to Russia by the Empress to inoculate herself and her son the Grand Duke Paul. Dimsdale was created a Baron on the success of the operations, and received a pension and a grant of ten thousand pounds.

oath to such a lioness. She was inoculated, dined, supped, and walked out in public, and never disappeared but one day; had a few on her face, and many on her body, which last I suppose she swore Orloff likewise not to tell. She has now inoculated her son. I wonder she did not, out of magnanimity, try the experiment on him first.

Your brother has had a terrible fit of the gout in his head and all over him. I had a note from him to-day, and he is better. I am recovered so entirely as to be stronger on my feet than before: but I have more resolution, and never touch tea or wine. I preach in vain—the Jesuits are fallen, but the time is not come for rooting our physicians. These rogues persuade people that the bootikins are fatal. They now assert that my friend Lady Hervey, who died of a diarrhœa, was killed by the bootikins which she wore for the gout. All they can do is to keep up perspiration, which everybody knows is the only thing that can be done for the gout. Mr. Chute wears them every night, and walks better than he did seven years ago—but there is a charm in nonsense that nothing can resist! It is the only talent that preaches and prescribes with success! A fool, educated in the school of a knave, makes a renowned general, archbishop, chancellor, or physician. What repeal of laws and burning of books there would be, if the world for one age had nothing in it but men of sense!—for they would be forced to be honest if there were no fools. Adieu! my last paragraphs would be treason and heresy in every country upon earth.

1244. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1768.

I BEG your pardon, not only for my mistake, but for not having answered your inquiry about your own family affairs,

which I really thought I had done. Your brother Gal always talked to me as if there was a firm entail in your father's will; and if there was, your eldest brother cannot cut it off, as he has no legitimate son of age. I hope his threat to your nephew was merely to alarm him, and without a power to execute it. It could easily be seen in the will, but I believe it best not to inquire while there is no necessity, lest your brother should hear of it. Your nephew, I doubt, will provoke him, that is, give him an excuse to do what he would like to do, in favour of his own children.

We are as much occupied as we were four years ago with Wilkes. His spirit, which the Scotch call impudence, and the gods confidence, rises every day. He was very near embroiling the two Houses on his demand of the three lords, which I think I mentioned in my last. Mr. Grenville obtained to have Lord Temple omitted; the Lords would not oblige the two others to appear, but they have offered it; and if ever his affair comes on, which I doubt, will submit to go to the House of Commons. He has desired twice to be heard himself by the Lords, which they have rejected. Since that, he has behaved with new insolence. A printer being taken up by the House of Lords for printing a letter of Lord Weymouth, written three weeks before the affair in St. George's Fields, in which he offered soldiers to the civil magistrate in case of need, and to which a commentary was prefixed that charged the administration with a premeditated design of blood; the printer confessed, by the authority of Wilkes himself, that both letter and remarks had been transmitted to the press by Wilkes, who still not content, has by hand-bills assumed to himself the honour of many more such publications. The Lords, though enraged, had the prudence not to care to examine him himself, attended as he might be by a mob, and to recollect that he is yet a member of the other House, to which they sent

their complaint; a piece of personal discretion, that was none of the wisest, as it was flinging combustible matter into much the more combustible assembly of the two. It happened accordingly, that more fault was found with the letter than with the comment; and after variety of opinions, it was yesterday resolved to hear Wilkes at their bar on the 27th of January; there still being blindness enough not to perceive that the oftener this incendiary is touched, the more he gains ground.

He has had a new triumph. The day of the election for Middlesex the poll had continued peaceable till two o'clock, when a mob broke in, drove everybody out of the town, maimed and wounded several, and really occasioned the death of two persons. At first the slaughter was thought more considerable. This mob seems to have been hired by Sir William Beauchamp Proctor for defence, but, by folly or ill-management, proved the sole aggressors. The just scandal given by that proceeding has lost him the election, and Wilkes's counsel and nominee, Serjeant Glynn, was chosen a week afterwards by a large majority. Thus, after a persecution of four years, Wilkes, in prison, names the representatives for Middlesex!

These things must sound strange in Tuscan ears; but the events in a free state are as unlike those in an absolute government as the kinds of government themselves are unlike. The times wear a very tempestuous aspect, and while there is a singular want both of abilities and prudence, there is no want of mischievous intentions. Luckily, America is quiet; France, poor, foiled, and disgraced. In truth, I do not know whether anything could restore harmony at home so soon as a foreign war, for which we are at least better prepared than she is. A war would quite restore Lord Chatham's faculties, when he could have an opportunity of being mad on a larger scale.

We are in constant expectation of hearing the Duc de Choiseul's fall. The Comtesse de Barré maintains her ground, and they say will be presented to the Mesdames as soon as the Queen's mourning is over. This decency is delightful! While his wife lived, the King kept his mistresses openly; now a new one is not to be declared, while the court still wears black and white silks for the Queen! The Duc d'Aiguillon is talked of as Choiseul's successor. At fifty-eight or nine, his Majesty picks up a bunter, and gives her leave to change the administration. I think he should not be called the *well-beloved*, but the *well-beloving*.

I never saw your new residence, Pisa, but have a notion it is a charming place; but, how German! to take an aversion to Florence! the loveliest town upon earth! Has your little prince no eyes for pictures, statues, buildings, prospects? Where could one like to reign, if not there? For your sake, I still wish the black dogs may prove handsome, else I should not care if they were mere turnspits.

Tuesday, 23rd.

They talk of strange proceedings, and that prosecutions for murder are to be commenced against the Duke of Northumberland and Sir William Beauchamp, who are taxed with having hired the mob at Brentford. The Houses are adjourned for three weeks; in which time I doubt the oppositions will be more awake than the ministers. I rejoice daily and weekly that I have nothing to do with this scene of combustion. Adieu!

1245. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 14, 1769.

Whiston, and such prophecy-mongers, were very unlucky to die before the present era. They vented their foolish

knowledge and foolish conjectures in foretelling the downfall of the Pope and Turk, when there was not the least ground for such surmises. There is not a verse in the Revelations that would not set up a prophet *now*. Your neighbour, the whore of Babylon, is almost reduced to her own bawdy house, and I have as little doubt that the Russians will give a good account of the Grand Signor. Are not you diverted with his proposing to the Catholics of Poland to turn Mahometans? It is plain that he thinks the Protestants are the most errant Christians. What pious defenders of the faith the great Turk and the good Czarina are! Then the liberties of the Gallican Church are upheld by Louis Quinze and the Comtesse de Barré; and the liberties of England by that excellent patriot, Alderman Wilkes! Well! you want to know what is doing in the ward of Farringdon Without[1]. The Lords are to meet on Monday, when the Alderman's writs of error will be argued before them. I think he will find no favour there. He is not to appear at the bar of the other House till the 27th, where he will probably make a better fight. The people are certainly intoxicated with him, and, should he be expelled, as he expects, he will undoubtedly be able to name his successor for Middlesex. What idle pains Cato, and such folks, took to be virtuous, when they might have been patriots on so much cheaper terms! Wilkes has got his addresses to his constituents already written and dated from Newgate, whither he expects to be sent; and if he is, he will have ten times a greater levee than my Lord Russell had there. A few days will decide whether my Lord Chatham will appear and claim his old civic crown again; in short, whether Cæsar will join Alderman Catiline, or wait till matters are riper for his descent. For my own

Letter 1245.—[1] Wilkes had just been elected Alderman of that ward. *Walpole.*

part, I do not believe this demi-god will ever revisit the earth, since he has been so shorn of his beams.

All this is amusing; and yet, methinks, I had rather we made a great figure than a comical one. When one has been used to glory under Mr. Pitt, I sigh to think how he and we are fallen! We are afraid to meddle even in little Corsica, though the French have so wofully miscarried there; and we enjoy half the empire of the Mogul only to traffic in India stock! We are no longer great any way. We have no great men; no great orators, writers, or poets. One would think they had all been killed in the last war. Nay, our very actors are uncommonly bad. I saw a new tragedy the other night, that was worse played, though at Drury Lane, than by any strollers I ever beheld; and yet they are good enough for the new pieces. The best we have are little comic operas. Apropos to operas; your old acquaintance the Duke of Dorset[2] is dead, after having worn out his constitution, and almost his estate. He has not left a tree standing in the venerable old park at Knowle. However, the family think themselves very happy that he did not marry a girl he kept, as he had a mind to do, if the state of his understanding had not empowered his relations to prevent it.

Did you see as he passed to Rome the great lord[3] that gave birth to all our present disputes? He is said to be much recovered.

I shall return to London the day after to-morrow; and as this cannot set out till Tuesday, probably I shall have something to add. Do you know anything of Lady Orford, and the state of her health? Mr. Hamilton spoke of her to me in the summer as almost expiring with an asthma.

[2] Charles Sackville, second Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*
[3] Lord Bute. *Walpole.*

London, Jan. 16th.

Wilkes's writs of error were argued yesterday before the Lords; and the Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, in the name of the other judges, declared in behalf of the verdict already given against him, which was then confirmed, without one lord saying a syllable in his defence. As he has two parts of the legislature thus firm against him, it remains to see whether he and the people can make any impression on the House of Commons. If the world can attend to anything else, this week comes on before the House of Lords that most extraordinary cause between the families of Douglas and Hamilton, equal to any in the *Causes Célèbres*. Adieu! I do not hear a word of my Lord Chatham. Madame de Barré, the French meteor, does not seem to be a fixed star.

1246. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1769.

The affair of Wilkes is rather undecided yet, than in suspense. It has been a fair trial between faction and corruption; of two such common whores, the richest will carry it.

The Court of Aldermen set aside the election of Wilkes on some informality, but he was immediately re-chosen. This happened on Friday last, the very day of his appearance at the House of Commons. He went thither without the least disturbance or mob, having dispersed his orders accordingly, which are obeyed implicitly. He did not, however, appear at the bar till ten at night, the day being wasted in debating whether he should be suffered to enter on his case at large, or be restrained to his two chief complaints. The latter was carried by 270 to 131, a majority that he will not easily reduce. He was then called in, looked ill, but behaved decently, and demanded to take the oaths and his

seat. This affair, after a short debate, was refused ; and his counsel being told the restrictions imposed, the House adjourned at midnight. To-day he goes again to the House, but whatever steps he takes there, or however long debates he may occasion, you may look upon his fate as decided in that place.

We are in hourly expectation of hearing that a nymph, more common still than the two I have mentioned, has occasioned what Wilkes has failed in now, a change in an administration. I mean the Comtesse du Barry. The *grands habits* are made, and nothing wanting for her presentation but—what do you think? some woman of quality to present her. In that servile court and country, the nobility have had spirit enough to decline paying their court, though the King has stooped *à des bassesses* to obtain it. The Duc de Choiseul will be the victim ; and they pretend to say has declared he will resign *à l'anglaise*, rather than be *chassé* by such a creature. His indiscretion is astonishing: he has said at his own table, and she has been told so, 'Madame du Barry est très mal informée ; on ne parle pas des catins chez moi.' Catin diverts herself and King Solomon the wise with tossing oranges into the air after supper, and crying, 'Saute, Choiseul! saute, Praslin!' and then Solomon laughs heartily. Sometimes she flings powder in his sage face, and calls him *Jean Farine*! Well! we are not the foolishest nation in Europe yet! It is supposed that the Duc d'Aiguillon will be the successor. Voltaire has just published a *Siècle de Louis XV* ; it were pity but he should continue this *Book of Kings.*

I am going to send away this letter, because you will be impatient, and the House will not rise probably till long after the post is gone out. I did not think last May that you would hear this February that there was an end of mobs, that Wilkes was expelled, and the colonies quieted.

However, pray take notice that I do not stir a foot out of the province of gazetteer into that of prophet. I protest, I know no more than a prophet what is to come. Adieu!

1247. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1769.

I was not mistaken in announcing to you the approaching expulsion of Wilkes. It passed on Friday night, or rather at three on Saturday morning, by a majority of 219 against 137, after four days of such fatigue and long sittings as never were known together. His behaviour, in every respect but confidence, was so poor, that it confirmed what I have long thought, that he would lose himself sooner in the House of Commons than he can be crushed anywhere else. He has so little quickness or talent for public speaking, that he would not be heard with patience. Now he has all the *éclat* that sufferings, boldness, or his writings can give him—not that I think the latter have other merit than being calculated for the mob and the moment. He stands again for Middlesex, to be again expelled; yet nobody dares oppose him; and he is as sure of recommending his successor. Still there are people so wild and blind, as not to see that every triumph against him is followed by mortification and disgrace. In this country every violence turns back upon its authors. My father, who governed for the longest time, and Mr. Pelham, who enjoyed the quietest administration, always leaned to lenient measures. They who think themselves wiser have not met with equal success. As worthless a fellow as Wilkes is, the rigours exercised towards him have raised a spirit that will require still wiser heads to allay. Men have again turned seriously to the study of those controversies that agitated this country an hundred years ago; and instead of dipping in Roman and

Greek histories for flowers to decorate the speeches of false patriotism, principles are revived that have taken deeper root; and I wish we do not see quarrels of a graver complexion than the dirty squabbles for places and profit. Persecution for politics has just the same issue as for religion; it spreads the oppressed doctrine; and though I think Wilkes as bad a man as if he were a *saint*, he will every day get disciples that will profit of his martyrdom. Thank God, that he has not turned Methodist!

Apropos to *saints*. Do you know that one of the chief supports of Madame du Barri is that old hypocrite the Duc de la Vauguion[1], the Dauphin's governor, and patron of the Jesuits. I remember, when I was in France, it was a common saying, 'que Monsieur de Choiseul n'avoit rien fait en chassant les Jésuites, s'il ne chassoit aussi M. de la Vauguion.' This Ignatian preceptor went the other day to *Madame*, the King's eldest and favourite daughter, and told her that Madame du Barri would certainly be presented, and that her Royal Highness would do well to receive her kindly. The Princess asked if he came by the King's order? He said, no; but that the Duc de Richelieu, and other of her Royal Highness's friends, advised her to that conduct. She said, with spirit and dignity, 'Monsieur, sortez de ma chambre.' We believe the presentation made last Sunday, though the account is not yet come; and I think there is as little doubt of Choiseul's fall. I agree with you in praying that it may save Paoli. What an excellent contrast in the beginning and end of the King's life! All France gallantly wished to give him a mistress; but if a beauty was recommended to him, he asked if she was as handsome as the poor ugly Queen. Once, I have heard, they proceeded so far as to place a fair nymph in his

Letter 1247. — [1] Antoine Paul Jacques de Quélen de Stuer de Caussade (1706-1772), Duc de la Vauguion.

bed—he threw the chamber-pot at her. Then on a sudden he took the homely Madame de Mailly, then her frightful sister, Vintimille, then the third sister, the goddess Châteauroux: and now changes his ministry for a street-walker. . . .[2]

I am sorry your residence at Pisa is so unpleasant and expensive to you. You must comfort yourself that you will never be to follow the court to a camp, nor be shut up in the seven towers[3]. Do you know, I expect that the vast northern war will teach the Turks to read Grotius and Puffendorff. Adieu!

1248. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1769.

So you and the Jesuits have lost the Pope[1]! I don't believe they will comfort themselves so easily as you will. You are too discreet to betray the secrets of your province, therefore I will not ask if you have received any instructions to promote the interest of my Lord Bute to succeed him; yet, without your authority, I could easily make Mr. Wilkes believe so—or at least say so. I know where it would pass for as much gospel as any she is inclined to receive. I am to dine to-morrow with the famous Mrs. Macaulay, along with the Duc de la Rochefoucault[2]. She is one of the sights that all foreigners are carried to see. Did you know this young duke? He is very amiable and worthy—much more worthy than his ancestor; not quite so agreeable. Our ladies run the men hard: we have actually two or three *upon the carpet* that for these last ten days have deadened the lustre of Wilkes him-

[2] Passage omitted.

[3] Probably an allusion to the 'Torre della Fame' at Pisa (the place of Ugolino's captivity and death), properly known as the 'Torre dei Gualandi alle Sette Vie.' It was demolished in 1655.

Letter 1248.—[1] Clement XIII; d. Feb. 2, 1769.

[2] François Alexandre Frédéric (1747–1827), Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

self, though his cause is far from being drawn to the dregs. A huge subscription has been made for him; but, with all the idolatry of his party, they will not trust his divinity with his own offerings, but are paying his debts and thefts. Is not there a sobriety in our madness that stamps it for our own?

Well, but to come to goddesses: after a marriage of twenty years, Augustus Hervey[3], having fallen in love with a physician's daughter[4] at Bath, has attacked his spouse, the Maid of Honour, the fair Chudleigh, and sought a divorce for adultery. Unfortunately, he had waited till all the witnesses of their marriage, and of her two deliveries, are dead, as well as the two children. The provident virgin had not been so negligent. Last year she forced herself into the house of the parson[5] who had married them, and who was at the point of death. By bullying, and to get rid of her, she forced the poor man to give up the certificate. Since that she has appeared in Doctors' Commons, and sworn by the Virgins Mary and Diana, that she never was married to Mr. Hervey. The Ecclesiastical Court has admitted her corporal oath, and enjoined silence to Mr. Hervey. Next week this fair injured innocence, who is but fifty, is to be married to the Duke of Kingston, who has kept her openly for almost half that time, and who by this means will recover half his fortune which he had lavished on her. As a proof of her purity and poverty, her wedding-gown is white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls. Every word of this history is extremely true. The physician, who is a little more in his senses than the other actors, and a little honester, will not give his daughter; nay, has offered her five thousand pounds not to marry Mr. Hervey,

[3] Second son of John, Lord Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[4] A Miss Moysey. Mr. Hervey afterwards denied that he intended to marry her.

[5] Mr. Amis, Rector of Lainston, Hampshire, where the marriage took place in 1744.

but Miss Rhubarb is as much above worldly decorum as the rest, and persists, though there is no more doubt of the marriage of Mr. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh than that of your father and mother. It is a cruel case upon his family, who can never acquiesce in the legitimacy of his children, if any come from this bigamy[6].

The French cannot keep pace with us. Madame du Barri's presentation is still at a stand; but the Jesuits still trust in her and the Duc de la Vauguion, and flatter themselves that this new idolatry will bring back King Solomon to his old gods. I was talking of this adventure the other day to old Mrs. Selwyn[7]: she said, with all the wit of her son George, 'The French have often outwitted us; I hope now they will outfool us.' You see that will not be an easy matter. My dear Sir, you ought to be recalled; indeed you are too much in your senses to represent us. Two nights ago, I was looking over some part of our correspondence, and I find that for seven-and-twenty years I have been sending you the annals of Bedlam. Apropos, the last tome that you returned to me ended November 13th, 1766. When you have an opportunity, a safe one, let me have the rest. Adieu!

1249. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1769.

More tempests! Pray, Mr. Minister, keep up your dignity as well as you can; for I doubt that you will be a little laughed at. You are not now representing the conquerors of East and West. Your crest is fallen! Our campaigns do not extend beyond the confines of Middlesex. We will

[6] This marriage did not take place. *Walpole.*

[7] Mary Farringdon, widow of John Selwyn, Esq. (Treasurer to Caroline, Queen of George II), and Woman of the Bedchamber to that Queen. *Walpole.*

begin with the *third* election at Brentford. One Dingley was sent to oppose Wilkes, but took panic and ran away, and nobody would propose him. The next day he advertised that he had gone thither with all the resolution in the world, provided there had been no danger, and so Wilkes was chosen once more. The House again rejected him; but, lest the county should complain of not being represented, another writ is issued; the court is to set up somebody, and a new egg is laid for riots and clamours.

Oh, but this is not all. As one or two towns had sent instructions to their members, it was thought wise to procure loyal addresses, and one was obtained from Essex, which, being the great county for calves, produced nothing but ridicule. I foresaw, and said from the first moment, that there could not be a sillier step taken, as it would sow division in every county and great town in England, by splitting the inhabitants into instructors and addressors. Well! the aforesaid Mr. Dingley got an assembly of merchants, and carried an address ready drawn. It produced opposition and hubbub, and Mr. Dingley struck a lawyer in the face and beat out one of his teeth. The man knocked him down, drubbed him, and has put him in the Crown Office. This scheme defeated, an address was left at a public office to be signed by all that pleased, and yesterday was fixed for it to be presented at St. James's by six hundred merchants and others. This imposing cavalcade no sooner set forth than they were hissed and pelted; and when they came to Temple Bar they found an immense mob, who had shut the gates against them, and they were forced to make their escape by any streets and by-lanes that were not occupied. Not a third part reached St. James's, and they were overtaken by a prodigious concourse, attending a hearse drawn by four horses. On one side of the hearse hung a large escutcheon, representing the chairman at Brentford

killing Clarke; on the other, the Guards firing on the mob in St. George's Fields and shooting Allen, with streams of blood running down. This procession drove to St. James's Gate, where Grenadiers were fixed to prevent their entrance, and the gates towards the Park shut. Here the King, ministers, and foreign ministers were besieged till past four, though the Riot Act was read, and Lord Talbot[1] came down, and seized one man, while the mob broke the Steward's wand in his hand. It was near five before they could recover and present the address, which the mob had tried to seize; they had so pelted the chairman of the committee of merchants, that he was not fit to appear. The Dukes of Northumberland and Kingston were as ill treated. The latter, coming from Bedford House, had been taken for the Duke of Bedford, and had his new wedding-coach, favours, and liveries covered with mud. Fifteen men are taken up, but I don't find anything can be proved against them. In short, never was a more disgraceful scene! Don't wonder if *I* smile, who have seen more formidable mobs, and something of a better head opposed to them. Many cry out 'Shame!'—but half that cry out, I remember encouraging mobs, and for much worse ends than these poor infatuated people have in view. The minister[2] of those days would not have seen such a procession arrive in St. James's without having had intelligence of it, nor without being prepared for it. Those great and able persons, the Bedford faction, have conjured up this storm, and now are frightened out of their wits at it. All is perfectly quiet to-day, and the King has been at the House to pass the bill for the Duke of Grafton's divorce. Luckily, Newmarket begins on Monday, during which holy season there is always a suspension of arms.

LETTER 1249.—[1] William, first Earl of Talbot, Lord Steward. *Walpole.*
[2] Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

Good Friday, 24th.

Peace and cross-buns reign to-day. If no new ingenuity is stirred, the people, I don't doubt, will give no more disturbance. But if the Scotch, who cannot rest in patience without persecuting Wilkes, and who have neither known how to quiet or to quell him, prompt new violence, the nation will call out for Lord Chatham and Lord Temple, and the ministers will have leisure to repent the succession of blunders that they have committed. It is strange that men will not learn in every country that defensive measures are the only wise measures for an administration! For a little more power they risk what they possess, and never discover that the most absolute are those that reign in the hearts of the people. Were Cardinal Richelieu, Cromwell, or Louis XI more despotic than Mr. Pitt at the end of the last reign? And then he had the comfort of going to bed every night without the fear of being assassinated. What a blessed life does Count d'Oeyras[3] pass, who is forced to lock up himself and all his power at the end of his palace, with guards in every room, and with every door barred and bolted! As superior power cannot bestow superior wisdom or strength, nor destroy the real equality between man and man, is not it wonderful that any man should stake character, life, and peace of mind, against the odious prerogative of being feared? Hated alive, and reviled dead, they risk everything for the silly satisfaction of turning voluntary into trembling sycophants. Every minister is sure of flatterers enough: no, those flatterers must be slaves. Charles I was not satisfied with the servile adulation of his bishops; the Presbyterian ministers must burn incense too. Jesus! that men should still imagine that to be hated is the way to happiness—but here am I preaching on general topics, when I have something else to say to you.

[3] Prime Minister of Portugal. *Walpole.*

Your brother is very unhappy ; he had projected a match between his daughter and your sister Foote's eldest son [4], and it was thought that the young couple liked one another. It is certain at least that the poor girl was caught. All on a sudden your nephew grew cold, and at last has owned that he scruples marrying his cousin-german. As she is a lovely girl, and your brother had promised to give her twenty thousand pounds, and forty if her brother dies, who is delicate and has an ugly swelling on his throat, your brother thinks the scruple arises from pride and from her being a natural daughter. I own I have a little of the same suspicion, as the scruple is so ridiculous an one ; and yet it is an honest young man, and full of scruples about his own profession of the law. I told your brother, that if the scruple is sincere, however ill-founded, it would be hard to punish a virtuous mind. Yet your brother resents this behaviour extremely. As your nephew Horace has only a daughter, and Lady Lucy miscarries frequently, your brother told me he had intended to *give his estate* after Horace, and on failure of his own son, whom he thinks he shall lose, to his daughter and young Foote. I did not ask what he meant by *his estate*, whether his own private fortune, or your father's, which he may fancy in his power, though Mr. Chute and I are confident, from what Gal used to say, that the latter is entailed on you. Still if it is not, he could not think of giving it to Horace, without its passing through you. He looks so young and so well, that you need not be in haste to trouble yourself which he meant. Still I wish this match had taken place, as it would have kept you all together, and your brother from carrying his views out of the family. He may now be tempted to scrape all he can together, in order to match his daughter more highly. How idle are

[4] George Talbot Hatley Foote, eldest son of Mann's elder sister, wife of Francis Foote. The younger Foote died unmarried in 1821.

distant views, and how every day shows one the nothingness of them! Constant experience makes me such a philosopher, that I scarce care whether anything happens as I wish, or just the contrary; and the more so, as the contrary often proves as well as what I wished—There! there are moralities of all sorts for you! And yet not one of them would ever strike anybody that had not passed to them through the gate of experience. One can no more enjoy the fruits of another man's experience than of another man's land, without buying it.

1250. To Grosvenor Bedford.

March 24, 1769.

If Mr. Palmer will not give in his accounts, I order Mr. Bedford to give in my accounts without them. I will connive at nothing, nor have any underhand dealings with Mr. Palmer or anybody else; but will have the business of my office done openly, fairly, and regularly, as it is my duty to do, and as I can justify to the Lords of the Treasury and to the public.

Hor. Walpole.

1251. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 26, 1769.

I beg your pardon; I promised to send you news, and I had quite forgot that we have had a rebellion—at least, the Duke of Bedford says so. Six or eight hundred merchants, English, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, had been entreated to protect the Protestant succession, and consented. They set out on Wednesday noon in their coaches and chariots—chariots not armed with scythes like our Gothic ancestors. At Temple Bar they met several regiments of foot, dreadfully armed

with mud, who discharged a sleet of dirt on the loyal troop. Minerva, who had forgotten her dreadful Ægis, and who, in the shape of Mr. Boehm, carried the address, was forced to take shelter under a cloud in Nando's coffee-house[1], being more afraid of Buckhorse than ever Venus was of Diomed—in short, it was a dismal day; and if Lord Talbot had not recollected the Patriot feats of his youth and recommenced bruiser, I don't know but the Duchess of Kingston[2], who has so long preserved her modesty, from *both* her husbands, might not have been ravished in the Drawing Room. Peace is at present restored, and the rebellion adjourned to the thirteenth of April; when Wilkes and Colonel Luttrel[3] are to fight a pitched battle at Brentford, the Philippi of Antoninus. *Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,* know nothing of these broils. You don't convert your ploughshares into falchions, nor the mud of Adderbury into gunpowder. I tremble for my painted windows, and write talismans of Number 45 on every gate and postern of my castle. Mr. Hume is writing the Revolutions of Middlesex, and a troop of barnacle geese are levied to defend the Capitol. These are melancholy times! Heaven send we do not laugh till we cry!

London, Tuesday, 28th.

Our ministers, like their Saxon ancestors, are gone to hold a Wittenagemot on horseback at Newmarket. Lord Chatham, we are told, is to come forth after the holidays and place himself at the head of the discontented. When I see it I shall believe it.

LETTER 1251.—[1] In Fleet Street.

[2] Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, married to the Duke on March 8, 1769.

[3] Colonel Hon. Henry Lawes Luttrell (1743–1821), eldest son of first Baron Irnham, who was created Earl of Carhampton in 1785, and whom he succeeded as second Earl in 1787. Luttrell was beaten at the election by 1,143 votes to 296, but by a resolution of the House of Commons he was declared elected. At the time of the election and for some time afterwards he was in considerable danger from the anger of the mob.

Lord Frederick Campbell is, at last, to be married this evening to the Dowager Countess of Ferrers. The Duchess of Grafton is actually Countess of Ossory. This is a short gazette; but, consider, it is a time of truce. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1252. To Thomas Chatterton [1].

Sir, Arlington Street, March 28, 1769.

I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published but last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be

Letter 1252.—[1] Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770) the poet, then sixteen years old. He wrote to Horace Walpole in March 1769, under cover to Bathoe, Walpole's bookseller. 'Bathoe ... brought me a packet left with him. It contained an Ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas *in alternate rhyme*, on the death of Richard the 1st, and I was told in a very few lines that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol.' (See *Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton*, *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. iv. p. 220.)

found? I should not be sorry to print them; or at least, a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The Abbot John's verses that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John Ab Eyck's discovery of oil-painting. If so, it confirms what I had guessed, and have hinted in my *Anecdotes*, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir, but flatter myself from the humanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will sometimes give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
and obedient humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole[2].

P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington Street.

1253. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, April 5, 1769.

I have read carefully and with great pleasure your two comedies, and will tell you sincerely my opinion of them.

[2] The following note, dated Berkeley Square, March 16, 1792, is printed in *Works* of Lord Orford (vol. iv. p. 239):—'A letter from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in the *European Magazine* for the past month of February. I believe it is a genuine one, and the first which I wrote to him on his first application to me: though, not having seen the original now, nor since it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the distance of so many years say more than that I do believe it was genuine.'

The grave one pleases me the most, and made me shed tears. I think it wants very little improvement: none in the conduct, if any rather more comic, which you have confined too much to Flora and the footman. One point I think wants correction, which is Lucinda's neglect of inquiring after her father till the moment she is ready to depart. The greatest objection I believe could be made, is, that the story, at least the situations, have too much resemblance to *The Conscious Lovers*[1]. When I have spoken so frankly, I trust you will believe me too, when I assure you I think it an excellent comedy, and can see no objection you could have to letting it be acted, concealing the author, which I could not advise, after what I have said on that subject. So far from agreeing with Mr. Gray, I like the bastardy, and would have the governor, consistently with the good sense of his character, say more against the cruel prejudice that falls on the innocent instead of the guilty. I will not flatter you more about the other piece, the indelicacy of Lady Fitzharold's character I think too strong; and do not approve Lady Betty's being so easily drawn, contrary to the pride of her ideas, which you make her characteristic, into love for the supposed *valet de chambre*. His part pleases me extremely, is new and would have great effect upon the stage; there are many scenes very well worked up; but the play would want softening in the respects I have mentioned. Still I own the other is my favourite: it requires very little alteration, might easily be improved, and I am sure would please universally. If you concealed your name, I can conceive no objection to your letting it be acted, which I should very much wish to see.—I give you a thousand thanks for trusting them to me, and for the sight of the drawing, which lost nothing by my being prepared for it; besides the humour which is admirable, it

LETTER 1253.—[1] A comedy by Steele.

is excellent as a drawing. I enclose a short advertisement for Mr. Hoyland's[2] poems. I mean by it to tempt people to a little more charity, and to soften to him, as much as I can, the humiliation of its being asked for him; if you approve it, it shall be prefixed to the edition.

Forgive the freedoms I have taken with you, Sir; I should not, but from esteem, and from believing you above being offended with them. I shall see you, I flatter myself, before you go out of town.

Your most obedient

HOR. WALPOLE.

1254. To Dr. Robertson.

[April 1769.]

GIVE me leave, Sir, without flattery, to observe to yourself, what is very natural to say to others. You are almost the single, certainly the greatest instance, that sound parts and judgement can attain every perfection of a writer, though it be buried in the privacy of retired life and deep study. You have neither the prejudices of a recluse, nor want any of the taste of a man of the world. Nor is this polished ease confined to your works, which parts and imitation might possibly seize. In the few hours I passed with you last summer I was struck with your familiar acquaintance with man, and with every topic of conversation. Of your Scottish History I have often said, that it seemed to me to have been written by an able ambassador, who had seen much of affairs. I do not expect to find less of that penetration in your Charles[1]. Why should I not say thus much to you? Why should the language of flattery forbid truth to speak its

[2] Rev. Francis Hoyland, a friend of Mason. His *Poems* were printed at Strawberry Hill in 1769.

LETTER 1254. — [1] Robertson's recently published *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.*

mind, merely because flattery has stolen truth's expressions? Why should you be deprived of the satisfaction of hearing the impression your merit has made? You have sense enough to be conscious that you deserve what I have said; and though modesty will forbid you to subscribe to it, justice to me and to my character, which was never that of a flatterer, will oblige you silently to feel, that I can have no motive but that of paying homage to superior abilities.

1255. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1769.

Yesterday, the day of expectation, is over: I mean the election at Brentford, for I must recollect that you have not been thinking of nothing else for a fortnight, as we have. It ended bloodless, both sides having agreed to keep the peace; chance ratified that compromise. Take notice, I engage no farther than for what is past. Wilkes triumphed, as usual, having a majority of between eight and nine hundred. The court candidate[1], who had offered himself for the service, and who was as imprudently accepted, gave no proofs of the determined valour that he had promised. His friends exerted themselves as little; and though he was to have been convoyed by a squadron of many gentlemen, his troop did not muster above twenty, assembled in his father's garden, broke down the wall that they might steal a march, and yet were repulsed at Hyde Park Corner, where the commander lost his hat, and in self-defence rode over a foot-passenger. He polled under three hundred, and owed his safety to Wilkes's friends. This defeat the House of Commons are at this moment repairing—I believe I may add, by widening the breach;

Letter 1255.—[1] Colonel Luttrel, eldest son of Lord Irnham. *Walpole.*

for, as they intend to reject Wilkes and accept Luttrel, they will probably make the county quite mad. In short, they have done nothing but flounder from one blunder into another, and, by an impartial mixture of rashness and timidity, have brought matters to a pass, which I fear will require at last very sharp methods to decide one way or other. We have no heads but wrong ones; and wrong heads on both sides have not the happy attribute of two negatives in making an affirmative. Instead of annihilating Wilkes by buying or neglecting him, his enemies have pushed the court on a series of measures that have made him excessively important; and now every step they take must serve to increase his faction, and make themselves more unpopular. The clouds all around them are many and big, and will burst as fast as they try violent methods. I tremble at the prospect, and suffer to see the abyss into which we are falling, and the height from whence we have fallen! We were tired of being in a situation to give the law to Europe, and now cannot give it with safety to the mob—for giving it, when they are not disposed to receive it, is of all experiments the most dangerous; and whatever may be the consequence in the end, seldom fails to fall on the heads of those who undertake it. I have said it to you more than once; it is amazing to me that men do not prefer the safe, amiable, and honourable method of governing the people as they like to be governed, to the invidious and restless task of governing them contrary to their inclinations. If princes or ministers considered, that despair makes men fearless, instead of making them cowards, surely they would abandon such fruitless policy. It requires ages of oppression, barbarism, and ignorance, to sink mankind into pusillanimous submission; and it requires a climate too that softens and enervates. I do not think we are going to try the experiment; but as I am sorry the people give

provocation, so I am grieved to see that provocation too warmly resented, because men forget from whence they set out, and mutual injuries beget new principles, and open to wider views than either party had at first any notion of. Charles I would have been more despotic, if he had defeated the republicans, than he would have dreamed of being before the Civil War; and Colonel Cromwell certainly never thought of becoming Protector, when he raised his regiment. The King lost his head, and the Colonel his rest; and we were so fortunate, after a deluge of blood, as to relapse into a little better condition than we had been before the contest; but if the son of either had been an active rogue, we might have lost our liberties for some time, and not recovered them without a much longer struggle.

I must now desire a favour of you. The Contessa Rena[2] is returned to Florence, and we hear has even been received at court, yet she is not satisfied without the countenance *del Signor Ministro d'Inghilterra.* As an Austrian court has not been squeamish, I think you need not be so: nay, I don't suspect you. Besides, as our representative, you may plead the precedent of her Grace of Kingston. But, without a joke, it will oblige me and two of my friends[3], if you will take notice of her and show her civilities. She is a good-humoured inoffensive creature; I knew her myself; she has been at Strawberry, and lain there; *en tout bien et honneur, s'entend*; and it will oblige the above persons extremely, if she writes word, that *Monsù Menn* has distinguished her at my request. I would not ask this, if I thought it would put you under any difficulties: nor do I mean that you should neglect the emperor[4] for her.

[2] A Florentine who had long been in England; had originally been mistress (at Florence, where she was wife of a wine merchant) of Lord Pembroke, and afterwards here, of the Earl of March, and occasionally of others. *Walpole.*

[3] Probably George Selwyn and Lord March.

[4] Joseph II, then in Italy.

Methinks, without stirring out of the street *de' Santi Apostoli*[5], you have got acquainted with as many sovereigns as old Peterborough[6], that bragged of having seen more kings and postilions than any man in Europe. I delight in the mock election of a Pope made to amuse Cæsar. How the Capitol must blush at such a Cæsar, and such an entertainment!

Luckily, I think the Capitol will see little more than mock elections.

Otranto[7], I must tell you, is in the kingdom of Naples, not in Sicily. You will see by this paragraph that I have received a certain letter[8] from you, to which I do not care to say more by the post. Wherever Otranto is, I am glad I had no letter from thence.

Madame du Barri will certainly be presented yet. Whether she will be able to save Corsica, I don't know. Such nymphs are seldom born for the good of any country. Cannot you whisper Cæsar, that it would be as diverting to rescue Paoli, as to see a parcel of old fools acting the Holy Ghost, and showing him how it selects from a corporation of superannuated dotards the most decrepit amongst them to represent the Almighty? My dear Sir, it would be worthy of you to shuffle your two or three great and little princes together, and form a league that for once might have the good of mankind for its object. Adieu!

1256. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1769.

I should be very sorry to believe half your distempers. I am heartily grieved for the vacancy that has happened in

[5] In which Sir Horace Mann lived at Florence. *Walpole.*

[6] Charles Mordaunt, the famous Earl. *Walpole.*

[7] Mr. Walpole had written the Gothic story called *The Castle of Otranto*. *Walpole.*

[8] Lord Bute, when at Florence, had talked to Sir Horace Mann (probably to please him) of writing to Mr. Walpole from Otranto. *Walpole.*

your mouth[1], though you describe it so comically. As the only physic I believe in is prevention, you shall let me prescribe to you. Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and been spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius[2]. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth to her death. For your other complaints, I revert to my old sermon, temperance. If you will live in a hermitage, methinks it is no great addition to live like a hermit. Look in Sadeler's prints, they had beards down to their girdles; and with all their impatience to be in heaven, their roots and water kept them for a century from their wishes. I have lived all my life like an anchoret in London, and within ten miles, shed my skin after the gout, and am as lively as an eel in a week after. Mr. Chute, who has drunk no more wine than a fish, grows better every year. He has escaped this winter with only a little pain in one hand. Consider that the physicians recommend wine, and then can you doubt of its being poison? Medicines may cure a few acute distempers, but how should they mend a broken constitution? they would as soon mend a broken leg. Abstinence and time may repair it, nothing else can; for when time has been employed to spoil the blood, it cannot be purified in a moment.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of Parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The House of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate Colonel Luttrel in his place. What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions. Both sides

LETTER 1256.—[1] Montagu had lost a front tooth.

[2] The first of the letters signed 'Junius' appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of Jan. 21, 1769.

seem so warm, that it will be difficult for either to be in the right. This is not a merry subject, and therefore I will have done with it. If it comes to blows, I intend to be as neutral as the gentleman that was going out with his hounds the morning of Edgehill. I have seen too much of parties to list with any of them.

You promised to return to town, but now say nothing of it. You had better come before a passport is necessary. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1257. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good nature returns. Did not you say you should return to London long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter? I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories; but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate—yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory—I have given a *festino* there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there: Monsieur and Madame du Châtelet, the Duc de Liancour, three more French ladies[1], whose names you will

Letter 1257. — [1] Mesdames de Villegagnon, de la Vaupalière, and de Damas. Mme. de Villegagnon was the sister of M. Francès, French Chargé d'Affaires in London. She married, in 1787, as his second wife, Hon. Thomas Walpole, Horace Walpole's first cousin, second son of first Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

find in the enclosed paper[2], eight other Frenchmen, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short we were four-and-twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house. where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lisle[3], one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied the compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whisk and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and at one the company returned to town, saluted by fifty nightingales, who, as tenants of the manor, came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half a guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock—the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half an hour after nine before we got halfway from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted, and after scrambling under bellies of horses,

[2] These verses do not appear in the MS. They are printed in *Ann. Reg.* 1771, pp. 238–9.

[3] The Chevalier de Lille, an officer of dragoons, and a writer of *vers de société*.

through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the *vestimenta* that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu! I have not a word more to say to you.

Yours, &c.,
H. W.

P.S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

1258. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

You know my exactitude, and therefore will have justly concluded from my silence that nothing material has happened since I wrote last.

The election of Colonel Luttrell, though it has given much offence, produced none of the disturbances that were expected. The supporters of the Bill of Rights[1] have, on the contrary, adopted a much more decent system; not with

Letter 1258.—[1] 'The Society for supporting the Bill of Rights,' a political association formed in 1769.

the approbation of Wilkes, whose existence depending on heats and riots, has made him afraid of being dropped, and of seeing any grievances in question, except his own. The supporters, or London Tavern, as they are called from the place of their meeting, determined on a petition to the King, in which they have enumerated all the matters of complaint from the beginning of this reign. This has lain to be signed, and has been prodigiously signed by the freeholders of Middlesex for these three weeks; and it was expected would be presented a week ago. What has prevented it, I don't know; probably the sitting of the Parliament, which was to have risen last Tuesday was se'nnight; but on the preceding Saturday fifteen of Wilkes's friends petitioned against Luttrell. The House could not refuse to hear them; last Monday was appointed, when, after a debate that lasted till near three in the morning, Luttrell was confirmed by two hundred and twenty-one to one hundred and fifty-two. Sixty-nine was no shining majority. The next day George Grenville dined at a tavern with Lord Rockingham's friends, and this union will no doubt last—till next session. On Tuesday the Houses were prorogued; but as the King went to put an end to the session, the behaviour of the people was as offensive as it could be, without an actual tumult.

Lord Chatham, as I foretold, has, you find, not appeared. His friends still talk of his coming to town; I see not to what end now.

Well! Madame du Barri has been suddenly presented, when nobody thought of it. The King returning from Choisi, found the Duc de Richelieu reading a letter, who said, 'Sire, the Comtesse du Barri desires to have the honour of being presented to your Majesty.'—'With all my heart,' replied Solomon; 'when she will; to-morrow, if she likes it.' Presented she was accordingly, and at night gave a great supper; to which were invited Richelieu and all the

Duc de Choiseul's enemies. Richelieu, engaged in this plot with the King, looks very unfavourable for the minister. Everybody is now presented to her, and she has been publicly at Marly. The Mesdames scratched M. de Beauvilliers out of the list for that party on *his* being presented. But I should think such affronts would only render the mistress more eager to establish herself. I grieve that if the change should arrive, it will not be in time to save Paoli.

The Russians have begun with vivacity and seized Asoph; still the Empress makes me a Turk in my heart. Don't you love the Chinese? Czernichew, her sumptuous minister here, was named for the embassy to China, but the Emperor said he would not receive an ambassador from a murderess. How often what we call barbarians make Europe blush!

Oh, I forgot to tell you that the Comte du Barri, who has been acknowledged by Lord Barrymore [2], insists on calling himself by that title. He was reported to be dead. The Duc de Chartres [3] said, 'C'est pour nous prouver qu'il est véritablement Comte du *Barrymort*.' I think the summer will be tolerably quiet here. Everybody is going to make hay and keep sheep, except the light troops that will skirmish in the newspapers. You, I hope, have got rid of your Emperors, and will have a little quiet too. When do your old folks at Rome intend to choose the last Pope? Does the Emperor design to dethrone St. Peter and restore Julius Cæsar? Or will Madame du Barri fatten up the Holy Ghost again only because M. de Choiseul had clipped its wings? Adieu!

[2] As a relation. *Walpole.*—Richard Barry (1745–1773), sixth Earl of Barrymore.

[3] Louis Philippe Joseph (1747–1793), Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d'Orléans, whom he succeeded in 1785. He was guillotined.

1259. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

I am more pleased than surprised at your kindness, and the hurry with which I answer your letter will, I hope, in some measure express my gratitude. I thank you for myself, not for my play[1]. I care little about the latter, in comparison of the satisfaction I receive from your friendship. I cannot think the play deserved the pains you have bestowed on it, but I am very willing to flatter myself that you felt some kindness for the author: and I doubt I am one of those selfish parents that love themselves better than their offspring.

I cannot think of the stage—I believe from pride—and I am weary of printing and publishing—I suppose from vanity, at least I am sure I have no better reasons for not making all possible use of your alterations, with which I am so much pleased that I shall correct my own copy by them. I am astonished to see with how few lines you have been able totally to change the canvas of a whole play, a play totally defective in the plan, and I believe not much better in the conduct, which you would not exert your judgement, or rather your chemistry, to prove; for I must repeat how surprised I am at the *solution* you have made with so little trouble. I own too my own want of judgement: I believe I was so pleased with what ought to have prevented my attempting the subject, which was the singularity of it. Unfrequent crimes are as little the business of tragedy, as singular characters are of comedy; it is inviting the town to correct a single person. You see, Sir, I am far from being incorrigible; on the contrary, I am willing to be corrected; but as Mr. Gray could tell you, I cannot correct

Letter 1259.—[1] *The Mysterious Mother.*

myself. I write I neither know how nor why, and always make worse what I try to amend. I have begged him a thousand times to no purpose to correct trifles I have written, and which I really could not improve myself. I am not so unreasonable or so imprudent as to ask the same favour of you, Sir; but I accept with great thankfulness what you have voluntarily been so good as to do for me; and should *The Mysterious Mother* ever be performed when I am dead, it will owe to you its presentation.

When I see Mr. Stonhewer, I will know if he would choose another edition of poor Mr. Hoyland's *Poems*. I doubt *not*, as when he sent for the last twenty, he said he believed he *could* get off them. I gladly adopt your corrections, but I cannot father your own goodness. It is to you, Sir, Mr. Hoyland owes everything.

Dodsley has published a dozen letters of Pope to Mrs. Blount; they are evidently real love-letters—and yet they are stiff and unnatural, though he affects negligence in them.

I forgot to reprove you for calling me *a poet*. I wish I had any pretensions to that title. It is true I early wished to be one, but soon found I was not; my prose was like speeches of the members of the House of Commons, who try to talk themselves into titles to which they were not born; you, Sir, who found your patent in your cradle, call me *My Lord*, as English peers condescend to give their own appellation to the peers of Ireland, though conscious that the latter are only commoners: for my part I give up all pretensions but to your esteem, with which you have flattered me, and which I beg you to continue by marks of friendship to, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1260. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1769.

Though it is incredible how little I have to say, I cannot refuse writing as you desired, to tell you that I have received your letter relating to the affairs of your family. It has given me entire satisfaction. There can be no doubt from the account of both your brothers of the estate being entailed on you. I fancy what we have heard lately was only an air of importance, and of which it is better to take no notice; especially as the contest can never happen with the person who assumed those airs. This is all it is necessary to say.

Everything here is perfectly calm; Wilkes so much forgotten, that he seems to have forgot himself. The Middlesex petition was at last presented yesterday, but as decently and respectfully as if it had come from Scotland. Opposition, I think, must set out upon some new fund, for even they themselves seem tired of the old.

The Duke of Grafton has already chosen a new wife, and is going to marry Miss Wrottesley[1], a niece of the Duchess of Bedford. She is not handsome, but is quiet and reasonable, and has a very amiable character.

As I told you in my last, we shall be happy enough to be able to divert ourselves with foreign news, Turks, Pope, or Paoli. It is generally thought here that the last will be able to hold out, from the inaccessible fastnesses of his island, and from the almost impossibility that the French will have of supplying themselves with provisions; and that even if they should succeed, the expense will pass all bounds. I think the Duc de Choiseul not at all likely to live long enough in his ministerial capacity to see that conquest achieved. His successor, whoever it shall be, will

Letter 1260.—[1]Elizabeth (d. 1822), second daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet. The Duke was divorced from his first wife in March 1769.

scarce compliment him with finishing his work at so dear and burdensome a rate.

So the Countess[2] is coming over, and the Countess is going back again! Why that is all that one has to say on her coming and going. I do not know whether she and her son will meet, but neither can meet with anybody less worth meeting.

Everybody is going into the country to recruit themselves with health, or money, or wit, or faction. This has been an expensive winter in all those articles. London is such a drain, that we seem annihilated in summer: at least the activity and events from the beginning of November to the beginning of June are so out of proportion to the other five months, that we are not the same nation in the one half-year and the other. Paris itself, compared to London, appeared to me a mere country town, where they live upon one piece of news for a month. When I lived in the country (which was but the three last summers of my father's life, for I don't call this place so), I used to be tired to death of the conversation on the price of oats and barley, and those topics that people talk about and about by their almanack, and which never do, and which never have occasion to come to a conclusion. I have been so used to think to a point, that the common conversation of the world about common things is insupportable to me; and to say the truth, I know less of the common affairs of the world than if I had lived all my days in a college. Elections, justice business, prices of commodities, and all matters of detail are Hebrew to me. Men that know every circumstance, and women that never know any, are equally good company to me. I had as willingly hear a story where everything is confounded, as where everything is detailed; the event of everything seeming to me all that is worth

[2] Lady Orford.—*Wulpole.*

knowing; and then I want something new. As I have nothing new, I may as well finish my letter. Adieu!

1261. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, May 27, 1769.

I have not heard from you this century, nor knew where you had fixed your staff. Mr. Gray tells me you are still at Waterbeach. Mr. Granger has published his Catalogue of Prints and Lives down to the Revolution, and, as the work sells well, I believe, nay, do not doubt but we shall have the rest. There are a few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. As I know you love scribbling in such books as well as I do, I beg you will give me leave to make you a present of one set. I shall send it in about a week to Mr. Gray, and have desired him, as soon as he has turned it over, to convey it to you. I have found a few mistakes, and you will find more. To my mortification, though I have four thousand heads, I find, upon a rough calculation, that I still shall want three or four hundred.

Pray, give me some account of yourself, how you do, and whether you are fixed? I thought you rather inclined to Ely. Are we never to have the history of that cathedral? I wish you would tell me that you have any thoughts of coming this way; or that you would make me a visit this summer. I shall be little from home this summer till August, when I think of going to Paris for six weeks.

To be sure you have seen the History of British Topography[1], which was published this winter, and it is a delightful book in our way. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

Letter 1261.—[1] *Anecdotes of British Topography*, by Richard Gough (1735–1809).

1262. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1769.

Among many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately—don't be afraid, I do not mean to incommode you at Waterbeach, but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The Bishop[1] has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthnesses; nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the Crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, or such like, after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose; however, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the Bishop after his civility; and I really would give the best advice I could. The Bishop, like Alexander VIII, feels that the clock has struck half an hour past eleven, and is impatient to be let depart in peace after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification; at least, he is impatient to give his eyes that treat—and yet it will be a pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you, that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already, though, by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to

Letter 1262.—[1] Matthias Mawson, Bishop of Ely; d. 1770.

plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a little collector to get me all that are *getable*; the rest, the greatest collectors of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had; but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do you expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples? You and your MSS. will all grow mouldy. When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest county under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you, and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered. Six Saxon bishops and a Duke of Northumberland[2]! You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the History—but, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the Dedication[3], and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question, till I found he would be quite hurt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it; so to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his *present*, for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with; and in a dedication, you know one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection to the plate, which is, the ten guineas. I have so many drafts on my extravagance for trifles that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the Duke or Duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such opportunity of buying incense—and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of Duke Brythnoth's bones, and ask him to move their Graces to contribute a plate. They could not be

[2] Their remains were discovered by Cole during some alterations in Ely Cathedral.

[3] Granger's *Biographical History* was dedicated to Horace Walpole.

so unnatural as to refuse—especially if the Duchess knew the size of his thigh-bone.

I was very happy to show civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin[4] seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's[5] *Letters*, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what I believe Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his Ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttelton's Monody. It is just as true, as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: that my father, *sitting in George's Coffee-House* (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news), was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover Square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard, but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents intituled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place[6] he had made, and

[4] William Howell Ewin (d. 1804), a notorious usurer.

[5] William Shenstone (1714-1763).

[6] The Leasowes.

which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my housekeeper. I own, I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last it rained a deluge. 'Well!' said I, 'at least nobody will come to-day.' The words were scarce uttered, before the bell rang, a company desired to see the house—I replied, 'Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden.'

Observe; nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson; I was not only much pleased with them, but quite glad to show them how entirely you command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant

HOR. WALPOLE.

1263. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1769.

I THANK you for the history of the Pope[1] and his genealogy, or, rather, for what is to be his genealogy; for I suppose all those tailors and coachmen his relations will now found noble families. They may enrich their blood with the remaining spoils of the Jesuits, unless, which would not surprise me, his new Holiness should now veer about, and endeavour to save the order; for I think the Church full as likely to fall by sacrificing its janissaries, as by any attacks that can be made upon it. *Deme unum, deme etiam unum.*

If I care little about your Roman politics, I am not so

LETTER 1263.—[1] Clement XIV, recently elected.

indifferent about your Corsican[2]. Poor brave Paoli!—but he is not disgraced! We, that have sat still and seen him overwhelmed, must answer it to history. Nay, the Mediterranean will taunt us in the very next war. Choiseul triumphs over us and Madame du Barri: her star seems to have lost its influence. I do not know what another lady[3] will say to Choiseul on the late behaviour of his friend, the Ambassador, here. As the adventure will make a chapter in the new edition of Wiquefort[4], and, consequently, will strike *you*, I will give you the detail. At the ball on the King's Birthday, Count Czernichew was sitting in the box of the foreign ministers next to Count Seilern, the Imperial Ambassador. The latter, who is as fierce as the spread eagle itself, and as stiff as the chin of all the Ferdinands, was, according to his custom, as near to Jupiter as was possible. Monsieur du Châtelet and the Prince de Masserano came in. Châtelet sidled up to the two former, spoke to them and passed behind them, but on a sudden lifted up his leg and thrust himself in between the two Imperials. The Russian, astonished and provoked, endeavoured to push him away, and a jostle began that discomposed the faces and curls of both; and the Russian even dropped the word *impertinent*. Czernichew, however, quitted the spot of battle, and the Prince de Masserano, in support of the family-compact, hobbled into the place below Châtelet. As the two champions retired, more words at the door. However, the Russian's coach being first, he astonished everybody by proposing to set Monsieur du Châtelet down at his

[2] Corsica was overrun in May by thirty thousand French troops, and was at this time almost entirely subdued. Paoli held out until surrounded by the enemy. He then, with a body of five hundred men, cut his way through the French troops, and after hiding for two days, he escaped on an English ship, landing in Leghorn on June 16, 1769.

[3] The Czarina. *Walpole.*

[4] Abraham Wicquefort, author of a treatise called *L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions.*

own house. In the coach, *it is said*, the Frenchman protested he had meant nothing personal either to Count Czernichew, or to the Russian minister, but having received orders from his court to take place on all occasions *next* to the Imperial Ambassador, he had but done his duty. Next morning he visited Czernichew, and they are *personally* reconciled. It was, however, feared that the dispute would be renewed, for, at the King's next levee, both were at the door, ready to push in when it should be opened; but the Russian kept behind, and at the bottom of the room, without mixing with the rest of the foreign ministers. The King, who was much offended at what had passed, called Count Czernichew into the middle of the room, and talked to him for a very considerable time. Since then, the Lord Chamberlain has been ordered to notify to all the foreign ministers that the King looks on the ball at court as a private ball, and declares, *to prevent such disagreeable altercations for the future*, that there is no precedence there. This declaration is ridiculed, because the ball at court is almost the only ceremony observed there, and certainly the most formal, the Princes of the blood dancing first, and everybody else being taken out according to their rank. Yet the King, being the fountain of all rank, may certainly declare what he pleases, especially in his own palace. The public papers, which seldom spare the French, are warm for the Russian. Châtelet, too, is not popular, nor well at court. He is wrong-headed, and at Vienna was very near drawing his court into a scrape by his haughtiness. His own friends even doubt whether this last exploit will not offend at Versailles, as the Duc de Choiseul has lately been endeavouring to soften the Czarina, wishes to send a minister thither, and has actually sent an agent. Châtelet was to have gone this week, but I believe waits to hear how his behaviour is taken. Personally, I am quite on his side, though I think

him in the wrong; but he is extremely civil to me; I live much at his house, admire his wife exceedingly, and, besides, you know, have declared war with the Czarina; so what I say is quite in confidence to you, and for your information. As an Englishman, I am whatever Madam Great Britain can expect of me. As intimate with the Châtelets, and extremely attached to the Duchess of Choiseul, I detest Madame du Barri and her faction. You, who are a foreign minister, and can distinguish like a theologian between the *two natures*, perfectly comprehend all this; and, therefore, to the charity of your casuistry I recommend myself in this jumble of contradictions, which you may be sure do not give me any sort of trouble either way. At least I have not *three* distinctions, like Châtelet when he affronted Czernichew, but neither in his private nor public capacity.

This fracas happens very luckily, as we had nothing left to talk of; for of the Pope we think no more, according to the old saying, than of the Pope of Rome. Of Wilkes there is no longer any question, and of the war under the pole we hear nothing. Corsica, probably, will occasion murmurs, but they will be preserved in pickle till next winter. I am come hither for two months, very busy with finishing my round tower, which has stood still these five years, and with an enchanting new cottage that I have built, and other little works. In August I shall go to Paris for six weeks. In short, I am delighted with having bid adieu to Parliament and politics, and with doing nothing but what I like all the year round.

Your brother called on me t'other day, and desired I would recommend to you three English gentlemen who are going to France. He gave me their names, but I have lost them. No matter; you are civil to all three and all three hundred English. You will find out these by their being men of Kent and your brother's acquaintance, and therefore don't

betray me. You are so good to all, that these will easily believe your attentions are particularly addressed to them on your brother's recommendation. Adieu!

1264. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, June 26, 1769.

Oh, yes, yes, I shall like Thursday or Friday, 6th or 7th, exceedingly. I shall like your staying with me two days exceedingly*er*; and longer exceedingly*est*: and I will carry you back to Cambridge on our pilgrimage to Ely. But I should not at all like to be catched in the glories of an installation[1], and find myself a Doctor, before I knew where I was. It will be much more agreeable to find the whole *caput* asleep, digesting turtle, dreaming of bishoprics, and humming old catches of Anacreon and scraps of Corelli. I wish Mr. Gray may not be set out for the north, which is rather the case than setting out for the summer. We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pine-apples, by fire. My hay is an absolute *water-soochy*, and teaches me how to feel for you. You are quite in the right to sell your fief in Marshland. I should be glad if you would take one step more, and quit Marshland. We live, at least, on terra firma in this part of the world, and can saunter out without stilts. *Then* we do not wade into pools, and call it going upon the water, and get sore throats. I trust yours is better; but I recollect this is not the first you have complained of. Pray be not incorrigible, but come to shore.

Be so good as to thank Mr. Smith, my old tutor, for his corrections. If ever the *Anecdotes* are reprinted, I will certainly profit of them.

Letter 1264. —[1] The installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which took place in July 1769.

I joked, it is true, about Joscelin de Louvain[2] and his Duchess; but not at all in advising you to make Mr. Percy pimp for the plate. On the contrary, I wish you success, and think this an infallible method of obtaining the benefaction. It is right to lay vanity under contribution, for then both sides are pleased.

It will not be easy for you to dine with Mr. Granger from hence, and return at night. It cannot be less than six- or seven-and-twenty miles to Shiplake. But I go to Park Place to-morrow, which is within two miles of him, and I will try if I can tempt him to meet you here. Adieu!

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

1265. To the Earl of Strafford.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1769.

When you have been so constantly good to me, my dear Lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendship has lasted so long? Can I be insensible to the honour or pleasure of your acquaintance? When the advantage lies so much on my side, am I likely to alter the first? Oh, but it will last now! We have seen friendships without number born and die. Ours was not formed on interest, nor alliance; and politics, the poison of all English connections, never entered into ours. You have given me a new proof by remembering the chapel of Luton[1]. I hear it is to be preserved; and am glad of it, though I might have been the better for its ruins.

I should have answered your Lordship's last post, but was

[2] The Duke of Northumberland, who assumed the name of Percy in consequence of his marriage to a Percy heiress, as did Joscelin de Louvain on his marriage to Agnes de Percy.

Letter 1265.—[1] Luton Hoo, Lord Bute's seat in Bedfordshire.

at Park Place. I think Lady Ailesbury quite recovered; though her illness has made such an impression that she does not yet believe it.

It is so settled that we are never to have tolerable weather in June, that the first hot day was on Saturday—hot by comparison; for I think it is three years since we have really felt the feel of summer. I was, however, concerned to be forced to come to town yesterday on some business; for, however the country feels, it looks divine, and the verdure we buy so dear is delicious. I shall not be able, I fear, to profit of it this summer in the loveliest of all places, as I am to go to Paris in August. But next year I trust I shall accompany Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury to Wentworth Castle. I shall be glad to visit Castle Howard and Beverley; but neither would carry me so far, if Wentworth Castle was not in the way.

The Châtelets are gone, without any more battles with the Russians. The papers say the latter have been beaten by the Turks; which rejoices me, though against all rules of politics: but I detest that murderess, and like to have her humbled. I don't know that this piece of news is true: it is enough to me that it is agreeable. I had rather take it for granted, than be at the trouble of inquiring about what I have so little to do with. I am just the same about the City and Surrey petitions. Since I have *dismembered*[2] myself, it is incredible how cool I am to all politics.

London is the abomination of desolation; and I rejoice to leave it again this evening. Even Pam has not a levee above once or twice a week. Next winter, I suppose it will begin to be a fashion to remove into the City: for, since it is the mode to choose aldermen at this end of the town, the Maccaronis will certainly adjourn to Bishopsgate Street,

[2] Mr. Walpole means, since he quitted Parliament. *Walpole.*

for fear of being fined for sheriffs. Mr. James[3] and Mr. Boothby will die of the thought of being aldermen of Grosvenor Ward and Berkeley Square Ward. Adam and Eve in their paradise laugh at all these tumults, and have not tasted of the tree that forfeits paradise; which I take to have been the tree of politics, not of knowledge. How happy you are not to have your son Abel knocked on the head by his brother Cain at the Brentford election! You do not hunt the poor deer and hares that gambol around you.—If Eve[4] has a sin, I doubt it is angling; but as she makes all other creatures happy, I beg she would not impale worms nor whisk carp out of one element into another. If she repents of that guilt, I hope she will live as long as her grandson Methuselah. There is a commentator that says *his* life was protracted for never having boiled a lobster alive. Adieu, dear couple, that I honour as much as I could honour my first grandfather and grandmother!

Your most dutiful

Hor. Japhet.

1266. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

You desired me to write, if I knew anything particular. How particular will content you? Don't imagine I would send you such hash as the Livery's petition[1]. Come; would the apparition of my Lord Chatham satisfy you? Don't be frightened; it was not his ghost. He, he himself *in propriâ personâ*, and not in a strait-waistcoat, walked into the King's levee this morning, and was in the closet twenty minutes after the levee; and was to go out of town to-night

[3] Probably Haughton James, a West India proprietor.

[4] Lady Strafford.

Letter 1266.—[1] The petition of the Livery of London, delivered to the King by the Lord Mayor, Beckford, and three others, on July 5, 1769.

again. The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be king, minister, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know: nor a word more than I have told you. Whether he was sent for to guard St. James's Gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to storm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I should think the latter. I am so indifferent what he came for, that I shall wait till Sunday to learn: when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I send this by my friend Mr. Granger[2], who will leave it at your park gate as he goes through Henley home. Good night! it is past twelve, and I am going to bed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1267. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1769.

YOUR fellow travellers, Rosette[1] and I, got home safe, perfectly contented with our expedition, and wonderfully obliged to you. Pray receive our thanks and barkings, and pray say and bark a great deal for us to Mr. and Mrs. Bentham[2], and all that good family.

After gratitude, you know, always comes a little self-interest, for who would be at the trouble of being grateful, if he had no further expectations? *Imprimis*, then, here are the directions for Mr. Essex[3] for the piers of my gates[4]. Bishop Luda[5] must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt,

[2] Author of the *Biographical History of England*. *Walpole*.

LETTER 1267.—Incomplete in C.; now first printed entire from original in British Museum.

[1] Horace Walpole's dog.

[2] Joseph Bentham (1708–1778), Alderman of Cambridge and printer to that University. His wife was Anne, sister of George Reste, of Cambridge.

[3] James Essex (1722–1784), architect. He was much employed at Cambridge and Ely.

[4] The garden gate, engraved in the *Description of Strawberry Hill*.

[5] William de Luda, Bishop of Ely, 1290–99.

will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed over*. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Prior,

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nel!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

Adorning cathedrals when the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nel's mishap. But to come to Mr. Essex.

The width of the iron gates is 6 feet 2, and they are 7 feet 10 high. Each pilaster is one foot wide: the whole width, with the interstices, is 8 feet 10. The ornament over the gates is 4 feet 4 to the point. Perhaps you will understand me from this scrawl [6].

The piers should certainly, I think, be a little, and not much higher than the ornament over the gates, but Mr. Essex will judge better of the proper proportion. I would not have any bas-relief or figures in the bases. The tops to be in this manner. Nothing over the gates themselves.

My next job is a list of some heads, which I beg you will give to Mr. Jackson; at his leisure he will try if he can pick them up for me.

Frances Bridges, Countess of Exeter. (You will think me very gluttonous about this.)
D. of Bucks by Faithorne, in the manner of Mellan.
Sir John Hoskins [7].
Sir Robert Viner.
Wharton.
Mrs. Cooper.
Sleidan [8].
Sir Bevil Granville [9].
Prince Eugene, young.
D. of Ormond, do.
Mrs. Wellers.
Gouge [10].

[6] Two rough drawings appear in the original letter.

[7] Sir John Hoskins or Hoskyns, second Baronet (1634–1705), Master in Chancery, and President of the Royal Society, 1682–83. The print of him was begun by Faithorne and finished by White.

[8] Johann Sleiden or Sleidanus (1506–1556). Faithorne engraved six prints for the English edition of his *History of the Reformation in Germany*.

[9] Sir Bevil Grenville or Granville (1596–1643), killed at Lansdowne, near Bath, during the Civil War.

[10] Dr. William Gouge (1578–1653), Puritan divine.

Lady Paston [11].
Hannah Wooley [12].
Lady Harrington.
Venner [13].
Glanville [14].
Maria Langham [15].
Lady Rooke.
Frontispiece to Academy of Eloquence.
Do. to History of Ch. I by H. L.

Hen. Maria before the Queen's Closet opened.

Do. See Granger, vol. i. p. 2, p. 335.

Ch. 2d, Sheldon [16], and Shaftsbury before old editions of Chamberlain's *Present State.*

Qu. Eliz., Burleigh, and Walsingham, Frontisp. to Sir Dudley Digges's *Compleat Embassador.*

N.B. All the above are by Faithorne or by his son in mezzotinto. I shall not mind paying for books, to get the prints. Here are a few others.

Sir Tho. Armstrong [17] in a print with other heads. Lady Mary Airmine. Catherine Bolein. Charles Blount Lord Montjoy. George Earl of Berkeley. Ld. Brounker. Mary Duchess of Beaufort [18]. Madam Sophia Bulkeley [19]. Lady Brandon. Arthur Lord Chichester. Giovanni Dudley Duca di Northumberland. Lady Anastatia Digby. Ld. Dartmouth [20]. Lady Falconberg [21]. Humphrey D. of

[11] Wife of Sir William Paston, first Baronet (d. 1662), of Paston and Oxnead, Norfolk.

[12] Mrs. Hannah Wooley, who wrote in the seventeenth century on cookery, needlework, and household management. Her portrait (sometimes stated not to represent her but a Mrs. Gilly) was engraved by Faithorne.

[13] Tobias Venner (1577–1660), medical writer. His portrait, engraved by Faithorne, was prefixed to one of the editions of his work entitled *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam.*

[14] Joseph Glanvill (1636 – 1680), whose portrait was prefixed to his *Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft.*

[15] Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Alston, and wife of Sir James Langham.

[16] Gilbert Sheldon (1598 – 1677), Archbishop of Canterbury.

[17] Sir Thomas Armstrong, Knight (d. 1684), executed for participation in the Rye House Plot.

[18] Hon. Mary Capel, eldest daughter of first Baron Capel of Hadham, and wife of first Duke of Beaufort.

[19] Hon. Sophia Stewart, daughter of Hon. Walter Stewart, second son of first Baron Blantyre, and wife of Hon. Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of first Viscount Bulkeley.

[20] George Legge (1647–1691), first Baron Dartmouth.

[21] Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and wife of first Earl Fauconberg; d. 1713.

Gloster. Countess of Hertford. Sir John Hotham[22]. *Jacob Hall*[23]. Theoph. Earl of Huntingdon[24]. Eliz. Countess of Kent. Louisa Princess Palatine[25]. D. and Dss. of Newcastle and children at table by Diepenbecke[26]. Sir John Perrot[27]. Percy[28], gunpowder conspirator. Tobias Rustat[29]. Alex. E. of Stirling[30]. Eliz. Countess of Southampton[31]. Lady Eliz. Shirley[32], by Hollar. Earl of Tyrconnel. Lady Mary Vere. Sir H. Vane[33] *the elder*. Sir Tho. Wyat. *Edw.* E. of Warwick.

I will trouble you with no more at present, but to get from Mr. Lort[34] the name of the Norfolk monster, and to give it to Jackson. Don't forget the list of English heads in Dr. Ewin's book for Mr. Granger, particularly the Duchess of Chevreux. I will now release you, only adding my compliments to Dr. Ewin, Mr. Tyson[35], Mr. Lort, Mr. Essex, and once more to the Benthams. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours ever, H. W.

Remember to ask me for acacias, and anything else with which I can pay some of my debts to you.

[22] Sir John Hotham, first Baronet, Governor of Hull; d. 1645.

[23] A rope-dancer, who flourished in the reign of Charles II.

[24] Theophilus Hastings (1650–1701), seventh Earl of Huntingdon.

[25] Probably Louisa Hollandia, daughter of Frederick, Count Palatine and King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England. The Princess Louisa was Abbess of Maubuisson, near Paris.

[26] See letter to Gray of Nov. 19, 1765.

[27] Probably Sir John Perrot, Knight (d. 1592), Lord Deputy of Ireland.

[28] Thomas Percy (1560–1605).

[29] Tobias Rustat (d. 1694), benefactor to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

[30] William Alexander (d. 1640), first Earl of Stirling, poet and colonist.

[31] Lady Elizabeth Leigh, daughter of first Earl of Chichester, and second wife of Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton.

[32] In the list of prints by Hollar given in the *Anecdotes of Painting* Horace Walpole mentions 'Lady Elizabeth Shirley the Persian.' This was probably Teresia, daughter of a Circassian nobleman and wife of Sir Robert Shirley, Envoy to England from Persia. Her portrait was engraved by Hollar.

[33] Sir Henry Vane, Knight (1589–1655).

[34] Dr. Michael Lort (1725–1790), antiquary; Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, 1759–71; Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1779–83.

[35] Rev. Michael Tyson (1740–1780), antiquary and amateur artist.

1268. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 19, 1769.

You will possibly wonder you have not heard from me, when the public papers must have raised your curiosity and impatience. The reappearance of Lord Chatham, after so long a seclusion of himself, is no indifferent event. It has opened all eyes and mouths from hence to Madrid. I am not apt to neglect such eras. In truth, I wished to be able to tell you more than mere conjectures. *Venit, vidit,*—the *vicit* is to come. He was twenty minutes alone with the King; but what passed, neither of their Majesties has been pleased to tell. *General conversation only,* is the word given out. That the Earl is perfectly well, that is, *compos mentis*, and grown fat, is certain. That the moment of his appearance, i. e. so immediately after the petition of the Livery of London, set on foot and presented by his friend Alderman Beckford, has a hostile look, cannot be doubted. That he was *not* sent for—is, I believe, still more true. Farther this deponent saith not. If petitioning had caught and run briskly, to be sure it might have been necessary to call in so great a fireman to stop the flame, as apothecaries give rhubarb to check a looseness. But London, for the first time in its life, has not dictated to England. Essex and Hertfordshire have refused to petition; Wiltshire and Worcester say they will petition, and Yorkshire probably will. But London has so *outdone its usual outdoings*[1], that the example is not tempting, especially as they did not venture to sign their own petition. They have attacked ministers, judges, and Parliament itself. The latter, in all likelihood, will ask them some questions next winter.

Letter 1268.—[1] An expression of Cibber on Mrs. Oldfield in his preface to *The Provoked Husband*, that was much ridiculed at the time. *Walpole.*

Lord Holland has already asked one of the Lord Mayor[2]; who chose to shift the blame from himself[3]. It has stirred up a controversy which is not likely to end so. The world is persuaded that there are two factions in the ministry,—if there were not, it would be the only place void of them. The East India Company is all faction and gaming. Such fortunes are made and lost every day as are past belief. Our history will appear a gigantic lie hereafter, when we are shrunk again to our own little island. People trudge to the other end of the town to vote who shall govern empires at the other end of the world. Panchaud, a banker from Paris, broke yesterday for seventy thousand pounds, by buying and selling stock; and Sir Laurence Dundas *paid in* an hundred and forty thousand pounds for what he had bought. The Company have more and greater places to give away than the First Lord of the Treasury. Riches, abuse, cabals, are so enormously overgrown, that one wants conception and words to comprehend or describe them. Even Jewish prophets would have found Eastern hyperboles deficient, if Nineveh had been half so extravagant, luxurious, and rapacious as this wicked good town of London. I expect it will set itself on fire at last, and light the match with India bonds and bank bills. As I pass by it and look at it, I cannot help talking to it, as Ezekiel would do, and saying, 'With all those combustibles in thy bowels, with neither government, police, or prudence, how is it that thou still existest?' Well! I am going to a little quiet town, where they have had nothing but one whore to talk of for this twelvemonth,—I mean Paris. Madame du Barri gains ground, and yet Monsieur de Choiseul carries

[2] Hon. Thomas Harley.

[3] In the petition from the freeholders of Middlesex Lord Holland was described as *the defaulter for unaccounted millions.* He wrote to the Lord Mayor to complain of the aspersion. The Lord Mayor replied that he was not answerable for the contents of the petition.

all his points. He has taken Corsica, bought Sweden, made a Pope, got the Czarina drubbed by the Turks, and has restored the Parliament of Bretagne, in spite of the Duc d'Aiguillon,—for revenge can make so despotic and ambitious a man as Choiseul even turn patriot,—and yet at this moment I believe he dreads my Lord Chatham more than Madame du Barri.

I shall set out on the fifteenth of next month, and return the first week in October. During that interval I think you had better not write to me, as you know with what difficulty I got your letters there.

I am much concerned that the journeyings and sojournings of your little court are so expensive to you. Nor do I know what to advise. I rather am against your buying annuities. Pray do not go and game in India stock. I am now so out of the world and so absolutely out of all politics, that my interest is no better than my advice. My hopes are, that your court will soon grow older. The frisks of a young reign never last. Princes take root in their capital after their first vagaries are over. Ministers do not love to gallop about; and if these peregrinations are burdensome to you, what must they be to the court itself? The finances will fail, and they have no Bengal to draw upon. There will come lectures from Vienna, and you will sit down quietly again in Via de' Santi Apostoli. There is my trust: in the meantime I am heartily sorry for the inconvenience you suffer, and wish it was in my power to remedy.

My Lady Orford, I hear, is stopped short at Milan, and does not talk of coming these six months. If she has tapped a new city, I shall not wonder if she never comes. Adieu! I have been writing in the dark, and do not know whether you can read my letter; I find I cannot read it myself.

1269. To Thomas Chatterton.

Sir,

I do not see, I must own, how those precious MSS., of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist, from whence you say you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not choose to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of those papers) intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, Sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? poetry, so resembling both Spenser and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the monk wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts.

For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, Sir, I will have them copied, and will send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your

Letter 1269.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. iv. pp. 237-8.

original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter, that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I should be better diverted, if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expense, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would show you had little opinion of my judgement; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter, as you say, Sir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour[1].

1270. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1769.

I was in town yesterday and found the parcel arrived very safe. I give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for all the contents, but when I sent you the list of heads I wanted, it was for Mr. Jackson, not at all meaning to rob you: but your generosity much outruns my prudence, and I must be upon my guard with you. The Catherine Bolen was particularly welcome; I had never seen it; it is a treasure, though I am persuaded not genuine, but taken from a French print of the Queen of Scots, which I have. I wish you could tell

[1] The following note was appended by Horace Walpole to this letter:—'N.B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his redemanding his MSS., but not choosing to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.'

me whence it was taken, I mean from what book: I imagine the same in which are two prints, which Mr. Granger mentions, and has himself (with Italian inscriptions too), of a Duke of Northumberland and an Earl of Arundel. Mr. Barnardiston I never saw before, and do not know in what reign he lived, I suppose lately; nor do I know the era of the Master of Bennet[1]. When I come back, I must beg you to satisfy these questions. The Countess of Kent is very curious, too; I have lately got a very dirty one, so that I shall return yours again. Mrs. Wooley I could not get high nor low—but there is no end of thanking you—and yet I must for Sir J. Finett[2], though Mr. Hawkins gave me a copy a fortnight ago. I must delay sending them till I come back. Be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for his prints and notes; the latter I have not had time to look over, I am so hurried with my journey, but I am sure they will be very useful to me. I hope he will not forget me in October. It will be a good opportunity of sending you some young acacias, or anything you want from hence—I am sure you ought to ask me for anything in my power, so much I am in your debt. I must beg to be a little more, by entreating you to pay Mr. Essex whatever he asks for his drawing, which is just what I wished. The iron gates I have.

With regard to a history of Gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus. I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to show how they plastered and zigzagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful

LETTER 1270.—[1] John Barnardiston, D.D., Master of Bene't (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, 1764–78.

[2] Sir John Finet or Finett, Knight (1571–1641), Master of the Ceremonies to James I.

Gothic arrived at its perfection; then how it deceased in Henry the Eighth's reign, Archbp. Warham's tomb at Canterbury being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change. Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture; in Queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all; I mean no pillars, or seldom; buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work, for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

The next part, Mr. Essex can do better than anybody, and is perhaps the only person who can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, proportions and method of building, and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would show what great men they were, and how they raised such aërial or stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic period of each building—and not only of each building, but of each tomb, that shall be exhibited, for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments was exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments; which would not be a great many, as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil; quatrefoils, cinquefoils, &c., being but various modifications

of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so: and of them there should be samples too.

This work, you see, could not be executed by one hand. Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out, and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expense too, which would be considerable: but I am sure we could get assistance: and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially. Mr. Tyson's history of fashions and dresses would make a valuable part of the work, as in elder times especially much must be depended on tombs for dresses. I have a notion the King might be inclined to encourage such a work; and, if a proper plan was drawn out, for which I have not time now, I would endeavour to get it laid before him, and his *patronage* solicited. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing.

You was very kind to take me out of the scrape about the organ[3], and yet if my insignificant name could carry it to one side, I would not scruple to lend it. Thank you, too, for St. Alban[4] and Noailles[5]. The very picture[6] the latter describes was in my father's collection, and is now at Worksop. I have scarce room to crowd in my compliments to the good house of Bentham, and to say, yours ever,

H. Walpole.

[3] At Ely.

[4] Incidents similar to those which suggested to Horace Walpole the plot of *The Mysterious Mother* were noticed by Cole in a Latin MS. life of St. Alban.

[5] An extract from the *Négociations* (published in 1763) of François de Noailles (1519–1585), Bishop of Dax, and French Ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary.

[6] A picture of the Earl of Surrey leaning on a broken column.

1271. To George Montagu.

August 18, 1769.

As I have heard nothing of you since the Assyrian calends, which is much longer ago than the Greek, you may perhaps have died in Media, at Ecbatana, or in Chaldæa, and then, to be sure, I have no reason to take it ill that you have forgotten me. There is no post between Europe and the Elysian fields, where I hope in the Lord Pluto you are; and for the letters that are sent by Orpheus, Æneas, Sir George Villiers[1], and such accidental passengers, to be sure, one cannot wonder if they miscarry. You might indeed have sent one a *scrawl* by Fanny, as Cock Lane is not very distant from Arlington Street: but, when I asked her, she scratched the ghost of a no, that made one's ears tingle again. If, contrary to all probability, you should still be above ground, and if, which is still more improbable, you should repent of your sins while you are yet in good health, and should go strangely farther, and endeavour to make atonement by writing to me again, I think it conscientiously right to inform you, that I am not in Arlington Street, nor at Strawberry Hill, nor even in Middlesex—nay, not in England. I am—I am—guess where—not in Corsica—nor at Spa—stay, I am not at Paris yet—but I hope to be there in two days. In short, I am at Calais, having landed about two hours ago, after a tedious passage of nine hours. Having no soul with me but Rosette, I have been amusing myself with the arrival of a French officer and his wife in a berlin,

Letter 1271.—Addressed to Adderbury and endorsed:
'Forwarded from Dover the 21 Aug. 1769.
Your most obedient and
humble servants,
Minet and Fector.'

[1] For an account of the apparition of Sir George Villiers see Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Bk. I.

which carried their ancestors to one of Molière's new plays: as Madame has no maid with her, she and Monsieur very prudently untied the trunks, and disburthened the venerable machine of all its luggage themselves; and then with a proper resumption of their quality, Monsieur gave his hand to Madame, and conducted her in much ceremony through the yard to their apartment.—Here ends the beginning of my letter—when I have nothing else to do, perhaps I may continue it. You cannot have the confidence to complain, if I give you no more than my *momens perdus*; have you deserved any better of me?

Saturday morning.

Having just recollected that the whole merit of this letter will consist in the surprise, I hurry to finish it, and send it away by the captain of the packet, who is returning. You may repay me this surprise by answering my letter, and by directing yours to Arlington Street, from whence Mary will forward it to me. You will not have much time to consider, for I shall set out on my return from Paris the first of October, according to my solemn promise to Strawberry—and you must know, I keep my promises to Strawberry much better than you do. Adieu! Boulogne hoy!

1272. To John Chute.

Paris, Aug. 30, 1769.

I have been so hurried with paying and receiving visits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My passage was very tedious, and lasted near nine hours for want of wind.—But I need not talk of my journey; for Mr. Maurice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was safe on terra firma.

Judge of my surprise at hearing four days ago, that my Lord Dacre and my Lady were arrived here. They are

lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to consult a Doctor Pomme[1] who has prescribed wine, and Lord Dacre already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man across the sea tells him the plainest thing in the world; that man happens to be called a doctor; and happening for novelty to talk common sense, is believed, as if he had talked nonsense! and what is more extraordinary, Lord Dacre thinks himself better, *though* he is so.

My dear old woman[2] is in better health than when I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, 'J'ai soixante et mille ans.' She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. A protégé of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet seen Madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the *Exposition* at the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my *virtù*, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to Rosette's[3] having a walk. She goes nowhere else, because there is a distemper among the dogs.

There is going to be represented a translation of *Hamlet*; who when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I suppose will be exactly *Monsieur le Prince Oreste*. T'other night I was at *Mérope*. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter; they said her familiar tones were those of a *poissonnière*. In the last act, when one expected the catastrophe, Narbas, more interested than anybody to see

LETTER 1272. — [1] Pierre Pomme (1735–1812).

[2] Madame du Deffand. *Walpole.*

[3] A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's. *Walpole.*

the event, remained coolly on the stage to hear the story. The Queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair most artfully undressed, and reeling as if she was maudlin, sobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has published a tragedy, called *Les Guèbres*. Two Roman colonels open the piece: they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company destroyed, by the Emperor's mandate, a city of the Guèbres, in which were their own wives and children; and they recollect that they want prodigiously to know whether both their families did perish in the flames. The son of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themselves brother and sister, insist upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The son stabs his father, who is half a Guèbre, too. The high-priest rants and roars. The Emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a persecutor, and forgives the son for assassinating his father (who does not die) because—I don't know why, but that he may marry his cousin. The grave-diggers in *Hamlet* have no chance, when such a piece as the *Guèbres* is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear Sir! I hope to find you quite well at my return.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1273. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1769.

YOUR two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy

many things for you here, that you would like, the reliques of the last age's magnificence; but since my Lady Holderness invaded the Custom House with an hundred and fourteen gowns, in the reign of that twopenny monarch George Grenville, the ports are so guarded, that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle anything into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent. on second-hand commodities. All I transported three years ago was conveyed under the cannon of the Duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative[1]; nor if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not counterband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the Custom House not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you—only the intrinsic; a compensation which you, who are no member of Parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract it into an Elzevir size, and be content with anything one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend[2] was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all

Letter 1273.—[1] Earl Harcourt. [2] Madame du Deffand.

that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the Président Hénault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home. I tell a story; I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward—what is next year?—a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanack! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this, resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, &c. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and, though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centres his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with

the beggars at the threshold, and never propose going on, but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say, one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all *our* expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and Lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry Hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My Lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine! but, poor man! can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My Lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezières, and thought I might to a spiritual votary to immortality venture to say that her mother must be very old—she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

1274. To the Earl of Strafford.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1769.

T'other night, at the Duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the *Intendant* of Rouen asked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland?—I suppose he thinks

that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to sow corn, plant vines, and make operas. If this letter should contrive to scramble through that *desert* Yorkshire, where your Lordship has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intensely studying those laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great, and flourishing; where *lettres de cachet* soften manners, and a proper distribution of luxury and beggary ensures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of students in legislature of both sexes here at present, I will not anticipate their discoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature, which these great philosophers have made, and which would add considerable beauties to those parts which your Lordship has already recovered from the waste, and taught to look a little like a Christian country. The secret is very simple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to strike it out. It is nothing but this: trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are strange awkward productions when not taught to hold themselves upright or bow on proper occasions. The academy *de Belles-Lettres* have even offered a prize for the man that shall recover the long-lost art of an ancient Greek, called *le sieur Orphée*, who instituted a dancing-school for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the Dauphin of Thrace, which was performed entirely by forest-trees. In this whole kingdom there is no such thing as seeing a tree that is not well-behaved. They are first stripped up and then cut down; and you would as soon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or an ash. As the

weather is very hot now, and the soil chalk, and the dust white, I assure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to distinguish a tree from a hair-dresser. Lest this should sound like a travelling hyperbole, I must advertise your Lordship, that there is little difference in their heights; for, a tree of thirty years' growth being liable to be marked as royal timber, the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enlisted, but burn them, and plant others as often almost as they change their fashions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addison's visions, and

Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains smile[1].

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable search after knowledge must be reserved to a future opportunity; but as your Lordship is my friend, I may venture to say without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philosophers who travelled to Egypt in quest of religions, mysteries, laws, and fables, never sat up so late with the ladies and priests and *présidents de parlement* at Memphis, as I do here—and consequently were not half so well qualified as I am to new-model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make remonstrances, and how to answer them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country—and yet it is as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my namesake—'Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.' You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with—that is all. I do not wonder the Intendant of Rouen thinks we are still

Letter 1274.—[1] 'And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.' *Letter to Lord Halifax.*

in a state of barbarism, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond have been here a few days, and are gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it; as I know no man who has more estimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I shall not return with them, as they have pressed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go so agreeably; but then it would protract my absence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own cave, notwithstanding the wisdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot sacrifice one's self wholly to the public: Titus and Wilkes have now and then lost a day. Adieu, my dear Lord! Be assured that I shall not disdain yours and Lady Strafford's conversation, though you have nothing but the goodness of your hearts, and the simplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened understanding of your old friend,

Hor. Walpole.

1275. To George Montagu.

Paris, Sunday night, Sept. 17, 1769.

I am heartily tired; but, as it is too early to go to bed, I must tell you how agreeably I have passed the day. I wished for you; the same scenes strike us both, and the same kind of visions has amused us both ever since we were born.

Well then! I went this morning to Versailles with my niece Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hart[1], Lady Denbigh's sister, and the Count de Grave, one of the most amiable, humane, and obliging men alive. Our first object was to

Letter 1275.—[1] Jane, eldest daughter of Sir John Cotton, sixth Baronet; m. Thomas Hart, of Warfield, Berkshire. Her sister Mary was the wife of the sixth Earl of Denbigh.

see Madame du Barri. Being too early for mass, we saw the Dauphin and his brothers at dinner. The eldest is the picture of the Duke of Grafton, except that he is more fair, and will be taller. He has a sickly air, and no grace. The Count de Provence has a very pleasing countenance, with an air of more sense than the Count d'Artois, the genius of the family. They already tell as many *bons mots* of the latter as of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. He is very fat, and the most like his grandfather of all the children. You may imagine this royal mess did not occupy us long. Thence to the chapel, where a first row in the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette*; an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome King. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were almost stifled in the ante-chamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened, everybody rushes in, Princes of the blood, *cordons bleus*, abbés, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet, so used are their Highnesses to this trade, that they eat as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

Our second act was much more agreeable. We quitted the court and a reigning mistress, for a dead one and a cloister. In short, I had obtained leave from the Bishop of Chartres to enter *into* St. Cyr; and, as Madame du Deffand

never leaves anything undone that can give me satisfaction, she had written to the abbess to desire I might see everything that could be seen there. The Bishop's order was to admit me, Monsieur de Grave, *et les dames de ma compagnie.* I begged the abbess to give me back the order, that I might deposit it in the archives of Strawberry, and she complied instantly. Every door flew open to us: and the nuns vied in attentions to please us. The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, the same in which the Czar [2] saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscoted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Everywhere else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above (for that I have mentioned is on the ground-floor), consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a Queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel, and, as it was *my* curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune; my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners, two and two, each band headed by a man, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which I confess was not a little tedious. The young ladies, to the number of two hundred and fifty, are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have

[2] Probably Peter the Great, who visited Paris in 1717.

knots of a different colour for distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered, their coiffure a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker: in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead cloths, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty, and in the middle of the choir, under a flat marble, lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna. The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross: her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty pictures. The young one looking over her shoulder has a round face, without the least resemblance to those of her latter age. That in the royal mantle, of which you know I have a copy, is the most repeated; but there is another with a longer and leaner face, which has by far the most sensible look. She is in black, with a high point head and band, a long train, and is sitting in a chair of purple velvet. Before her knees stands her niece Madame de Noailles[3], a child; at a distance a view of Versailles or St. Cyr, I could not distinguish which. We were shown some rich *reliquaires*, and the *corpo santo* that was sent to her by the Pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the choruses of *Athaliah*[4]; in another, they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction—for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed

[3] Françoise d'Aubigné, daughter of the Comte d'Aubigné; m. (1698) Adrien Maurice, Duc de Noailles.

[4] Racine's *Athalie*.

the Virgin Mary. We saw their dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper with three sentences in her handwriting. I forgot to tell you that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and relics in England. I was much embarrassed for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went too to the *apothecairie*[5], where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon.—Well! was not I in the right to wish you with me? could you have passed a day more agreeably?

I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the King's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officers said, 'Comment, pour cette catin-là!' She turned to them, and with the most charming modesty said, 'Messieurs, puisque vous me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi.'—I am sure it will bring the tears into your eyes. Was she not the Publican and Maintenon the Pharisee? Good night; I hope I am going to dream of all I have been seeing. As my impressions and my fancy, when I am pleased, are apt to be strong, my night perhaps may still be more productive

[5] So in MS.

of ideas than the day has been. It will be charming indeed if Madame de Cambis is the ruling tint. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1276. To Sir Horace Mann.

Calais, Oct. 8, 1769.

You see, my dear Sir, I am impatient to gather up the thread of our correspondence, which my journey to Paris interrupted. I have not, in truth, all the merit I could wish in beginning my letter two or three days before it can set out (for I intend it shall not be fit to send from hence), but here I am, locked up by a favourable wind, a very tantalizing circumstance. . . .[1] In short, this favourable gale keeps all the vessels on the other coast, and will not suffer a single one to step and fetch me. However, I shall wait here, and not return to Paris, like my Lady Orford. Do you know, that she has literally been here twice, and whether from fear, or from illness, as she pretended, went back to Paris, and, I believe, before I left it, was on her return to Italy. I heard of nobody that saw her, but my cousin the minister[2], and Madame Geoffrin, who was not at all flattered with this wise woman from the East coming to worship her, but gave me a ridiculous account of the *empressement* and homage of the Countess, who kissed her all over with a pilgrim's fervour. She described, too, a poor emaciated, low-spirited knight of St. Stephen[3], who is said to be a *savant*, but who, Madame Geoffrin thinks, wasted in the occult sciences. Who is this poor Paladin? and did you ever hear of a more absurd expedition?

Letter 1276.—[1] Passage omitted.

[2] Robert Walpole, fourth son of Horatio, first Lord Walpole, Chargé des Affaires at Paris. *Walpole.*

[3] Cavalier Mozzi. *Walpole.*

The absurdity of the French is not inferior. Instead of vaunting his military prowess, they cry down Paoli as a rank coward. I own I think he has not dignified the catastrophe of his story, and I shall admire him still less, if it is true, as the French say, that he has secured a great fortune on the Continent! but sure it is not their business to lower their own conquest. The Prince de Beauvau[4], who is by no means the amiable man we thought he would prove, but at once full of all the pride and meanness of Versailles, told me that the Emperor, in a letter, had said of Paoli, *minuit praesentia famam.* I do not believe it; in the first place, because even a commonplace quotation is a pitch above an emperor, and, in the second place, because you told me with what esteem the Emperor had spoken of him. By our papers, I find that his *praesentia* has not at all *minuited* his *famam chez nous.* You shall know more about him when I arrive. As yet I have not heard whether he joins Wilkes, or is enlisted by the ministry against my Lord Chatham.

To be serious, I doubt affairs wear a very unpromising aspect; at least, I, who have heard nothing in my absence, collect so much from the newspapers; and if they strike me in that light, what effect will they have upon you at a greater distance! I lament this the more deeply, as I come from a place where I have seen how much we are hated, and where I am certain there are such bad designs against us. The Duc de Choiseul will never forgive his inferiority in the late war: his ambition is unbounded: and if the times resemble those of Charles I, we shall find in him another Richelieu. I have no doubt of his having already tampered with Wilkes; but, as he dreads the predominant star of Lord Chatham, I dropped, as by accident,

[4] Son to the Prince de Craon, President of the Council at Florence, where the Prince de Beauvau was brought up. *Walpole.*

to a confidant of the Duc's, that if the latter did not wish a war, nothing could be so imprudent as to encourage Wilkes, whose faction would bring back Lord Chatham; and Lord Chatham, war.

You do not doubt, I suppose, of the restless ambition of Choiseul. Every step he takes marks that it is pointed at us. He has settled the limits of their several dominions both with Sardinia and the Empress-Queen; consequently avoided those rocks of offence. He has poured the Turks on Russia; and he is so fond of that exploit, that before me at his own house, he sent for a French gazette which he had dictated himself, and read it—it was to assert the advantages gained by the Ottomans. To his levity, in truth, I trust much. It is equal to his daring, and composes it. He is every instant on the point of falling by provoking Madame du Barri; and forgetting that his predecessor, the Cardinal de Bernis, was the sacrifice of his own insolence by insulting Madame de Pompadour. The Duc de Choiseul treads in the same steps. The present journey to Fontainebleau will, I think, decide the victory, unless the Duc bends; that is not without probability: a fortnight ago the mistress sent for him to ask a favour for a dependant. He replied, she might come to him. She insisted, and he went; and stayed above an hour; and yet did not grant what she asked. However, the length of the visit did not look hostile. It is true, his sister, Madame de Grammont, and the Princess de Beauvau were absent. As their violence has blown up this flame, they will not easily suffer him to make his peace, by which their pride must be sacrificed; and as they will all be together at Fontainebleau (and yet the Choiseul-women will not see or King or mistress), it is a thousand to one but some *éclat* happens.

Madame de Mirepoix [5] is the soul of the opposite cabal;

[5] Sister of the Prince de Beauvau. *Walpole.*

no hatred ever transcended that between her and her sister Beauvau. The Prince does not see his sister ; but though so submissive a husband, trims, and is not ill with the mistress. May these gentle dames continue their animosities ! I have a little hope in the Emperor, and that he will not be a quiet spectator of the ascendant France is reassuming. We heard at Paris that some Austrian squadrons are marching into Poland, in consequence, it was thought, of the interview with the King of Prussia. How emperors fall in love with this man ! I hope the Empress-Queen will not deprive him of another friend, as the Russian Empress did of the first. It hurts me to be forced to wish success to this latter Semiramis ; but it is one of the curses of politics to couple one with those one hates ; and what have I to do with politics ? I have done with them, and am going back to trifle at Strawberry. Paris revived in me that natural passion, the love of my country's glory ; I must put it out ; it is a wicked passion, and breathes war. It is self-love and vanity at bottom, and insolence easily rekindles it. Well ! I will go home, love my neighbour, and pray for peace. One does not pray heartily, when one prays against one's inclination ; but there is more merit ; and besides, Christianity delights in making one contradict oneself. Adieu ! till London.

Arlington Street, Oct. 13th.

I arrived the night before last ; and do not find any reason to change my opinion on the state of this country. It approaches by fast strides to some great crisis, and to me never wore so serious an air, except in the Rebellion. Not professing prophecy from interested views, I shall be happy to be mistaken.

Paoli is much approved here. The court have artfully adopted him, and at least crushed one egg on which faction,

and her brood-hen, Mrs. Macaulay, would have been very glad to have sat. He prefers being well with the Government that protects him.

I found here the letter you sent to Mr. Morrice for me.

There is no confirmation of Austrian squadrons entering Poland, but the Russians have certainly beaten the Turks considerably, before Prince Gallitzin's recall arrived. Part of their fleet is on the coast of Yorkshire. Sir Edward Hawke has no doubt of its mastering Constantinople at once, if it arrives there. The plan is said to be the Empress's own, against the opinion of her council. Adieu! pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

1277. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 16, 1769.

I arrived at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and, in truth, you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present, instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the Custom House; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys[1] got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public—at least not till I am *food for worms, good Percy.* Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse.

Letter 1277.—[1] Some guests of Montagu's, with whom he had read *The Mysterious Mother.*

I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote us bad odes, but then Cibber wrote *The Careless Husband* and his own Life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan, that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silver waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful, that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty, I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1278. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1769.

Who would have thought, Madam, that your Ladyship would thank me for having a tolerable memory! Is there any merit in remembering for a twelvemonth that the most agreeable woman in the world was always partial and good to me? Is it extraordinary that I should wish for her coming to town that I may again have the honour of seeing

her often, which I hope she will allow? I am certainly the most meritorious person in the world, if these things are merits. Nay, I will believe so: good Christians expect infinite rewards for the smallest portion of desert that they can screw together, and sift from all the chaff of their whole lives; and therefore, Madam, *when two or three are gathered together in thy name*, and talk of thee, I am not only rejoiced that you acknowledge it, but trust that you will reward them in the fullness of time, by letting them see a great deal of you this winter. You cannot imagine how pleased I shall be, to be witness to your happiness, which undoubtedly does not surprise me. I have for some time known the goodness and good sense of Lord Ossory, and your Ladyship must be very partial to him indeed, before I shall think your affection ill-placed.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship for the two epistles of Voltaire, though I had seen them before. I own I think that to Boileau one of the best things he ever wrote. Better judges like the *last* best; I am sorry to say they have not convinced me. There are three separate lines in the two epistles that strike me as perfection itself. The first is on Cardinal Fleury—

Et qui n'affecta rien que le pouvoir suprême.

The second is the end of the same epistle,

S'ils ont les préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres.

The third is in the *Trois Imposteurs*,

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.

The two last are inimitably bold and sublime. The first includes more wit and reflection than one almost ever saw couched in so small a compass. At the same time, while one admires such talents, can one help feeling a little con-

tempt for the author? Is it not creating himself the pope of impiety to excommunicate the author of *Les Trois Imposteurs*, as if none but the head of any Church ought to dare to be an unbeliever? His low jealousy, too, against Boileau, whose ghost he is always nipping and pinching when he can, with his own almost ghostly fingers, is unworthy of a man who does not want such little arts to secure fame.

When I have been mentioning such great names, how shall I have the confidence, Madam, to shift the subject to myself? I will hurry over it as fast as I can. When I have the honour of seeing you, you will give me your commands, and they shall be obeyed.

I am lingering in town with Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway, the latter of whom stays to see the event of poor Mrs. Harris's[1] illness. They have despaired of her for some days: yesterday she took James's powder, and as it had effect, there were faint hopes last night. I have just heard her night was bad, but as the medicine has been repeated I do not yet totally despair, having such confidence in those powders that I almost believe they would cure anything but the villainy of physicians. It reconciles me to the gout that it has no occasion for them. There is a little dignity, too, in it that consoles me; an insignificant man that grows old, wants something to give him a little importance; and with my meagre figure, what with its being a little respectable, and what with its being a little comical, I find the gout does not at all succeed ill with me. People pity me at a distance, and smile when they see me, and as I am not apt to be out of humour, altogether I am very well contented. This last attack passed off in ten days, and I hope your Ladyship's pity did not last longer. Not being Lord Privy Seal, forgive me, Madam, if I am only your Ladyship's, &c.

LETTER 1278.—[1] Mrs. Harris lived until 1774.

1279. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 6, 1769.

Before I receive your answer about him, I must tell you that I have seen your friend Paoli. I found him last week at court, and could not believe it when I was told who he was. I had stood close by him for some minutes, taking him for an English, at least for a Scotch officer. Nobody sure ever had an air so little foreign! He was dressed in scarlet and gold, and the simplicity of his whole appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him. Afterwards, in the circle, as he again stood by me, he asked me some indifferent question, without knowing me. I told him, without naming myself, that you was my particular friend. He said he had written many letters to you, but believed they had all been intercepted. I replied, I would do him justice and tell you so. The King and Queen both took great notice of him. He has just made a tour to Bath, Oxford, &c., and was everywhere received with much distinction; so Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, has not laid him under an interdict.

I know not what to say to you upon politics. The imprudence of postponing the Parliament till after Christmas has given time for a large number of petitions, and more perhaps will follow, yet I do not think the general spirit so violent as it should seem from these appearances. It is impossible but some mob may be assembled everywhere to sign a petition, and then such petition is called the sense of the county, though in many it is nothing less; and besides the Scotch counties, the majority have not petitioned. The court will, nay must, resist the dissolution of the Parliament, and, if the members are not frightened for their re-elections, they must be strongly against such a

measure: their seats have too recently cost them more than they can afford. A dissolution would be big with every evil imaginable. Yet I fear the tempest is mounted too high to evaporate without some serious mischief. The City of London is full of faction. In short, the evils of vast wealth, luxury, licence, and ambition, are ripened to a head. These natural causes have operated more to our present disorders than any specific reason. The times have produced the crisis, not particular men. They are times out of which considerable men will grow—some great—I hope some good: but few, I think, of the present actors will be the better for the confusions we have in prospect. I sit on the beach and contemplate the storm, but have not that apathy of finding that

Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis, &c.

I love the constitution I am used to, and wish to leave it behind me; and Roman as my inclinations are, I do not desire to see a Cæsar on the stage, for the pleasure of having another Brutus; especially as Cæsars are more prolific than Brutuses.

I seemed to have judged right, when I thought Fontainebleau would produce some crisis in the French ministry too. The letters from Paris look as if the mistress gained ground. The turn in favour of the Russians is another heavy blow to the Duc de Choiseul. We persuade ourselves that nothing can stop the Czarina's progress by land. I have not so extraordinary an opinion of what her fleet will do. But seven of her ships have yet arrived on our coasts. They are sailed away to the Mediterranean. But I have not much faith in crusadoes; and yet I think they will do more than if *they* had faith.

I hear *ma belle sœur*[1] is at Lyons, and intends to visit

LETTER 1279.—[1] The Countess of Orford, Margaret Rolle. *Walpole.*

us in the spring. I do not know why she should think the sea less tremendous in May than in September. Lord Pembroke is not yet returned, though replaced in the King's Bedchamber. As he was turned out for running away with one young woman of fashion, I suppose he was restored for carrying off another [2].

Lord Bute is said to be extremely ill again, and to be again going abroad. The public will think his illness of the nature of Lord Holland's, a fever raised by the petitions. It is a proverb, that gold may be bought too dear. Favour and gold both cost dear at present. Wilkes and Madame du Barri are violent lessons of what the most unthought-of objects may bring about. Who, that saw either of them in a bagnio seven years ago, expected that England and France would talk of nothing else? Great men see nothing but the great that are in their way. Lord Bute, on the late King's death, apprehended nobody but Lord Chatham. Methinks it would make a pretty Persian tale. Sultan Nourmanzor, a very potent monarch, was yet kept in continual alarms by the King of the Black Mountain, which hung over his territories, and from which he was threatened with daily invasion. He determined to deliver himself from so formidable an enemy, and assembling a mighty army, resolved to make himself master of the mountain. As he marched at the head of his troops, for he was a very brave Prince, he stumbled over a small pebble that lay in his way, and being unwieldy and encumbered with his robes, he could not recover himself, but falling flat on his face, a prodigious diamond that was set in front of his turban was beaten into his forehead, and occasioned a dan-

[2] 'Lord Pembroke was again made a Lord of the Bedchamber in 1769, without applying; and exactly at a time when he was said to have carried off another woman, a young Venetian bride (he was then at Venice), the very night of her wedding.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 330.)

gerous wound. The unskilfulness of the surgeons rendered it mortal. The pebble was picked up and presented to the monarch of the mountain, and, by the superstition of the mountaineers, was reckoned an amulet, and preservative against all the dangers of the state, nor would they exchange it for the diamond that was the more immediate cause of the death of their enemy. The pebble could not have hurt him, if he had not possessed the diamond. Adieu!

1280. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1769.

I am here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the Opera, which I have not yet seen. In compliment to you and your Countess, I will make an effort, and be there on Thursday: and will either dine with you at your own house, or at your brother's; which you choose. This is a great favour, and beyond my Lord Temple's journey to dine with my Lord Mayor[1]. I am so sick of the follies of all sides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to see in the newspapers; and those I skip over as fast as I can.

The account you give me of Lady —— was just the same as I received from Paris. I will show you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I guessed right, contrary to all the wise, that the journey to Fontainbleau would overset Monsieur de Choiseul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will snap soon. I am labouring hard with the Duchess[2] to procure the Duke of Richmond satisfaction in the favour

Letter 1280. — [1] In the second mayoralty of William Beckford. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duchess of Choiseul. *Walpole.*

he has asked about his duchy[3]; but he shall not know it till it is completed, if I can be so lucky as to succeed. I think I shall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I pass my time in clipping and pasting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages since I came to England. I bought a poem called *Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee*[4]; having been struck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

> There the ear-piercing fife,
> And the ear-piercing wife——

Alas! all the rest, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonsense, about Shakspeare, politics, and the Lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakspeare, we can do nothing but write worse than ever he did. One would think the age studied nothing but his *Love's Labour Lost* and *Titus Andronicus*. Politics and abuse have totally corrupted our taste. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to last beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controversial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Constantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the subtlest wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost* till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble sentiments of liberty, who would remember him for his barbarous prose? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiousness of the press makes us as savage as our Saxon ancestors, who

[3] Of Aubigné. *Walpole.* — 'Le duc de Richmond m'a parlé avec beaucoup de confiance . . . de son duché; les difficultés qu'il trouve, ou plutôt l'impossibilité de faire enregistrer au parlement ses lettres ou patentes de pairie à cause de sa religion.' (Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, Nov. 2, 1769.)

[4] The Stratford Jubilee took place in Sept. 1769.

could only set their marks; and an outrageous pursuit of individual independence, grounded on selfish views, extinguishes genius as much as despotism does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators seek applause from their faction, not from posterity; and ministers forget foreign enemies, to defend themselves against a majority in Parliament. When any Cæsar has conquered Gaul, I will excuse him for aiming at the perpetual dictature. If he has only jockeyed somebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himself a patriot or a statesman. Adieu!

1281. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1769.

If I had writ to you last week, I should have told you that the scene brightens up for the court, that the petitions begin to grow ridiculous, and that the opposition have succeeded lately in no one material point. But as our climate is changeable, some new clouds have appeared in the sky. The Irish are the new actors, and will give trouble; though they began their session with a complaisance not much expected from them, considering how wrong their heads are. After voting the very necessary augmentation of three thousand men, they have thrown out a money bill, and it is a question whether their Parliament must not be prorogued with a high hand. As any national calamity is a gain to aspiring patriots, this *contretemps* is very pleasing to ours. Then the talk of a war has done my Lord Chatham more good than hellebore. It is worth putting off a fit of madness, when one has a chance of being distracted upon a larger

scale. I do not seriously think France ready for war, but we are strangely tempting; and as they outsee everything they hear, they will be apt to think us in greater confusion than we are. Yet, if they have tolerable intelligence, they must know that we have a fleet to make their hearts ache. Our navy never was so formidable, and in such brilliant order.

By the letters you must have received, you will have found how punctual I have been from the moment of my return. I believe I have received all yours. The last shocked me with the account of the French barbarities in Corsica. Why are they not trumpeted all over Europe? Cowardice in the attack was too naturally followed by cruelty after conquest—yet we call Iroquois barbarians! I believe Choiseul thoroughly exasperated, but did not think he had so feminine a mind. Nothing has answered but their diminutive triumph over the poor Corsicans. They are totally baffled in Sweden; and nothing ever answered worse than the holy Turkish war they have excited against the Czarina—yet methinks I wish her fleet was not so long hobbling into the Mediterranean! If the Pope has disappointed France and Spain, he has done no more than I foretold. He imitated the lowly virtues of Sixtus Quintus before his exaltation too much, not to end a Jesuit. Is it true that he cites the King of Prussia as an intercessor for the order?

The Duc de Choiseul maintains his ground against the mistress. She has lately been so well bred as, when at whist with the King, to make faces at the minister, if he was her partner. Solomon thought this a little too strong, and has reprimanded his beloved. Yet, considering that he loves canticles better than war, I should think she would recover her advantages if the minister should involve the pacific monarch in another war.

You may imagine we have no kind of news but politics, considering how much we have of the latter. It is our meat, drink, and clothing—meat to our printers, drink to our ministers, who settle all over a bottle, and is intended for clothing to our Patriots. We have always talked of the goodness of our constitution. It must be a very tough one, if it can stand all its distempers and all its physicians. The latter have not even the modesty of the Pharisees. None of them blush to cast the first stone at a sister sinner: nor does the sister obey the precept, 'Go, and sin no more.'

I have heard the true history of a certain Countess's uncertain wanderings. It seems, there is a Cavalier Mozzi, who, you must know, attends her peregrinations, as Cytheris did Antony's; but who not having it so much in his power to contribute to her pleasures, pleads very bad health, though even beyond the truth. I should not have thought her likely to be governed by an *épuisé*—but so it is. He has enriched himself to her cost, and fearing that her son might cross his interest, dragged her back twice from Calais. This came from a physician who accompanied them, and is now here; and who affirms that the cavalier often pressed him to be of parties at houses of pleasure, inconsistent with the fidelity of a true knight.

I believe I did not tell you how I was diverted at Paris with Monsieur d'Aubeterre[1], their late Ambassador at Rome. I was taking notice that all the new houses at Paris were built *à la grecque*. He said, with all the contempt that ignorance feels when it takes itself for knowledge, 'Bon! there is nothing in that; it is all stolen from the frieze of the Pantheon.' With much difficulty I discovered that he thought the Doric fret comprehended all Greek architecture. This was after passing six years

Letter 1281.—[1] Joseph Henri Bouchard d'Esparbez (1714-1788), Marquis d'Aubeterre.

at Rome. As all other nations observe most what they have never seen before, the French never look but at what they have been used to see all their lives. If something foreign arrives at Paris, they either think they invented it, or that it has always been there. It is lucky for us that D'Aubeterres are common among them. Adieu!

1282. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1769.

I had too great regard to your Ladyship's amusement to send you, though you ordered me, such old trash as my writings, which are too trifling and careless to deserve a second reading. When you come to town, which I trust will be sooner than you announce, I will look out for anything your Ladyship wants, if you still should believe you want any; but it is impossible in cold blood to make up a packet of one's own rubbish, and send it deliberately into the country. If there was anything new, but what never is new, political pamphlets, I would send it. Voltaire's pieces I return with thanks, and beg pardon for having forgotten them. George Selwyn is, I think, the only person remaining who can strike wit out of the present politics. On hearing Calcraft wanted to be Earl of Ormond, he said it would be very proper, as no doubt there had been many *Butlers* in his family.

Crauford is actually gone to Paris, only I suppose that he may not be back in time for the meeting of the Parliament, unless Lord Holland drives him home. Mrs. George Grenville[1] is supposed to be dead by this time, as the express of yesterday said she was given over. Dr. Duncan went down, but with no hopes. Lady Betty Germain[2] is very

Letter 1282.—[1] She died on Dec. 5, 1769.
[2] She died on Dec. 16, 1769.

near it too, and I suppose the hopes and fears of her legatees are on tiptoe.

There is a new comedy at Covent Garden, called *The Brothers*[3], that has great success, though I am told it is chiefly owing to the actors; an obligation I should not have thought any play would have had to the present actors at either house. From the operas I am almost beaten out. As if either the Guadagni or the Zamparin had a voice, there are two parties arisen who alternately encore both in every song, and the operas last to almost midnight. What a charm there must be in contradiction, when it can prevent one's being tired of what one is tired to death.

Monsieur de Châtelet is expected this evening with the olive branch in his mouth. Madame does not come yet, which I am very sorry for, being so unpopular as to like her extremely,—but I choose to be unpopular, lest I should be chosen alderman for some ward or other, and there is one just now vacant. I hope they will elect Mrs. Macaulay. I believe I have told your Ladyship all the news except politics, and those I endeavour to know as little of as I can, having nothing to do any longer with either dissolution or resurrection; nor a grain of virtue that I intend to carry to market, and which I think is the only commodity that sells as dear at second-hand as it did when it was first exposed for sale. I think of Patriots and statesmen alike, and pretty much as Voltaire does of authors in the last two lines of the enclosed—

Entre les beaux esprits on verra l'union,
Mais qui pourra jamais souper avec Fréron?

I hope I need say nothing to convince Lord Ossory of my regard. If I do, your Ladyship, I am sure, can best add anything that is wanted to make it agreeable to him, to increase that regard, he must bring your Ladyship soon to London.

[3] By Richard Cumberland.

1283. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1769.

I cannot be silent, when I feel for you. I doubt not but the loss of Mrs. Trevor is very sensible to you, and I am heartily sorry for you. One cannot live any time, and not perceive the world slip away, as it were, from under one's feet. One's friends, one's connections drop off, and indeed reconcile one to the same passage—but why repeat these things? I do not mean to write a fine consolation; all I intended was to tell you that I cannot be indifferent to what concerns you.

I know as little how to amuse you. News there are none but politics, and politics there will be as long as we have a shilling left. They are no amusement to me, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom I care a straw.

Mr. Cumberland has produced a comedy called *The Brothers*. It acts well, but reads ill, though I can distinguish strokes of Mr. Bentley in it. Very few of the characters are marked, and the serious ones have little nature, and the comic ones are rather too much marked—however, the three middle acts diverted me very well.

I saw the Bishop of Durham[1] at Carlton House, who told me he had given you a complete suit of armour. I hope you will have no occasion to lock yourself in it, though, between the fools and the knaves of the present time, I don't know but we may be reduced to defend our castles.

If you retain any connections with Northampton, I should be much obliged to you if you could procure thence a print of an Alderman Backwell[2]. It is valuable for nothing but its rarity, and is not to be met with but there. I would give eight or ten shillings rather than not have it.

Letter 1283. — [1] Hon. Richard Trevor. [2] Edward Backwell (d. 1683), Alderman and goldsmith.

When shall you look towards us? how does your brother John? make my compliments to him. I need not say to you how much I am yours ever,

H. W.

1284. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14th, 1769.

Lady Betty Mackinsy tells me, Madam, that you have asked what is become of me, and why nobody mentions me. I cannot wonder they do not, but I am extremely flattered with your inquiring. When one is far from being a novelty, or when one creates no novelties, one is easily forgotten in such a world as London. I write no libels, want no place, and occasion no divorce. What rights have I then to occupy a paragraph in a letter? Quiet virtues or small faults are drowned in the noise and nonsense of the times. But this is more than was necessary. I hope it will procure me a considerable return of information about yourself, Lady Mary. I hear you have seen Voltaire and learned many particulars about Madame de Sévigné and the Grignans. I am ready to print all you shall impart. If any draughtsmen grow in that part of the world, pray bring over a drawing of Grignan. You should visit Avignon and inquire after good King René, the father of Margaret of Anjou, and his portrait and his paintings; and you must read the life of Petrarch in three quartos, and make a pilgrimage to the Sainte Baume[1]. These journeys will amuse you more than Aix. Then you may learn all you can about the Parliaments of Love and the Provençal poets. Such pursuits are much more amusing than *Intendants* and *Intendantes*, and their awkward imita-

Letter 1284.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 193. n. 1.

[1] A famous convent and place of pilgrimage in the mountains of Sainte-Baume in Provence (now in the department of Var). It was destroyed during the Revolution.

tions of the manners of Paris. I do not attempt to tell you any news, as your sisters are such excellent correspondents. Lady Strafford looks particularly well: Lady Ailesbury I think quite recovered. Our box is rarely inhabited, the two last being but just arrived, and your sister ready to return. The operas are commended and deserted. I desert but cannot commend them. Lady Betty Germain, I should think, would be dead before you can receive this. Our loo parties are receiving a great loss by the departure of Mello[2], who is suddenly recalled to fill a chief place in the ministry, on the death of Monsieur d'Oyras's brother. Everybody regrets him, and he, I believe, will regret us. Madame du Châtelet is returned with her husband; but take notice, Madam, I do not announce this to you as good news. Such a scanty letter as this is scarce worth sending so far, yet as it is embalmed in gratitude, I trust it will keep sweet. A month hence there will be news enough, but as there will probably be none that will do us honour, I am rather glad to write during the least interval of folly: one does not blush while one's letter is opened at a foreign bureau. Poor Mrs. Harris, though out of danger, does not recover her strength. She spoke to me in the warmest terms t'other night of your Ladyship's goodness to her. I hope you are well guarded with James' powders. When I have so little to say for myself, you will not wonder, Madam, nobody said anything for me, but I could not help expressing my obligations and assuring you that

I am always
Lady Mary's
Most devoted
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Portuguese Ambassador in London.

1285. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1769.

This is merely a line to feel my way, and to know how to direct to you. Mr. Granger thinks you are established at Milton, and thither I address it. If it reaches you, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will write again soon.

Yours ever.

1286. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1769.

I am very grateful for all your communications and for the trouble you are so good as to take for me. I am glad you have paid Jackson, though he is not only dear (for the prints he has got for me are very common), but they are not what I wanted, and I do not believe were mentioned in my list. However, as paying him dear for what I do *not* want may encourage him to hunt for what I *do* want, I am very well content he should cheat me a little. I take the liberty of troubling you with a list I have printed (to avoid copying it several times), and beg you will be so good as to give it to him, telling him these are exactly what I do want, and no others. I will pay him well for any of these, especially those marked thus ×; and still more for those with double or treble marks. The print I want most is the Jacob Hall. I do not know whether it is not one of the 'London Cries,' but he must be very sure it is the right. I will let you know certainly when Mr. West comes to town, who has one.

I shall be very happy to contribute to your garden; and if you will let me have exact notice in February how to send

Letter 1285.—Not in C.; printed in 4to ed. (1818) of letters to Cole, p. 58.

the shrubs, they shall not fail you; nor anything else by which I can pay you any part of my debts. I am much pleased with the Wolsey and Cromwell, and beg to thank you and the gentleman from whom they came. Mr. Tyson's etchings will be particularly acceptable. I did hope to have seen or heard of him in October. Pray tell him he is a visit in my debt, and that I will trust him no longer than to next summer. Mr. Bentham[1], I find, one must trust and trust without end. It is a pity so good a sort of man should be so faithless. Make my best compliments, however, to him, and to my kind host and hostess.

I found my dear old blind friend at Paris perfectly well, and am returned so myself. London is very sickly, and full of bilious fevers, that have proved fatal to several persons, and in my Lord Gower's family have even seemed contagious. The weather is uncommonly hot, and we want frost to purify the air.

I need not say, I suppose, that the names scratched out in my list are of such prints as I have got since I printed it, and therefore what I no longer want. If Mr. Jackson only stays at Cambridge till the prints drop into his mouth, I shall never have them. If he would take the trouble of going to Bury, Norwich, Ely, Huntingdon, and such great towns, nay, look about in inns, I do not doubt but he would find at least some of them. He would be no loser by taking pains for me; but I doubt he chooses to be a great gainer without taking any. I shall not pay for any that are not in my list—but I ought not to trouble you, dear Sir, with these particulars. It is a little your own fault, for you have spoiled me.

LETTER 1286.—[1] Rev. James Bentham (1708-1794), Minor Canon of Ely; at this time Vicar of Feltwell St. Nicholas in Norfolk. Horace Walpole probably refers to the delay in the publication of Bentham's *History of Ely Cathedral*, which was begun in 1756, and published in 1771.

Mr. Essex distresses me by his civility. I certainly would not have given him that trouble, if I had thought he would not let me pay him. Be so good as to thank him for me, and to let me know if there is any other way I could return the obligation. I hope, at least, he will make me a visit at Strawberry Hill, whenever he comes westward. I shall be very impatient to see you, dear Sir, both there and at Milton.

Your faithful humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1287. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 31, 1769.

I WROTE to you on the first of this month, and am now going to write on the last of it, to close a year that has laid so many ominous eggs. Whether the next will crush or hatch them, we shall soon have some chance of foreseeing. In some respects, the prospect is a little mended. The petitions have contracted an air of ridicule from the ridiculous undertakers that have been forced to parade into different counties to supply the place of all the gentlemen, who have disdained to appear and countenance them. Lord Chatham, however, who is so necessitous that he is forced to put to sea again, and to hope for a storm, dresses out the cause in as big words as he can; but as Wilkes's *virtue* is more in fashion than his Lordship's *eloquence*, and as that martyr has quarrelled, in print, with both Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham and Grenville, the two latter gain no popularity. The riots, that were so hopefully nursed up against the execution of the weavers, were very near falling on the heads of the tribunes, Townshend[1] and Sawbridge[2];

LETTER 1287.—[1] James Townshend (d. 1787), M.P. for West Looe.

[2] John Sawbridge (d. 1795), M.P. for Hythe. He was an ardent sup-

and they were glad at the second to pacify the waves; *praestat componere.* Ireland, that was on the point of falling into the last confusion by a prorogation of the Parliament, which the opposition had incurred the penalty of, by rejecting a trifling money bill before the capital money bills were passed, is saved by the prorogation being prudently deferred till this great object was carried, and a prorogation now would have very little consequence.

It is not less fortunate that the extreme distress of France prevents her from interfering (take notice I say *openly*) in our confusions. Monsieur du Châtelet is returned, as mild and pacific as if Sir Edward Hawke was lying before Brest with our late thunderbolt in his hand. Their distress for money is certainly extreme. Dinvaux (Choiseul's favourite Comptroller-General) has been forced to resign, *re infectâ*, and it is said that the Duc declined to name another, urging, that having recommended the two last to no purpose, he desired the Chancellor might find one. As Maupeou[3] is of the opposite faction, his naming the new Comptroller-General has but an ill look for the minister—at least it is plain that Choiseul sees the impossibility of making brick without straw, and chooses to miscarry no more. I have been told here that even their army is unpaid. I may add, to the amendment of our prospect, that the City itself has taken alarm, and does not care to give itself up to the new levellers. The latter having attempted to change the Common Council this Christmas, have not succeeded in carrying above eight new members.

This is all mighty well: symptoms are comforts, not

porter of Wilkes, and as Sheriff of London returned him five times as member for Middlesex. Sawbridge was Lord Mayor in 1775–6. At the execution of two weavers, condemned for destroying looms, Sawbridge assured the populace that he had done all in his power to save the criminals.

[3] René Nicolas Charles Auguste de Maupeou (1714–1792). He was generally detested, and was disgraced and exiled in 1774.

cures. Opposition threatens, grave men shake their heads; many fancy they fear, and many do fear. The best observers see no attention, no system, and truly very slender abilities in the opposite scale! yet I think the ferment will dissipate. I have seen the Pretender at Derby, the House of Lords striding to aristocracy at the end of the last reign, the crown making larger steps at the beginning of this. The mob are now led on to the destruction of the constitution: why should the people, the least formidable part, though the most impetuous in the onset, be more successful than the other branches? The whole legislature, too, is now engaged in one cause.

Methinks these various vibrations of the scale show how excellently well the constitution is poised. But what signifies anticipating what nine days will give some light into? Yet, administration has a difficult game to play, when both great firmness and great temper are absolutely necessary. The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport; but we have lately had an attack made on the King himself, exceeding the *North Briton*. Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared: the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the *North Briton*; observe, *I* do not say so; and the latter, for having taken another man's—for opposite actions are equally criminal in the spectacles of opposition, the two glasses of which are always made, the one to see black as white, the other white as black, and also both to see that white and black are both black. To be sure, the younger Highness has had the mishap of being surprised, at least *once*, with my Lady Grosvenor, who is actually discarded by her Lord. Indeed there was none of that proof which my

Lady Townshend once said there was in another case, when, being asked if there was any proof, she said, 'Lord, child, she was all over proof.' In the present case the lovers were *only* locked into a room together.

Well! we are not singular. Another Junius has appeared in Portugal. There it seems they write satires with a club —the first instance, I suppose, of thrashing a King[4]. His Majesty received two blows on his shoulder and his arm, intended, *à la Junienne*, at his head. The Queen instantly called for a gun to shoot the bruiser herself. 'No,' said the King, 'arrest him.' They tell a melancholy story for the assassin; that, having lost a commission, he gave a memorial to the King, who bade him give it to the Secretary at War, which the poor creature did not think a likely method of redress. He was then prosecuted for not paying his tax out of nothing. Despair carried him to the fountain head; yet I doubt M. d'Oeyras will discover a plot; and lop some more noble heads. I have often said, and oftener think, *that this world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel*—a solution of why Democritus laughed and Heraclitus wept. The only gainer is History, which has constant opportunities of showing the various ways in which men can contrive to be fools and knaves. The record pretends to be written for instruction, though to this hour no mortal has been the better or wiser for it. Adieu!

P.S., Jan. 2, 1770.

Last night we heard that the Lord Lieutenant has prorogued the Irish Parliament for three months; but, fortunately, the money bills were passed first.

[4] Joseph I; d. 1777.

1288. To Lord Hailes.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 1, 1770.

I have read with great pleasure and information your History of Scottish Councils. It gave me much more satisfaction than I could have expected from so dry a subject. It will be perused, do not doubt it, by men of taste and judgement; and it is happy that it will be read without occasioning a controversy. The curse of modern times is, that almost everything does create controversy, and that men who are willing to instruct or amuse the world have to dread malevolence and interested censure, instead of receiving thanks. If your part of our country is at all free from that odious spirit, you are to be envied. In our region we are given up to every venomous mischievous passion, and as we behold all the public vices that raged in and destroyed the remains of the Roman Commonwealth, so I wish we do not experience some of the horrors that brought on the same revolution. When we see men who call themselves patriots and friends of liberty attacking the House of Commons, to what, Sir, can you and I, who are really friends of liberty, impute such pursuits, but to interest and disappointed ambition? When we see, on one hand, the prerogative of the crown excited against Parliament, and on the other, the King and royal family traduced and insulted in the most shameless manner, can we believe that *such* a faction is animated by honesty or love of the constitution? When, as you very sensibly observe, the authors of grievances are the loudest to complain of them, and when those authors and their capital enemies shake hands, embrace, and join in a common cause, which set can we believe most or least sincere? And when *every* set of men have acted *every* part, to whom shall

the well-meaning look up? What can the latter do, but sit with folded arms and pray for miracles? Yes, Sir, they may weep over a prospect of ruin too probably approaching, and regret a glorious country nodding to its fall, when victory, wealth, and daily universal improvements, might make it the admiration and envy of the world! Is the crown to be forced to be absolute! Is Cæsar to enslave us, because he conquered Gaul! Is some Cromwell to trample on us, because Mrs. Macaulay approves the army that turned out the House of Commons, the necessary consequence of such mad notions! Is eloquence to talk or write us out of ourselves? or is Catiline to save us, *but so as by fire*? Sir, I talk thus freely, because it is a satisfaction, in ill-looking moments, to vent one's apprehensions in an honest bosom. You will not, I am sure, suffer my letter to go out of your own hands. I have no views to satisfy or resentments to gratify. I have done with the world, except in the hopes of a quiet enjoyment of it for the few years I may have to come; but I love my country, though I desire and expect nothing from it, and I would wish to leave it to posterity, as secure and deserving to be valued, as I found it. Despotism, or unbounded licentiousness, can endear no nation to any honest man. The French can adore the monarch that starves them, and banditti are often attached to their chief; but no good Briton can love any constitution that does not secure the tranquillity and peace of mind of all.

1289. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1770.

The great day[1] is over, and you will not be sorry to hear the event of it in both Houses. Without doors everything was quiet, except some cries in favour of Wilkes. Lord

Letter 1289.—[1] The opening of Parliament on Jan. 9, 1770.

Chatham, who, *Lord Temple* said, was grown so violent that *he* could not *moderate* him, made his appearance and two long speeches, but, like an old beauty in an unfashionable dress, which became her in her youth, he found that his charms are no longer killing. Lord Mansfield answered his first speech, and Lord Sandwich defied any lord in the House to make sense out of the second. The object of the day was to create a breach between the two Houses, by an amendment proposed by Lord Chatham to the address in which the House should inquire into the grievance of the Middlesex election. Their Lordships were so little disposed to quarrel with their good brethren the Commons, though the Chancellor[2] himself laboured the point *against* the court, that at ten at night the motion was rejected by an hundred to thirty-six. Old Myra, in her fardingale, will probably not expose herself again to neglect this session.

The other House sat till one in the morning, where the court also triumphed; though Lord Granby and the Solicitor-General Dunning deserted to the minority; yet the latter were but 138 to 254. Thus ends the mighty bluster of petitions; which, notwithstanding all the noise and labour bestowed on them, have not yet been presented from about nine or ten counties of the fifty-two. They would come limping now to very little purpose. The most serious part is the defection of Lord Granby; for though he has sunk his character by so many changes, a schism in the army would be very unpleasant, especially as there are men bad enough to look towards rougher divisions than Parliamentary. I hope the ministers will have sense and temper enough to stop the progress of this wound. I shall not think them very wise if they dismiss the Chancellor[2]. Such union in the whole legislature will reduce the present factions to insignificance, if not attended by presumption

[2] Lord Camden. *Walpole.*

and excess of confidence. The clouds that hung over us are certainly dispelled by the success of yesterday; but, as folly assembled them, it may assemble them again. Yet, when I say clouds are dispersed, you will understand only those vapours drawn up into petitions. Where so many caldrons full of passions are boiling, they are not extinguished by one wet sheet of votes.

Still it is most fortunate that France is so utterly unable to profit of our difficulties. Dinvaux, M. de Choiseul's favourite Comptroller-General, has been obliged to resign; yet I believe the defect of resources was more in their circumstances than in the man. Madame du Barri has been raining honours and preferments on her creatures: Madame de Mirepoix has obtained *les grandes entrées*; so has the Comte de Broglie; and Monsieur de Castries has had a new military post created for him. These look to me as signals fixed to warn the minister to resign.

Much, I own, I do not expect from the Russian fleet, though I do not believe in the great naval force which, the French pretend, is prepared at Constantinople. It will be unlucky for the faithful, if the Czarina does demolish the Ottoman Empire, that the present generation will not trouble themselves to prove this era foretold by the Revelations. The abasement of the Pope is a terrible counterpart to such a triumph.

Friday, 12th.

Though the court is singing Io Pæans, the campaign is far from being at an end. A most unheard-of attack has been made on the House of Commons. Sir George Savile, a man of great fortune, spotless character, and acute though injudicious head, has twice told them to their faces that they sit illegally, having betrayed their trust, and that he was ready to receive the punishment for telling them so. Burke, not quite so rich, nor immaculate, but of better

abilities, has twice said as much, and allowed that he ought to be sent to the Tower for what he said, but knew their guilt was too great to let them venture to commit him. Hitherto this language has been borne; but as there is not so great a mule as a martyr, I have no doubt but these two saints will insist on receiving the crown of glory; and, it is said, many more will demand the honour of sharing their cross. This will be a more respectable rubric than Wilkes's. We shall see whether Saints Simon and Jude or St. Beelzebub will have most followers. Nay, but this is very unpleasant! It urges fast to sanguinary decision. I hear too that the victors will certainly dismiss the Chancellor, and that Lord Granby will resign[3] in consequence. More and more madness! What has the ministry and Parliament to do, but to lie by and let all the provocation take its rise from the opposite faction? Is it wise to furnish sedition with reasons?

There is a tolerable episode opened in Ireland, where the Lord Lieutenant has been forced to prorogue the Parliament for three months; so nearly do we tread in the steps of 1641! I sit by, unconnected with all parties, but viewing the whole with much concern, and wishing I could put my trust in any for delivering us out of these calamities; but I doubt it is too far gone to subside without a convulsion; and in what *can* a convulsion end but in the destruction of our constitution? What hopes has liberty, whether Charles or Oliver prevail? As some revolution may happen any day, be cautious for your own sake what you reply to me. I always say less than I could, because I consider how many post-house ordeals a letter must pass; and I am not desirous our enemies should know more than it is vain to attempt to keep from them. Adieu!

[3] He was Master-General of the Ordnance.

1290. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1770.

Affairs are so serious, and in so critical a situation, that I am sure you would not think my letters too frequent if I wrote every post. Nothing proves the badness of generals, like an ill use of a great victory. Ours have not hurt their own success by neglecting to pursue it, but by pursuing it too far. Lord Huntingdon was turned out the next day, not for having joined the enemy, but merely for having absented himself: for him, he has played the fool; he has no strength of his own, and had no support but the King; and so falls unpitied. Lord Bristol was immediately transferred from the Privy Seal to be Groom of the Stole. Lord Coventry, already more than wavering towards the opposition, seized that pretence of quarrelling, and resigned his post in the Bedchamber.

A more unlucky event is the resignation of the Duke of Beaufort, who took up the same minute for giving up his Mastership of the Horse to the Queen, because he could not wrench the lieutenancy of two Welsh counties from Morgan of Tredegar, the old Whig enemy of his house, and the more potent in Parliament. However, as the Duke was the first convert of his family from Jacobitism, his defection is to be lamented, and may carry back some of the Tories.

But the most imprudent step has been the dismission of the Chancellor, and that before any preparation was made for a successor. The Seals were indeed privately offered to Lord Mansfield, who refused them, but published the offer; and then to Mr. Yorke; but the Chancellor heard the news by common report, before he had received the least notification of his disgrace. Though I believe he did not intend to remain in office, these slights will not have soothed him.

They have hurried on, too, the resignation of Lord Granby, who yesterday gave up the command of the army and the Ordnance, only reserving his regiment of Blues.

You may imagine how these events have raised the spirits and animosity of the opposition; but the greatest blow is yet to come. Mr. Yorke, the night before last, absolutely declined the Seals, though the great object of his life and of his variations; but terror and Lord Rockingham pulled more forcibly the other way. There is nobody else; the Chief Justice Wilmot's health will not allow him to take them, and the Attorney-General[1] cannot be spared from the House of Commons, where it is supposed Dunning, the Solicitor-General, will follow his friend the Chancellor, especially as he spoke on the same side the first day. When the Seals go a-begging, and the army is abandoned by the popular general, you will not think the circumstances of administration very flourishing. Well! you will not be more astonished than I was yesterday, at four o'clock, to hear that Mr. Yorke had just accepted, and is Chancellor. The rage of the opposition speaks the importance of this acquisition to the court. It will be great indeed if it stops the tide of resignations. The ministers have gained still more time by an accident; the Speaker[2] has been seized with a paralytic disorder, and is thought dying. Yesterday he sent his resignation and mace to the House, which is accordingly adjourned to next Monday to consider of a successor, by which time, I suppose, the vacant employments will be filled up. No fewer than four earls have asked to be Master of the Horse to the Queen, Essex, Carlisle, Waldegrave, and Powis; a proof that things are not thought desperate. That the opposition are so, and intend to make the nation so, is but too evident. Their speeches are out-

LETTER 1290.—[1] Sir William de Grey. [2] Sir John Cust. *Walpole.* — He died on Jan. 24, 1770.

rageous, and it is not their fault that some of them have not been sent to the Tower. In short, the option seems to lie between the greatest violences, or a change of administration and a dissolution of Parliament, the latter of which, I think, would not let in all other evils upon us.

Friday, 19th.

I had not time yesterday to finish my letter. The court has recovered from its consternation and is taking measures of defence. Another great thorn is drawn out of its side, Sir Fletcher Norton, who vomited fire and flame on Yorke's promotion, having consented to be Speaker of the House of Commons. I do not yet hear whether the opposition will set up a candidate for the chair against him. Nothing can exceed the badness of his character even in this bad age; yet I think he can do less hurt in the Speaker's chair than anywhere else. He has a roughness and insolence, too, which will not suffer the licentious speeches of these last days, and which the poor creature his predecessor did not dare to reprimand. As sedition is the word, perhaps it is not unlucky that some capital rogues should be opposed to others; they know each other's weak parts.

A country is undone before people distinguish between affected and real virtue, and Cato is dead before anybody minds him. I could write a volume of reflections or comparisons, but to what purpose? Writings impel, but can restrain nobody. Every Clodius of the hour takes the name of Cato to himself, and bestows his own name on his enemy. Truth surmounts but an hundred years afterwards; is then entombed in history, and appears as flat as, or less interesting than, the lies with which it is surrounded and has been overwhelmed. Everybody talks of the constitution, but all sides forget that the constitution is extremely well, and would do very well, if they would but let it alone. Indeed

it must be a strong constitution, considering how long it has been quacked and doctored. If it had a fever, it was a slow one. Its present physicians imitate the faculty so servilely, that they seem to think the wisest step is to convert the slow fever into a high one; then, you know, the patient is easily cured—or killed.

Considering how much I have seen, perhaps I ought not to be so easily alarmed, but a bystander is more apt to be serious than those who are heated and engaged in the game. I have the weakness of loving national glory; I exulted in the figure we made in the last war; but as I am connected with neither court nor opposition, I enjoy the triumphs of neither, which are made at the expense of the whole. Their squabbles divert us from attention to greater interests, and their views are confined to the small circle of themselves and friends. If the quarrel becomes very serious, one knows, whichever side prevails, the crown in the long run must predominate; and what matters it which party or faction shall then be uppermost?

I will enliven this grave letter with a *bon mot*, that, like a bawdy epilogue to a tragedy, shall send you away smiling. Lord Chatham, lying on his couch before the Parliament met, declared he would at all events go to the House of Lords, and if he could not stand, would speak, he said, in that *horizontal posture*. Mrs. Ann Pitt, his sister, not his friend, asked Lord Chesterfield if he designed to go and hear her brother speak in a *horizontal posture*? 'No! Madam,' replied he, 'but I would if I was not seventy-five and deaf, for the most agreeable things I ever heard in my life were from persons in a *horizontal posture*.' What gaiety and spirit at seventy-five, and how prettily expressed! It contains the cheerfulness of the wars of the Fronde in France. I cannot say our commotions are often so enlivened. Adieu!

1291. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Monday, Jan. 22, 1770.

What a strange event! Though my letters tread on each other's heels, they can scarce keep up with the rapid motion of the times. Mr. Yorke is dead!—yes, the new Chancellor! He kissed the King's hand for the Great Seal on Wednesday night, and expired between five and six on Saturday evening. It was Semele perishing by the lightnings she had longed for. When you have recovered your surprise, you will want to know the circumstances. I believe the following are nearly the truth. To be the second Chancellor in succession in his own house had been the great object of Mr. Yorke's life; and his family were not less eager for it. This point had occasioned much uncertainty in their conduct. In general, they were attached to Lord Rockingham, but being decent, and naturally *legal*, they had given in to none of the violences of their party, particularly on the petitions, all the brothers absenting themselves on the first day of the session. When the Great Seal, on the intended dismission of Lord Camden, was offered to Mr. Yorke, his connections, and dread of abuse, weighed so strongly against his ambition, that he determined to refuse it. Some say that his brother Lord Hardwicke advised; others, that he dissuaded the acceptance. Certain it is, that he had given a positive refusal both to the King and the Duke of Grafton, and that the Earl had notified it to Lord Rockingham. Within two hours after, the King prevailed on Yorke to accept.

The conflict occasioned in his mind by these struggles, working on a complexion that boiled over with blood, threw him into a high fever on Wednesday night, and a vomiting ensuing on Thursday morning, he burst a blood-

vessel, and no art could save him. The Cerberus of Billingsgate had opened all its throats. but must shut them, for the poor man had accepted handsomely, without making a single condition for himself; I do not reckon the peerage[1]; as a Chancellor must have it, or is a mute at the head of the House of Lords. The blow is heavy on the administration. The Chief Justice Wilmot, it is thought, will be prevailed upon to accept the Seals, but at present they must be put into commission, for the Chancery cannot stand still.

You are a sort of man whom virtue can comfort under ill success, and therefore I will tell you what will charm you. The King offered the Mastership of the Ordnance, on Lord Granby's resignation, to Mr. Conway, who is only Lieutenant-General of it. He said he had lived in friendship with Lord Granby, and would not profit of his spoils; but, as he thought he could do some essential service in the office, where there are many abuses, if his Majesty would be pleased to let him continue as he is, he would do the business of the office without accepting the salary. The King replied, 'You are a phenomenon! I can satisfy nobody else, and you will not take even what is offered to you.' I believe his Majesty would not find the same difficulty with many Patriots. As extremes meet, even Sir Fletcher Norton acts moderation. He was destined for Speaker of the House of Commons. On Yorke's death, it was expected that he would again push to be Chancellor. No such thing: he says he will not avail himself of the distresses of Government; but, having consented to be Speaker, will remain so; and is to be installed to-day, the opposition not being able to find a concurrent. There!—there is Cassius as self-denying as Brutus! Lord Walde-

LETTER 1291.—[1] The patent for Mr. Yorke's creation as Baron Morden was awaiting his signature in the room in which he died.

grave[2] is Master of the Horse to the Queen: the other employments are not yet filled; but, as I begin my letter to-day, and it is not to set out till to-morrow, I may have half a volume more to write, if the times keep up the same tone of vivacity.

Tuesday.

Sir Fletcher Norton is Speaker. Two or three of the opposition, only to mark their disgust to him, proposed the younger Thomas Townshend, one as little qualified for the office as you are, and whose consent they had not asked. He disavowed them, and Sir Fletcher was chosen by 237 to 121: exactly the same majority as on the first day; so that the court maintains its strength, notwithstanding so many unfavourable accidents. The same day, Lord Rockingham wretchedly, and Lord Chatham in his old brilliant style, moved to inquire into the state of the nation, which was not opposed, and is to be discussed on Thursday.

In the meantime, resignations revive. Dunning, the Solicitor-General; Hussey, Attorney-General to the Queen; James Grenville, Vice-Treasurer to the Queen, and two Lords of the Admiralty, have given up their places; and, what is worse, no Chancellor is to be found. Lord Chatham, who, four years and a half ago, was turned out of Lord Rockingham's house, has been to wait on the latter, and they are the best friends in the world, as far as common hostility can make them; but the Marquis is firm in insisting on the Treasury, which the Grenvilles will not waive. It is a most distracted scene! People cry, where will it end? I say, where will it begin? I know where it will end; in the destruction of this free constitution.

Should anything happen, I shall write to you with more circumspection. I condemn both sides, or rather, all sides. I have not a connection with anything called minister;

[2] John, third Earl of Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

but as the well-being of the House of Commons depends on this administration, I must wish their success. If the House of Commons is blasted by authority, what is left? Must we pass through a mob Parliament to confusion, and thence to absolute power? I tremble. Adieu!

P.S. If the Parliament is dissolved, Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham may separately flatter themselves, but the next Parliament will be Wilkes's.

1292. To Lord Hailes.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 23, 1770.

I have not had time to return you the enclosed sooner, but I give you my honour that it has neither been out of my hands, nor been copied. It is a most curious piece, but though affecting art, has very little; so ill is the satire disguised. I agree with you in thinking it ought not to be published yet, as nothing is more cruel than divulging private letters which may wound the living. I have even the same tenderness for the children of persons concerned; but I laugh at delicacy for grandchildren, who can be affected by nothing but their pride—and let that be hurt if it will. It always finds means of consoling itself.

The rapid history of Mr. Yorke is very touching. For himself, he has escaped a torrent of obloquy, which this unfeeling and prejudiced moment was ready to pour on him. Many of his survivors may, perhaps, live to envy him! Madness and wickedness gain ground—and you may be sure borrow the chariot of virtue. Lord Chatham, not content with endeavouring to confound and overturn the legislature, has thrown out, that *one member more ought to be added to each county*; so little do ambition and indigence scruple to strike at fundamentals! Sir George Savile and

Edmund Burke, as if envying the infamous intoxication of Wilkes, have attacked the House of Commons itself, in the most gross and vilifying language. In short, the plot thickens fast, and Catilines start up in every street. I cannot say Ciceros and Catos arise to face them. The phlegmatic and pedants in history quote King William's and Sacheverel's times to show the present is not more serious; but if I have any reading, I must remember that the repetition of bad scenes brings about a catastrophe at last! It is small consolation to living sufferers to reflect that history will rejudge great criminals; nor is that sure. How seldom is history fairly stated! When do all men concur in the same sentence? Do the guilty dead regard its judicature, or they who prefer the convict to the judge? Besides, an ape of Sylla will call himself Brutus, and the foolish people assist a proscription before they suspect that their hero is an incendiary. Indeed, Sir, we are, as Milton says—

On evil days fallen and evil tongues!

I shall be happy to find I have had too gloomy apprehensions. A man, neither connected with ministers nor opponents, may speculate too subtly. If all this is but a scramble for power, let it fall to whose lot it will! It is the attack on the constitution that strikes me. I have nothing to say for the corruption of senators; but if the senate itself is declared vile by authority, that is by a dissolution, will a re-election restore its honour? Will Wilkes, and Parson Horne[1], and Junius (for *they* will name the members) give us more virtuous representations than ministers have done? Reformation must be a blessed work in the hands of such reformers! Moderation, and

LETTER 1292.—[1] Rev. John Horne (1736–1812), afterwards Horne-Tooke. He was the founder of the 'Society for supporting the Bill of Rights.' He was at this time a warm supporter of Wilkes, but quarrelled with him in 1771.

attachment to the constitution, are my principles. Is the latter to be risked rather than endure any single evil? I would oppose, that is restrain, by opposition check, each branch of the legislature that predominates in its turn;—but if I detest Laud, it does not make me love Hugh Peters.

Adieu, Sir! I must not tire you with my reflections; but as I am flattered with thinking I have the sanction of the same sentiments in you, it is natural to indulge even unpleasing meditations when one meets with sympathy, and it is as natural for those who love their country to lament its danger. I am, Sir, &c.

1293. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1770.

I do not know how the year will end, but, to be sure, it begins with as many events as ever happened to any one of its predecessors. The Duke of Grafton has resigned: in a very extraordinary moment indeed; in the midst of his own measures, in the midst of a session, and undefeated. It is true, his last victory was far from being as complete as the former; and hence, as Horatio says [1], *have the talkers of this populous city* taken occasion to impute this sudden retreat to as sudden a panic. You must know, that last Friday, upon a question on that endless topic the Middlesex election, the court had a majority, at past three in the morning, of only four and forty. The expulsion of the Chancellor [2], the resignation of Lord Granby, and of so many others, and much maladroitness in stating the question on the court side, easily accounted for that diminution in the numbers; and yet, though I believe that that defalcation determined this step, I know it was not

Letter 1293.—[1] In *The Fair Penitent*. *Walpole*. [2] Lord Camden.

a new thought. Whenever the current did not run smooth, his Grace's first thought has been to resign. When Mr. Yorke refused to accept, the fit returned violently: when he did accept, the wind changed; and I believe I gave you an obscure hint of the extreme importance of that acceptance. Mr. Yorke's precipitate death unhinged all again; the impossibility of finding another Chancellor fixed the wind in the resigning corner, and the slender majority overset the vessel quite. In short, it is over. A very bad temper, no conduct, and obstinacy always ill-placed, have put an end to his Grace's administration.

What will follow is impossible to say. In the meantime Lord North is First Minister. He is much more able, more active, more assiduous, more resolute, and more fitted to deal with mankind. But whether the apparent, nay, glaring timidity of the Duke may not have spread too general an alarm, is more than probable; and there is but the interval of to-day to take any measures, as the question of Friday[3] must be reported to the House to-morrow; whence, at least, the lookers-out may absent themselves till the trump is turned up. The fear of a dissolution of Parliament may keep a large number together, and the fluctuation of probability between Lord North, Lord Chatham, and Lord Rockingham, may occasion a confusion of which the Government may profit. The King, in the meantime, is much to be pitied; abandoned where he had most confidence, and attacked on every other side. I write to-day, because the post goes out, and I choose to give you the earliest intelligence of such a material event; but the letter I shall certainly send you on Friday will tread upon a little firmer ground.

[3] Apparently a slip for Thursday, Jan. 25, on which day Dowdeswell moved 'that the House of Commons is bound to follow the laws of the land and the usage of Parliament, which is part thereof.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 42.)

I have received an odd indirect overture myself, not from administration nor opposition, but from France. M. de Choiseul has a great desire that I should be Ambassador at that court. As no man upon earth is less a Frenchman, as you know, than I am, I did not at all taste the proposal, nay, not his making it. I sent him word in plain terms that he could not have desired a person that would suit him less; that whatever private connections or friendships I have in France, however grateful I may be for the kindness I have met with there, yet, the moment I should be Ambassador, he would find me more haughty and inflexible than all the English put together; and that though I wish for peace between the two countries, I should be much more likely to embroil them than preserve union, for that nothing upon earth could make me depart from the smallest punctilio, in which the honour of my nation should be concerned. I do not think he will desire me to be sent thither.

As this letter is but a prologue to the ensuing scenes, you will excuse my making it short. You may depend on my frequency till things are settled into some system. Adieu!

1294. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Friday, Feb. 2, 1770.

Wednesday[1], the very critical day, is over, and the administration stands. The opposition flattered themselves with victory, and the warmest friends of the court expected little better than a drawn battle, yet the majority for the latter was forty. Few enough in conscience for triumph,

Letter 1294.—[1] Jan. 31, 1770, on which day Lord North appeared for the first time in the House of Commons as Prime Minister. The House went into Committee on the state of the nation. The question was 'that a person eligible by law cannot by expulsion be rendered incapable of being re-chosen, unless by Act of Parliament.' The ministry was victorious by 226 to 186.

but sufficient to make a stand with. Lord North pleased all that could bring themselves to be pleased: he not only spoke with firmness and dignity, but with good-humour; and fairly got the better of Colonel Barré, who attacked him with rudeness and brutality. Lord North has very good parts, quickness, great knowledge, and, what is as much wanted, activity. The impracticability of the Duke of Grafton's temper had contributed more to the present crisis than all the labours of all the factions. His friends were more discontented with him than even his enemies were. It was impossible to choose a more distressful moment than he selected for quitting; and had the scale turned on Wednesday, I do not know where we should have been. The House of Commons contradicting itself, a reversal of the Middlesex election, a dissolution of Parliament, or the King driven to refuse it in the face of a majority! I protest I think some fatal event must have happened. Let the constitution but be saved, the factions may squabble as they please. They are engaged at this moment at the House of Lords, but that is a very bloodless scene: my Lord Chatham will make as little impression there as in his expeditions to the coast of France.

The people are perfectly quiet, and seem to have delegated all their anger to their representatives—*a proof that their representatives had instructed their constituents to be angry.* Wilkes is never mentioned, but as his name occurs in the debates on the Middlesex election. Yet am I far from thinking this administration solidly seated. Any violence, or new provocation, may dislodge it at once. When they could reduce a majority of an hundred and sixteen to forty, in three weeks, their hold seems to be very slippery.

In the meantime, what a figure do we make in Europe! Who can connect with us? Nobody will. Nay, who can treat with us? Is every secret of every court to pass

through the hands of every cabal in England? This goes to my heart, who, you know, wish to dictate to all the world, and to sit, a private citizen, in the Capitol, with more haughtiness than an Asiatic monarch. All public ambition is lost in personal. It would soothe my pride a thousand times more to be great *by* my country than *in* it. It would flatter me more to walk on foot to Paris, and be reverenced as an Englishman, than go thither Ambassador, with the Garter. This might have been! but it [is] past; and what signifies all the rest? I was born with Roman insolence, and live *in faece Romuli*!

The vivacity of this last month has so multiplied my letters, that their number must excuse the shortness of them.

If the present system settles into any stability, I shall relapse into my *monthly family-duty*. Should fresh changes happen, you are sure of being advertised. That strange event, Mr. Yorke's death, is already history, that is, forgotten. We give few things time to grow stale.

Where is the Russian fleet? The ships drop in, one by one, like schoolboys after their holidays: and none of them, I doubt, perfect in their lesson.

Our schoolboys, at least those just come from school, are much more expeditious.

The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire, or Commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale [2], not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand there, last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.' His cousin,

[2] Eldest son of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. *Walpole.* — He succeeded his father in 1776, and died in 1802.

Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty. We are not a great age, but surely we are tending to some great revolution. Adieu!

1295. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1770.

It is very lucky, seeing how much of the tiger enters into the human composition, that there should be a good dose of the monkey too. If Æsop had not lived so many centuries before the introduction of masquerades and operas, he would certainly have anticipated my observation, and worked it up into a capital fable. As we still trade upon the stock of the ancients, we seldom deal in any other manufacture; and, though nature, after new combinations, lets forth new characteristics, it is very rarely that they are added to the old fund; else how could so striking a remark have escaped being made, as mine, on the joint ingredients of tiger and monkey? In France the latter predominates, in England the former; but, like Orozmades and Arimanius[1], they get the better by turns. The bankruptcy in France, and the rigours of the new Comptroller-General[2], are half forgotten, in the expectation of a new opera at the new theatre. Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a subscription masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henrys the Eighth, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes

Letter 1295.—[1] So in MS. for Oromasdes and Arimanes.

[2] The Abbé Joseph Marie Terray (1715–1778), who 'immediately set out with a violence and rigour beyond example, not only lessening pensions and grants by the half, but striking at the interest on the debt; and was on the point of blowing up the credit of France entirely, especially with foreign countries.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 16.)

was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor, in imitation of his squint, and a cap of liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight, were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The bishops opposed: he of London[3] formally remonstrated to the King, who did not approve it, but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy fathers, *alias* their wives, were at this masquerade. Monkey again! A fair widow[4], who once bore my whole name, and now bears half of it, was there, with one of those whom the newspapers call *great personages*—he dressed like Edward the Fourth, she like Elizabeth Woodville, in grey and pearls, with a black veil. Methinks it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of those masks.

As one of my ancient passions, formerly, was masquerades, I had a large trunk of dresses by me. I dressed out a thousand young Conways[5] and Cholmondeleys[6], and went with more pleasure to see them pleased than when I formerly delighted in that diversion myself. It has cost me a great headache, and I shall probably never go to another. A symptom appeared of the change that has happened in the people.

The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters, in their coach: the mob

[3] Richard Terrick.

[4] Maria Walpole, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave; secondly married to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester. Edward IV married the widow Lady Gray. *Walpole*

[5] Sons of Francis, Earl of Hertford, Mr. Walpole's cousin-german. *Walpole.*

[6] Mr. Walpole's nephews. *Walpole.*

took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, 'Are you for Wilkes?' another said, 'Damn you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade?'

In good truth, that stock is fallen very low. The court has recovered a majority of seventy-five in the House of Commons; and the party has succeeded so ill in the Lords, that my Lord Chatham has betaken himself to the gout, and appears no more. What Wilkes may do at his enlargement in April, I don't know, but his star is certainly much dimmed. The distress of France, the injustice they have been reduced to commit on public credit, immense bankruptcies, and great bankers hanging and drowning themselves, are comfortable objects in our prospect; for one tiger is charmed if another tiger loses his tail.

There was a stroke of the monkey last night that will sound ill in the ears of your neighbour the Pope. The heir-apparent[7] of the house of Norfolk, a drunken old mad fellow, was, though a Catholic, dressed like a Cardinal: I hope he was scandalized at the wives of our bishops.

So you agree with me, and don't think that the crusado from Russia will recover the Holy Land! It is a pity; for, if the Turks keep it a little longer, I doubt it will be the Holy Land no longer. When Rome totters, poor Jerusalem! As to your Count Orloff's denying the murder of the late Czar, it is no more than every felon does at the Old Bailey. If I could write like Shakespeare, I would make Peter's ghost perch on the dome of Sancta Sophia, and, when the Russian fleet comes in sight, roar, with a voice of thunder that should reach to Petersburgh,

> Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

We have had two or three simpletons return from Russia,

[7] Charles Howard; afterwards Duke of Norfolk. *Walpole.*

charmed with the murderess, believing her innocent, *because* she spoke graciously to *them* in the Drawing-room. I don't know what the present Grand Signior's name is, Osman, or Mustapha, or what, but I am extremely on his side against Catharine of Zerbst; and I never intend to ask him for a farthing, nor write panegyrics on him for pay, like Voltaire and Diderot; so you need not say a word to him of my good wishes. Benedict XIV deserved my friendship, but being a sound Protestant, one would not, you know, make all Turk and pagan and infidel princes too familiar. Adieu!

1296. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 15, 1770.

The troubles that seemed to have a little subsided, or that were, at least, repelled by the vigorous majorities in Parliament, have again broken out, and (like flames blown backward) with redoubled violence. As a prelude to what was to follow, rather as the word of battle, Lord Chatham some days ago declared to the Lords, that there is a *secret influence* (meaning the Princess) more mighty than Majesty itself, and which had betrayed or clogged every succeeding administration. His own had been sacrificed by it. In consequence of this denunciation, papers, to which the *North Britons* were milk and honey, have been published in terms too gross to repeat. *The Whisperer* and *The Parliamentary Spy* are their titles. Every blank wall at this end of the town is scribbled with the words, 'Impeach the King's Mother'; and, in truth, I think her person in danger.

But the manifesto on which all seems to turn, is the Remonstrance[1] from the City. You will have seen it in the public papers, and certainly never saw a bolder declaration both against King and Parliament. Sixteen aldermen have

Letter 1296.—[1] See *Ann. Reg.* 1770, p. 199.

protested against it, but could not stop it. The King, after some delay, received it yesterday on his throne. It was brought by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, accompanied by an immense multitude, decently however, except in hissing as they passed Carlton House[2]. A few days ago, when the sheriffs went to demand the acceptance of it, both Townshend and Sawbridge, it is said, behaved with provoking disrespect. The King read his answer with great dignity and calmness, and it was indeed drawn with extreme temper and firmness. Had as prudent an answer been given to the petitions, instead of mocking the people[3] with that nonsense on the horned cattle, much ill-humour had been prevented.

The crisis is now tremendous. Should the House of Commons, or both Houses, fall on the Remonstrance as it in a manner dares them to do, it is much to be apprehended that not only the Lord Mayor and sheriffs will uphold their act, but that many lords and members will avow them, and demand to be included in the same sentence. The Tower, crammed with such proud criminals, will be a formidable scene indeed. The petitioning counties will certainly turn remonstrants. An association among them is threatened, and a general refusal by the party of paying the land-tax. In short, rebellion is in prospect, and in everybody's mouth. I, you know, have long foretold, that if some lenient measures were not applied, the confusion would grow too mighty to be checked.

It is not yet, I hope, too late for wisdom and temper to step in. I sigh when I hear any other language. The English may be soothed—I never read that they were to be frightened. The experience of ten years has shown that harshness, and standing on the letter of defence, has but added to the ill-humour of the times. I have a great opinion

[2] The residence of the Princess Dowager in Pall Mall. *Walpole.*
[3] In the King's Speech. *Walpole.*

of Lord North's prudence, and by the answer to the Remonstrance, I conceive that he sees the true and only means of quieting those distempers, *it being much easier for a King of England to disarm the minds of his subjects than their hands.* This is my creed, and all our history supports it.

Friday, 16th.

I was interrupted yesterday, since when the die is cast. Sir Thomas Clavering[4] moved to address the King to lay the Remonstrance and his Answer before the House. The Lord Mayor, the two sheriffs, and Alderman Trecothick[5] avowed the hand they had had in that outrageous paper. Fortunately, no more members took the same part, and some of the best condemned it. The House, you may imagine, was full of resentment, and at eleven at night the Address was carried by 271 to 108: a vast majority in the present circumstances, and composed, as you may guess, of many who abandoned the opposition. The great point is still in suspense what to do with the offenders. The wisest, because the most temperate, method that I have heard suggested is, to address the King to order a prosecution by the Attorney-General. Two others that have been mentioned are big with every mischief—the Tower, or expulsion. Think of the three first magistrates of the City in prison, or of a new election for London! I pray for temper, but what can one expect when such provocation is given? I will write to you again next week, and I wish to send you better news. I forget whether it was King David or King Solomon said it, but I often think of the wisdom of that expression, 'A soft word turneth away anger.'

Pray be upon your guard against the person who told you

[4] Sir Thomas Clavering, eighth Baronet, of Axwell Park, Durham; M.P. for Durham county; d. 1794.

[5] Barlow Trecothick, M.P. for the City of London.

that Johnson was the author of the *False Alarm*. I believe he is; but the person[6] who told you so is a most worthless and dangerous fellow, and capable of any mischief. Adieu!

1297. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1770.

Our storms rather loiter than disperse; but they have deceived me so often, that if I thought them blown over, I should be cautious of saying so. Lord North's temper and prudence has prevailed over much rash counsel; and will, I hope, at last, defeat the madness of both sides. There has not been much heat in the House of Commons. The Rockingham faction has left Lord Chatham's aground, and would not defend the indecency of the Remonstrance. This alarmed my Lord Mayor, and, though he affected to keep up his spirit, it sunk visibly. The House, you may be sure, resented the insult offered to them, and the majorities have been very great; yet has there been no personal punishment or censure, no dubbing of martyrs. The country gentlemen have even declared that they will support the court in no violence. This is very happy, at a time when the first overt act of violence on either side may entail long bloodshed upon us. The disavowal has given Lord Chatham a real or political fit of the gout; and he neither appeared yesterday in the House of Lords, when an address to the King against the Remonstrance was voted, nor at a sumptuous dinner and ball, given to the opposition by the Lord Mayor. They passed in solemn procession, escorted by the Liverymen of London on horseback, from the Thatched House Tavern, near St. James's, to the Mansion House, amidst thousands of people. At night, a small drunken mob, consisting, I believe, chiefly of glaziers and

[6] Smollett. *Walpole.*

tallow-chandlers, obliged some houses at Charing Cross to put out some lights, and broke some windows, but dispersed of themselves in a quarter of an hour. These follies, however, exasperate; and both sides, I fear, grow too angry not to be glad to be enraged at any trifle: the chiefs of both not considering that, like other projectors, the first inventors of mischief never reap the profit. Laud, Strafford, Hampden, Pym, all perished before their manufactures were crowned with success. Cromwell and Clarendon, who came into their shops, got all the business.

Our weather is as perverse as the rest of the season. We have had a hard frost above this fortnight, which they say has killed all the peas and beans; but so they say every year, and of the fruit too. I suppose, if so much was not destroyed, we should be devoured by peas, beans, and apricots.

Lord Beauchamp has desired I would trouble you with a commission; it is to send him about six dozen of wine of Aleatico, and four dozen of the white Verdea. I knew you would undertake it with pleasure; you must draw upon me for the money, and I will pay your brother.

You know I have always some favourite, some successor of Patapan[1]. The present is a tanned black spaniel, called Rosette. She saved my life last Saturday night, so I am sure you will love her too. I was undressing for bed. She barked and was so restless that there was no quieting her. I fancied there was somebody under the bed, but there was not. As she looked at the chimney, which roared much, I thought it was the wind, yet wondered, as she had heard it so often. At last, not being able to quiet her, I looked to see what she barked at, and perceived sparks of fire falling from the chimney, and on searching farther perceived it in flames. It had not gone far, and we easily extinguished it.

LETTER 1297.—[1] A favourite dog Mr. Walpole brought from Rome. *Walpole.*

I wish I had as much power over the nation's chimney. Adieu!

1298. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 31, 1770.

I shall be extremely obliged to you for Alderman Backwell. A scarce print is a real present to me, who have a table of weights and measures in my head very different from that of the rich and covetous.

I am glad your journey was prosperous. The weather here has continued very sharp, but it has been making preparations for April to-day, and watered the streets with some soft showers. They will send me to Strawberry to-morrow, where I hope to find the lilacs beginning to put forth their little noses. Mr. Chute mends very slowly, but you know he has as much patience as gout.

I depend upon seeing you whenever you return this wayward. You will find the round chamber far advanced, though not finished, for my undertakings do not stride with the impetuosity of my youth. This single room has been half as long in completing as all the rest of the castle. My compliments to Mr. John, whom I hope to see at the same time.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1299. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear George, Thursday morning.

After you was gone last night, I heard it whispered about the room that a bad representation had been made at the Queen's House against the unhappy young man[1]. Do not

Letter 1299.—Not in C.; reprinted from *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, ed. 1882, vol. ii. p. 392.

[1] Matthew Kennedy, who was condemned to death on April 12, 1770, for the murder of a watchman. For the reasons which induced Walpole and Selwyn to interest themselves in

mention this, as it might do hurt; but try privately, without talking of it, if you cannot get some of the ladies to mention the cruelty of the case; or what do you think of a hint by the German women[2] if you can get at them?

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

1300. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Thursday, April 19, 1770.

The day so much apprehended of Wilkes's enlargement is passed without mischief. He was released late the night before last, and set out directly for the country. Last night several shops and private houses were illuminated, from affection, or fear of their windows, but few of any distinction, except the Duke of Portland's. Falling amidst the drunkenness of Easter week, riots were the more to be expected; yet none happened. Great pains had been taken to station constables, and the Light Horse were drawn nearer to town, in case of emergency. The Lord Mayor had enjoined tranquillity—as Mayor. As Beckford, his own house in Soho Square was embroidered with '*Liberty*,' in white letters three feet high. Luckily, the evening was very wet, and not a mouse stirred.

However, this delivery may give date to a fresh era. Wilkes has printed manifestoes against the House of Commons, designs to be sworn in alderman, and, they say, to demand his seat in Parliament. An approaching event will favour his designs. Lord Sandys has been overturned, and fractured his skull. The succession of his son[1] to the title vacates the seat of the latter for Westminster, and opens a new scene of rioting. Wilkes will not stand

the affair see *Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. pp. 110–1.

[2] The Queen's German attendants, Mesdames Schwellenberg and Hagedorn.

Letter 1300.—[1] Edwin Sandys (1726-1797), second Baron Sandys.

himself, adhering to his pretensions for Middlesex, but may name whom he pleases. The court, I should think, would not oppose his nominee; and in that case there may be the less tumult.

Well, we must see now what turn this man's destiny will take: whether he will persist, and if he does, what the event will be; or whether he will not be abandoned by degrees, and sink into obscurity. Except as a mere tool of faction, he has lost all hold but with the lower part of the people, while his own vanity and obstinacy makes him most important in his own eyes, and may in reality have made him an enthusiast. Monsieur de la Chalotais, a man of real principles, does not triumph less. He has driven his tyrant, the Duc d'Aiguillon, to demand a trial, and it is now going on before the King at Versailles; an unprecedented compliment, and evidence of the Duke's favour. Yet he is fallen into a jaundice with vexation, after receiving a noble rebuff from the oppressed. Duclos was sent with the offer of 400,000 livres, of erecting his estate into a marquisate, and of ensuring the place of Procureur-Général[2] to his son. La Chalotais was in bed when Duclos drew his curtains; he said immediately, 'Mon ami, j'espère que vous ne venez pas me proposer des bassesses?' He refused everything; said he would persist in pursuing his oppressor for his own vindication till he had not a *sillon* left, and hoped his children would have spirit enough to go on with the suit. Such offers speak the innocence of the sufferer; and yet, having read the procedure, I think there is not the least probability in one of the charges, that of an attempt to have La Chalotais poisoned. It is glorious, however, to find that even in France the loftiest criminals cannot escape from the cry of the public!

[2] Procureur-Général of the Parliament of Bretagne. *Walpole.*

One of the King's daughters[3] is gone into a convent of Carmelites—the youngest. The King refused his consent for three months. Had he had as much more sense as was necessary, he should have abolished the order *in terrorem*, for I take for granted this is a machine played off by Mother Church to revive her credit.

Do you know that I am much scandalized at a paragraph in your last, where you say the Czarina was reduced to murder her husband by the option between that crime and a great empire? Is it possible that you can have given credit to the tales of her very accomplices? There was not a shadow of probability that the Czar intended to put her to death. His nature was most humane and beneficent, and her antecedent and subsequent murders too glaring and horrid proofs of her blackness, to leave one any doubt. There is great reason to believe she poisoned the late Czarina; and none but such simpletons as we have sent to Petersburgh can be imposed on by the gross denial of her hand in the massacre of the Czar John.

My dear Sir, leave it to Voltaire and the venal learned to apologize for that wretched woman. I am not dazzled with her code of laws, nor her fleets in the Archipelago. La Chalotais, in prison or exile, is venerable. Catharine will be detestable, though she should be crowned in St. Sophia, and act a farce of Christianity there. Pray deny her place in so pure a heart as your own. The proper punishment of mighty criminals is their knowing that they are, and must be for ever despised by the good. Adieu!

1301. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770.

I don't know whether Wilkes is subdued by his imprisonment, or waits for the rising of Parliament, to take the

[3] Madame Louise. *Walpole.*

field; or whether his dignity of alderman has dulled him into prudence, and the love of feasting; but hitherto he has done nothing but go to City banquets and sermons, and sit at Guildhall as a sober magistrate. What an inversion of the proverb, 'Si ex quovis Mercurio fit lignum'! What do you Italians think of Harlequin Podestà? In truth, his party is crumbled away strangely. Lord Chatham has talked on the Middlesex election till nobody will answer him; and Mr. Burke (Lord Rockingham's governor) has published a pamphlet[1] that has sown the utmost discord between that faction and the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Mrs. Macaulay has written against it. In Parliament their numbers are shrunk to nothing, and the session is ending very triumphantly for the court. But there is another scene opened of a very different aspect. You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about that country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe. As the latter sinks, and the others rise, they who live between the eras will be a sort of Noahs, witnesses to the period of the Old World and origin of the New. I entertain myself with the idea of a future senate in Carolina and Virginia, where their Patriots will harangue on the austere and incorruptible virtue of the ancient English! will tell their auditors of our disinterestedness and scorn of bribes and pensions, and make us blush in our graves at their ridiculous panegyrics. Who knows but even our Indian usurpations and villainies may become topics of praise to American schoolboys? As I believe our virtues are extremely like those of our pre-

LETTER 1301.—[1] *Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

decessors the Romans, so I am sure our luxury and extravagance are too.

What do you think of a winter Ranelagh[2] erecting in Oxford Road, at the expense of sixty thousand pounds? The new bank, including the value of the ground, and of the houses demolished to make room for it, will cost three hundred thousand; and erected, as my Lady Townley[3] says, *by sober citizens too*! I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nosegay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant: you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West[4], who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great, that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything; a new fashion, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half a crown. Another rage is for prints of English portraits: I have been collecting them above thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most, from half a guinea to a guinea. Lately, I assisted a clergyman[5] in compiling a catalogue of them; since the publica-

[2] The Pantheon. *Walpole.*

[3] In the comedy of the *Provoked Husband*. *Walpole.*

[4] Benjamin West (1738–1820).

[5] Mr. Granger's work is entitled *Biographical History*. *Walpole.*

tion, scarce heads in books, not worth threepence, will sell for five guineas. Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware, in Staffordshire[6], from two to five guineas; and *or moulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well, that a tea-kettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines,—we have the fustian also.

Well! what becomes of your neighbours, the Pope and Turk? is one Babylon to fall, and the other to moulder away? I begin to tremble for the poor Greeks; they will be sacrificed like the Catalans, and left to be impaled for rebellion, as soon as that vain-glorious woman the Czarina has glutted her lust of fame, and secured Azoph by a peace, which I hear is all she insists on keeping. What strides modern ambition takes! We are the successors of Aurungzebe; and a virago under the Pole sends a fleet into the Ægean Sea to rouse the ghosts of Leonidas and Epaminondas, and burn the capital of the second Roman Empire! Folks now scarce meddle with their next-door neighbours; as many English go to visit St. Peter's that never thought of stepping into St. Paul's.

I shall let Lord Beauchamp know your readiness to oblige him, probably to-morrow, as I go to town. The spring is so backward here that I have little inducement to stay; not an entire leaf is out on any tree, and I have heard a syren as much as a nightingale. Lord Fitzwilliam[7],

[6] At Josiah Wedgwood's works at 'Etruria,' opened in 1769.

[7] William Fitzwilliam, afterwards Wentworth-Fitzwilliam (1748–1833), second Earl Fitzwilliam.

George Keppel, 3rd Earl of Albemarle

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

who, I suppose, is one of your latest acquaintance, is going to marry Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, Lord Besborough's second daughter, a pretty, sensible and very amiable girl. I seldom tell you that sort of news, but when the parties are very fresh in your memory. Adieu!

1302. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770.

If you are like me, you are fretting at the weather. We have not a leaf yet large enough to make an apron for a Miss Eve of two years old. Flowers and fruits, if they come at all this year, must meet together as they do in a Dutch picture. Our lords and ladies, however, couple as if it were the real *gioventù dell' anno*. Lord Albemarle[1], you know, has disappointed all his brothers and my niece; and Lord Fitzwilliam is declared *sposo* to Lady Charlotte Ponsonby. It is a pretty match, and makes Lord Besborough as happy as possible.

Masquerades proceed in spite of Church and King. That knave the Bishop of London persuaded that good soul the Archbishop to remonstrate against them; but happily the age prefers silly follies to serious ones, and dominoes, *comme de raison*, carry it against lawn sleeves.

There is a new institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a club of *both* sexes to be erected at Almac's, on the model of that of the men of White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Loyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable a society; but as they are people I live with, I choose to be idle rather than morose. I can

Letter 1302. — [1] Lord Albemarle married on April 20, 1770, Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller, fourth Baronet, of Froyle, Hampshire.

go to a young supper, without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass. Yet I shall never pass a trist old age in turning the Psalms into Latin or English verse. My plan is to pass away calmly; cheerfully if I can; sometimes to amuse myself with the rising generation, but to take care not to fatigue them, nor weary them with old stories, which will not interest them, as their adventures do not interest me. Age would indulge prejudices if it did not sometimes polish itself against younger acquaintance; but it must be the work of folly if one hopes to contract friendships with them, or desires it, or thinks one can become the same follies, or expects that they should do more than bear one for one's good humour. In short, they are a pleasant medicine, that one should take care not to grow fond of. Medicines hurt when habit has annihilated their force: but you see I am in no danger. I intend by degrees to decrease my opium, instead of augmenting the dose. Good night; you see I never let our long-lived friendship drop, though you give it so few opportunities of breathing.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1303. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 24, 1770.

Not only the session is at an end, but I think the Middlesex election too, which my Lord Chatham has heated and heated so often over, that there is scarce a spark of fire left. The City, indeed, carried a new Remonstrance[1] yesterday, garnished with my Lord's own ingredients, but much less hot than the former. The court, however, was put into some confusion by my Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all form and precedent, tacked a volunteer speech to the

Letter 1303.—[1] See *Ann. Reg.* 1770, p. 201.

Remonstrance. It was wondrous loyal and respectful, but being an innovation, much discomposed the solemnity. It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case, he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or answer extempore, which is no part of the royal trade; or sit silent and have nothing to reply. This last was the event, and a position awkward enough in conscience. Wilkes did not appear. When he misses such an opportunity of being impertinent, you may imagine that his spirit of martyrdom is pretty well burnt out. Thus has the winter, that set out with such big black clouds, concluded with a prospect of more serenity than we have seen for some time. Lord Camden, Lord Granby, Lord Huntingdon, and the Duke of Northumberland, have no great cause to be proud of the finesse of their politics, and Lord Chatham has met with nothing but miscarriages and derision. Disunion has appeared between all the parts of the opposition, and unless experience teaches them to unite more heartily during the summer, or the court commits any extravagance, or Ireland or America furnishes new troubles, you may compose yourself to tranquillity in your representing ermine, and take as good a nap as any monarch in Europe.

During this probable lethargy, I shall take my leave of you for some time, without writing only to make excuses for having nothing to say, which I have made for so many summers, and which I cannot make even so well as I have done. My pen grows very old, and is not so foolish as to try to conceal it; and if Gil Blas was to tell me that my parts, even small as they were, decay, I should not resent it like his archbishop, nor turn away the honest creature for having perceived what I have found out myself for some time. As my memory, however, is still good, you may

depend upon hearing from me again, when I have anything worth telling you. One can always write a gazette, and I am not too proud to descend to any office for your service. Adieu!

1304. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1770.

My company and I have wished for you very much to-day. The Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mr. Bateman, and your cousin, Fred. Montagu, dined here. Lord Guilford was very obliging, and would have come if he dared have ventured. Mrs. Montagu was at Bill Hill with Lady Gower. The day was tolerable, with sun enough for the house, though not for the garden. You, I suppose, never will come again, as I have not a team of horses large enough to draw you out of the clay of Oxfordshire.

I went yesterday to see my niece[1] in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish. Close to the Thames, in the centre of all rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that you think yourself an hundred miles off and an hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Talmachs, and Maitlands[2]! There is an old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans, and Polenburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c., without end.

Letter 1304.—[1] Charlotte, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole and wife of fifth Earl of Dysart, who had recently succeeded to the title.

[2] Elizabeth Murray (d. 1698), Countess of Dysart in her own right, married (1) Sir Lionel Tollemache, third Baronet, of Helmingham, Suffolk; (2) John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale.

One pair of bellows is of filigree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because the gates never were opened by his father but once for the late Lord Granville[3], you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back-door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat, for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you would guess it is there. In short, our ancestors had so little idea of taste and beauty, that I should not have been surprised if they had hung their pictures with the painted sides to the wall. Think of such a palace commanding all the reach of Richmond and Twickenham, with a domain from the foot of Richmond Hill to Kingston Bridge, and then imagine its being as dismal and prospectless as if it stood

On Stanmore's wintry wild!

I don't see why a man should not be divorced from his prospect as well as from his wife, for not being able to enjoy it. Lady Dysart frets, but it is not the etiquette of the family to yield, and so she must content herself with her château of Tondertentronk as well as she can. She has another such ample prison in Suffolk[4], and may be glad to reside where she is. Strawberry, with all its painted glass and gloomth, looked as gay when I came home as Mrs. Cornelis's ball-room.

I am very busy about the last volume of my *Painters*, but have lost my index, and am forced again to turn over all my Vertues, forty volumes of miniature MSS.; so this

[3] Father-in-law of the late Earl.

[4] Helmingham Hall.

will be the third time I shall have made an index to them. Don't say I am not persevering, and yet I thought I was grown idle. What pains one takes to be forgotten! Good night!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1305. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 15, 1770.

I have no public event to tell you, though I write again sooner than I purposed. The journey of the Princess Dowager to Germany is indeed an extraordinary circumstance[1], but besides its being a week old, as I do not know the motives, I have nothing to say upon it. It is much canvassed and sifted, and yet perhaps she was only in search of a little repose from the torrents of abuse that have been poured upon her for some years. Yesterday they publicly sung about the streets a ballad, the burthen of which was, *the cow has left her calf.* With all this we are grown very quiet, and Lord North's behaviour is so sensible and moderate that he offends nobody.

Our family has lost a branch, but I cannot call it a misfortune. Lord Cholmondeley[2] died last Saturday. He was seventy, and had a constitution to have carried him to an hundred, if he had not destroyed it by an intemperance, especially in drinking, that would have killed anybody else in half the time. As it was, he had outlived by fifteen years all his set, who have reeled into the ferry-boat so long before him. His grandson[3] seems good and amiable, and

Letter 1305.—[1] The object of the Princess's journey was to see and remonstrate with her daughter, the Queen of Denmark, upon her undue familiarity with the physician Struensee.

[2] George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] George James Cholmondeley (1749–1827), fourth Earl of Cholmondeley, created a Marquis in 1816.

though he comes into but a small fortune for an earl, five-and-twenty hundred a year, his uncle the General[4] may re-establish him upon a great foot—but it will not be in his life, and the General does not sail after his brother on a sea of claret.

You have heard details, to be sure, of the horrible catastrophe at the fireworks at Paris[5]. Francès, the French minister, told me the other night that the number of the killed is so great that they now try to stifle it; my letters say between five and six hundred! I think there were not fewer than ten coach-horses trodden to death. The mob had poured down from the Étoile by thousands and ten thousands to see the illuminations, and did not know the havoc they were occasioning. The impulse drove great numbers into the Seine, and those met with the most favourable deaths.

We hear again that my Lady Orford is coming to England—I cannot believe it, after she has been twice at Calais and recoiled.

This is a slight summer letter, but you will not be sorry it is so short, when the dearth of events is the cause. Last year I did not know but we might have a battle of Edgehill by this time. At present, my Lord Chatham could as soon raise money as raise the people; and Wilkes will not much longer have more power of doing either. If you was not busy in burning Constantinople, you could not have a better opportunity for taking a trip to England. Have you never a wish this way? Think what satisfaction it would be to me!—but I never advise; nor let my own inclinations judge for my friends. I had rather suffer their absence, than have to reproach myself with having given

[4] General Hon. James Cholmondeley; d. 1775.

[5] On the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. The catastrophe was caused by a panic in the crowd.

them bad counsel. I therefore say no more on what would make me so happy. Adieu!

1306. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1770.

Since the sharp mountain will not come to the little hill, the little hill must go to the Mont-aigu. In short, what do you think of seeing me walk into your parlour a few hours after this epistle? I had not time to notify myself sooner. The case is, Princess Amalie has insisted on my going with her to, that is, meeting her at, Stowe on Monday, for a week. She mentioned it some time ago, and I thought I had parried it, but having been with her at Park Place these two or three days, she has commanded it so positively, that I could not refuse. Now, as it would be extremely inconvenient to my indolence to be dressed up in weepers and hatbands by six o'clock in the morning, and lest I should be taken for chief mourner going to Beckford's[1] funeral, I trust you will be charitable enough to give me a bed at Atterbury[2] for one night, whence I can arrive at Stowe in a decent time, and caparisoned as I ought to be, when I have lost a brother-in-law, and am to meet a Princess. Don't take me for a Lausun[3], and think all this favour portends a *second* marriage between our family and the blood royal; nor that my visit to Stowe implies my espousing Miss Wilkes[4]. I think I shall die as I am, neither higher nor lower; and above all things, no more politics. Yet I shall have many a private smile to myself, as I wander among all those consecrated and desecrated buildings, and think what company I am in, and

Letter 1306.—[1] William Beckford died on June 21, 1770.

[2] Adderbury, in Oxfordshire.

[3] An allusion to Antoine Nompar de Caumont (1633–1723), Duc de Lauzun, and his projected marriage to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, cousin of Louis XIV.

[4] Mary, daughter of John Wilkes; d. unmarried, 1802.

of all that is past—but I must shorten my letter, or you will not have finished it when I arrive. Adieu! Yours—a-coming! a-coming! H. W.

1307. To George Montagu.

Adderbury, Sunday night, July 1, 1770.

You will be enough surprised to receive a letter from me dated from your own house, and may judge of my mortification at not finding you here—exactly as it happened two years ago. In short, here I am, and will tell you how I came here—in truth, not a little against my will. I have been at Park Place with Princess Amalie, and she insisted on my meeting her at Stowe to-morrow. She had mentioned it before, and as I have no delight in a royal progress, and as little in the Seigneur Temple, I waived the honour and pleasure, and thought I should hear no more of it. However, the proposal was turned into a command, and everybody told me I could not refuse. Well, I could not come so near, and not call upon you; besides, it is extremely *convenient to my Lord Castlecomer*, for it would have been horrid to set out at seven o'clock in the morning, full-dressed in my weepers, and to step out of my chaise into a drawing-room. I wrote to you on Friday, the soonest I could after this was settled, to notify myself to you, but find I am arrived before my letter. *Mrs. White* is all goodness; and being the first of July, and consequently the middle of winter, has given me a good fire and some excellent coffee and bread and butter, and I am as comfortable as possible, except in having missed you. She insists on acquainting you, which makes me write this to prevent your coming; for as I must depart at twelve o'clock to-morrow, it would be dragging you home before your time for only half an hour, and I have too much regard for Lord Guilford to

deprive him of your company. Don't therefore think of making me this unnecessary compliment. I have treated your house like an inn, and it will not be friendly, if you do not make as free with me. I had much rather that you would take it for a visit that you ought to repay. Make my best compliments to your brother and Lord Guilford, and pity me for the six dreadful days I am going to pass. Rosette is fast asleep in your chair, or I am sure she would write a postscript. I cannot say that she is either commanded or invited to be of this royal party; but have me, have my dog.

I must not forget to thank you for mentioning Mrs. Wetenhall, on whom I should certainly wait with great pleasure, but have no manner of intention of going into Cheshire. There is not a chair or a stool in Cholmondeley, and my nephew, I believe, will pull it down. He has not a fortune to furnish or inhabit it; and, if his uncle should leave him one, he would choose a pleasanter country. Adieu! Don't be formal with me, forgive me, and don't trouble your head about me. Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

1308. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, July 7, 1770.

After making an inn of your house, it is but decent to thank you for my entertainment, and to acquaint you with the result of my journey. The party passed off much better than I expected. A Princess at the head of a very small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good nature itself, my Lord was very civil, Lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, Lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, Lady Ann

Howard[1] and Mrs. Middleton[2] filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a great deal, and had not a cloud the whole time.

We breakfasted at half an hour after nine; but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about it in cabriolets, till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharaoh till ten, when the Princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden made each day different from the rest: and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lytteltons, Grenvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover and Wilkes, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelie, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized

Letter 1308.—[1] Eldest daughter of fourth Earl of Carlisle by his second wife, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Amelia.

[2] Mrs. Catherine Middleton (d. unmarried in 1784), fourth daughter of Sir William Middleton, second Baronet, of Belsay Castle, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Amelia.

there, and now again commanding there, with the Temple of Friendship, like the Temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you believe that nothing ever was so delightful. The idea was really pretty, but, as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia-man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the Princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great-coats, for fear of catching cold. The Earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame, I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswic lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except Lady Ann—and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli.

But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, is an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side AMELIAE SOPHIAE, AUG., and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields, in a grove of orange-trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see, through a glade, the river winding at the bottom; from which a thicket rises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of hay-cocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the over-bowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

Between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four and five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the Muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo's hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to Lord Temple:—

T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stow,
'What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected!
How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!
Since yon nymph has appear'd, *we* are noticed no more,
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;
And what's more provoking, before all our faces,
Temple thither has drawn both the Muses and Graces.'
'Keep your temper, dear child,' Phœbus cried with a smile,
'Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.
Can your shrine any longer with garlands be drest?
When a true goddess reigns, all the false are suppress.'

If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too pagan upon the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch,—

> Recollect, once before that our oracle ceased,
> When a real Divinity rose in the East.

So many heathen temples around had made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good night. I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little Tempe. Yours ever,

H. W.

1309. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1770.

I am not going to tell you, my dear Lord, of the diversions or honours of Stowe, which I conclude Lady Mary[1] has writ to Lady Strafford. Though the week passed cheerfully enough, it was more glory than I should have sought of my own head. The journeys to Stowe and Park Place have deranged my projects so, that I don't know where I am, and I wish they have not given me the gout into the bargain; for I am come back very lame, and not at all with the bloom that one ought to have imported from the Elysian fields. Such jaunts when one is growing old is playing with edged tools, as my Lord Chesterfield, in one of his *Worlds*, makes the husband say to his wife, when she pretends that grey powder does not become her. It is charming at twenty to play at Elysian fields[2], but it is no joke at fifty; or too great a joke. It made me laugh as we

Letter 1309.—[1] Lady Mary Coke, sister of Lady Strafford.
[2] At Stowe. *Walpole.*

were descending the great flight of steps from the house to go and sup in the grotto on the banks of Helicon: we were so cloaked up, for the evening was very cold, and so many of us were limping and hobbling, that Charon would have easily believed we were going to ferry over in earnest. It is with much more comfort that I am writing to your Lordship in the great bow-window of my new round room, which collects all the rays of the south-west sun, and composes a sort of summer; a feel I have not known this year, except last Thursday. If the rains should ever cease, and the weather settle to fine, I shall pay you my visit at Wentworth Castle; but hitherto the damps have affected me so much, that I am more disposed to return to London and light my fire, than brave the humours of a climate so capricious and uncertain, in the country. I cannot help thinking it grows worse; I certainly remember such a thing as dust: nay, I still have a clear idea of it, though I have seen none for some years, and should put some grains in a bottle for a curiosity, if it should ever fly again.

News I know none. You may be sure it was a subject carefully avoided at Stowe; and Beckford's death had not raised the glass or spirits of the master of the house. The papers make one sick with talking of that noisy vapouring fool, as they would of Algernon Sidney.

I have not happened to see your future nephew [3], though we have exchanged visits. It was the first time I had been at Marble Hill since poor Lady Suffolk's death; and the impression was so uneasy, that I was not sorry not to find him at home. Adieu, my good Lord! Except seeing you both, nothing can be more agreeable than to hear of yours and Lady Strafford's health, who, I hope, continues perfectly well.

[3] John, second Earl of Buckingham, married to his second wife a daughter of Lady Anne Conolly, sister of Lord Strafford. *Walpole.*

1310. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1770.

Reposing under my laurels! No, no, I am reposing in a much better tent, under the tester of my own bed. I am not obliged to rise by break of day and be dressed for the drawing-room; I may saunter in my slippers till dinner-time, and not make bows till my back is as much out of joint as my Lord Temple's. In short, I should die of the gout or fatigue, if I was to be Polonius to a Princess for another week[1]. Twice a day we made a pilgrimage to almost every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; and there is no sallying out of the house without descending a flight of steps as high as St. Paul's. My Lord Besborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to see all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, because we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threescore, we supped in a grotto in the Elysian fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers that dripped from all the trees, and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day. Well! thank Heaven, I am emerged from that Elysium, and once more in a Christian country!—Not but, to say the truth, our pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected. We had no very recent politics, though volumes about the Spanish war; and as I took care to give everything a ludicrous turn as much as I could, the Princess was diverted, the six days rolled away, and the seventh is my

Letter 1310.—[1] Mr. Walpole had been for a week at Stowe, the seat of Earl Temple, with a party invited to meet her royal highness the late Princess Amelia. *Walpole.*

sabbath; and I promise you I will do no manner of work, I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor anything that is mine. For this reason, I entreat that the journey to Goodwood may not take place before the 12th of August, when I will attend you. But this expedition to Stowe has quite blown up my intended one to Wentworth Castle: I have not resolution enough left for such a journey. Will you and Lady Ailesbury come to Strawberry before, or after Goodwood? I know you like being dragged from home as little as I do; therefore you shall place that visit just when it is most convenient to you.

I came to town the night before last, and am just returning. There are not twenty people in all London. Are not you in despair about the summer? It is horrid to be ruined in coals in June and July. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1311. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, July 14, 1770.

I SEE by the papers this morning that Mr. Jenkinson[1] is dead. He had the reversion of my place, which would go away, if I should lose my brother. I have no pretensions to ask it, and you know it has long been my fixed resolution not to accept it. But as Lord North is your particular friend, I think it right to tell you, that you may let him know what it is worth, that he may give it to one of his own sons, and not bestow it on somebody else, without

LETTER 1311.—[1] This was a false report. Charles Jenkinson (1729–1808), M.P. for Appleby; cr. (1786) Baron Hawkesbury of Hawkesbury, Gloucestershire; succeeded his cousin as seventh Baronet in 1789; cr. Earl of Liverpool in 1796. Under Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1761–62; Lord of the Admiralty, 1766–67; Lord of the Treasury, 1767–73; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1772–75; Secretary at War, 1778–82; President of the Board of Trade, 1786–1804. He had great influence with George III, and was one of the small body known as the 'King's friends.'

being apprised of its value. I have seldom received less than fourteen hundred a year in money, and my brother, I think, has four more from it. There are besides many places in the gift of the office, and one or two very considerable. Do not mention this but to Lord North, or Lord Guilford. It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to say to you, but I would wish them to be assured that in saying this, I am incapable of, and above any finesse or view to myself. I refused the reversion for myself several years ago, when Lord Holland was Secretary of State, and offered to obtain it for me. Lord Bute, I believe, would have been very glad to have given it to me, before he gave it to Jenkinson; but I say it very seriously, and you know me enough to be certain I am in earnest, that I would not accept it upon any account. Any favour Lord North will do for you will give me all the satisfaction I desire. I am near fifty-three; I have neither ambition nor interest to gratify. I can live comfortably for the remainder of my life, though I should be poorer by 1,400*l.* a year; but I should have no comfort if, in the dregs of life, I did anything that I would not do when I was twenty years younger. I will trust to you, therefore, to make use of this information in the friendly manner I mean it, and to prevent my being hurt by its being taken otherwise than as a design to serve those to whom you wish well. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1312. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday [July 15, 1770].

I am sorry I wrote to you last night, for I find it is the woman Jenkinson[1] that is dead, and not the man; and

Letter 1312.—[1] Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Governor of Fort William and President of the Council in Bengal; m. (1769), as his first wife,

therefore I should be glad to have this arrive time enough to prevent your mentioning the contents of my letter. In that case, I should not be concerned to have given you that mark of my constant good wishes, nor to have talked to you of my affairs, which are as well in your breast as my own. They never disturb me, for my mind has long taken its stamp, and as I shall leave nobody much younger than myself behind me for whom I am solicitous, I have no desire beyond being easy for the rest of my life: I could not be so if I stooped to have obligations to any man beyond what it would ever be in my power to return. When I was in Parliament, I had the additional reason of choosing to be entirely free; and my strongest reason of all is, that I will be at liberty to speak truth both living and *dead*[2]. This outweighs all considerations of interest, and will convince you, though I believe you do not want that conviction, that my yesterday's letter was as sincere in its resolution as in its professions to you. Let the matter drop entirely, as it is now of no consequence. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1313. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1770.

Are you not glad to have been so long without hearing from me? Your ministerial blood has had time to cool, and settle into the channels of representative dignity. Instead of Wilkes having been so, it looks as if Beckford had been the firebrand of politics, for the flame has gone out entirely since his death,

And corn grows now where Troy town stood:

Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool.

[2] Probably an allusion to the *Memoirs*.

both country gentlemen and farmers are thinking of their harvest, not of petitions and remonstrances.

Yet, don't think I write merely to tell you that I have nothing to tell you. If I have nothing to tell, I have something to ask—something that you would grant without my asking, and yet that you will like to do because I ask it. In short, not to convert my request into a riddle, the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son, Lord Lincoln, is coming to your Florence, and his father has desired my recommendation. I have represented how little occasion there could be for my interposition; you knew his father, are obliging to everybody, and attentive to such rank. However, if you can throw in a little extraordinary cordiality for my sake, it will much oblige me. The Duke and I have been intimate from our schoolhood, and I should like to have him find that I have been zealous about his son. But if a word is enough to the wise, a syllable is enough to the kindness and friendship you have ever had for me, and therefore I will only add, that the Duke has begged another word for Mr. Chamberlayne[1], who travels with Lord Lincoln. I hope you will find he deserves it: I do not know him, and therefore I am always in a fright when I frank anybody to you that I cannot answer for. And, what is worse, you never complain though one send you bears or tigers.

My Lady Orford has been in England this month, and overwhelms folks with kisses and embraces. I suppose her son thinks she would stifle him, for I believe he has not come near her—but I do not trouble myself with their affairs. She is now gone to her estate in Devonshire, and they say talks of returning to Italy in September.

LETTER 1313.—[1] Probably Edward Chamberlayne, who also acted as tutor to the eldest son of Horace Walpole's cousin, Lord Walpole of Wolterton. He was appointed Joint Secretary to the Treasury in March 1783, but was so overcome by the idea of his responsibilities that he committed suicide after holding his office a few days.

I have quite done with your Russian expedition; it travels as slowly as if it went by the stage-coach. I expected another Bajazet in chains by this time. Instead of that, they are haggling with the Turk about some barbarous villages in the Morea. They stop at everything, though their mistress stops at nothing. I know this is a very brief letter; but you do not wish that I should have a battle of Naseby to send you. Adieu!

1314. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 31, 1770.

I MUST write to you this very minute. I have just seen my Lady Orford and Cavalier Mozzi. I came to town this morning on some business, and after dinner went to Holland House, where I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when the Countess and her knight-errant were announced. Lady Holland was distressed, and offered to go down to her: I said, by no means, it was quite a matter of indifference to me; nay, that I had rather see her than not. Up they came: we bowed and curtseyed, grew perfectly free immediately, and like two persons that are well-bred, easy, and not much acquainted. She stayed a full hour; we pronounced each other's name without any difficulty, and when she took leave, for she sets out on Tuesday, she asked if I had any orders for Paris. I find her grown much older, bent, her cheeks fallen in, and half her teeth fallen out; but much improved in her manner and dress. The latter is that of other old women, her face not flustered and heated as it used to be, her impetuosity and eager eyes reduced within proper channels, and none of her screams and exclamations left, though a good deal of kissing remains at her entry and exit. It is not fair to judge at first sight and hearing, but the cavalier seems no genius, and still less adapted to his

profession *en titre d'office*. I cannot say I discovered anything of the Countess's asthma or ill-health. So I hear her silly son thought. He has at last been to see her, but I believe only once, and that for one hour only. I do not think that if she was dying, he would give himself more trouble: he has no more attention for himself than for anybody else.

If you saw this town, you would not think there could be any news in it. It is as empty as Ferrara. Not that there is anything more new anywhere else. If a dead calm portends a storm at land as well as at sea, we are at the eve of a violent hurricane. We have lived these two months upon the poor Duke of Cumberland, whom the newspapers, in so many letters, call *the Royal Idiot*. I do not know how such language will be taken abroad, but there has been a paper on the King of Spain that has half-choked the Prince of Masserano. Unluckily, it was written with uncommon humour, and described his Catholic Majesty falling down upon the floor with excessive fatigue from thrashing a horse in the tapestry, which he tried to mount. Another paper on Louis XV was threatened, but two French officers went to the printer and assured him that they would have the honour of putting him to death if a word appeared against their master,—and the paper has not appeared. The Spanish Ambassador has menaced and complained: the ministers, who could scarce keep their countenances, the paper was so droll, lamented, '*Ma, che fare?* Not a tapestry-horse at home escapes: how can we make you reparation, when we cannot help ourselves?' In the meantime, I must confess, we are a parcel of savages, and scalp all the world.

Our newspapers tell us of Russian victories by sea and land, but I will not believe them till they have your confirmation. I hate such rambling wars: the accounts are more like a book of travels, than journals of a campaign.

One hears a town is besieged, and three months after, one learns that no army has been within two hundred leagues of it. I know almost as much of the Emperor of the moon as of the Grand Signior.

My Lady Orford says you have the gout—I don't mean just now, but she spoke of it as if it was upon your regular establishment. She offered to carry you a pair of the bootikins, but I said I thought I had sent you some, at least that I had mentioned them to you. Did not I? Your brother finds benefit from them, and I very considerable benefit. You have said so little of your gout, that I thought it was not more than, as the French say, a *pretension*. She says as everybody says, that you are fatter. I wonder what she thought of me; I believe she did not find me much younger than I thought her; considering it is at least sixteen years since we met, and such a period embellishes nobody.

Adieu! my dear Sir, tell me if you would have any bootikins. I had rather you would tell me you have no occasion for them; not that I am one of the great abhorrers of the gout; at least, as I have it rarely. I find it a total dispensation from physicians, and that is something.

1315. To Lady Mary Coke.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1770.

The first moment's intermission from pain ought to be dedicated, good Lady Mary, to you, though I have still enough left to make even the pleasure of writing to you some anguish. Your kindness never alters, you [are] one of the very few upon whom one may for ever depend. As I have been out of bed but two single hours since Saturday

Letter 1315.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol iii. p. 283, n. 1.

night, I cannot dare to guess when I shall be in town. I should be sorry indeed not to see your Ladyship before you go, but at present I am worse than I should wish any friend to see me. Be so good as to thank Lady Greenwich and Lady Charlotte Edwin for their goodness to me, and if you see Lady Townshend, pray be so obliging as to tell her how sincerely I am concerned for her loss[1]. I am too weak to say more. I wish you all the happiness you deserve, Lady Mary, and am ever faithfully and devotedly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1316. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill [Sept. 1770].

I AM quite ashamed, Madam, that your Ladyship should ask for such trifles as my writings, and ask so often. I beg your pardon, and obey, to save you any more trouble; which is the cause of my sending them in so improper a manner. I have none bound, nor any but what I send. There are, in truth, besides, and I ought to blush that there are so many, the *Anecdotes of Painting*, the *Castle of Otranto*, and *Richard the Third*. The first cannot entertain you; the second, not a second time; and the third must appear dry when no longer a novelty. Your Ladyship shall have all these if you please, but be assured that, though nobody's approbation flatters me so much as your Ladyship's, it cannot persuade me that my writings deserve half you are so good as to say of them. If you knew how little I am content with them, you would know that I had much rather never hear them mentioned. As I wish to be allowed to see your Ladyship and Lord Ossory as much as I may without being trouble-

[1] The death of her daughter-in-law, Lady Townshend.

LETTER 1316.—Dated Sept. 15 by original editor, but the day of the month is probably wrong, as the following letter is dated Sept. 15.

some, let it be, Madam, without the authorship coming in question. I hold that character as cheap as I do almost everything else, and, having no respect for authors, am not weak enough to have any for myself on that account. It is a much greater honour to be permitted to call myself

Yours, &c.

1317. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 15, 1770.

It was lucky for your Ladyship and Lord Ossory, that I prevented your doing me the honour of a visit last Monday. The very night I wrote (this day se'nnight) I was put into my bed, and have not been out of it since but three times, to have it made. I will not tell your Ladyship what I have suffered, because lovers and good Christians are alone allowed to brag of their pains, and to be very vain of being very miserable. I am content at present with having recovered my write-ability enough to thank your Ladyship and Lord Ossory for your kind intentions, which, for my own sake, I have not virtue enough to decline, nor for your sakes the confidence to accept. Lord Ossory has seen me in the gout, and knows I am not very peevish; consequently you might bear to make me a visit, but as I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to quit my bedchamber before Tuesday, since, at this instant, I am writing in bed, I dare not ask you, Madam, to risk passing any time in a sick chamber.

As nothing would give me more pleasure sincerely than to see your Ladyship and Lord Ossory here for a few days, when I could enjoy it, why should not you a short time hence bring Mr. Fitzpatrick[1], Harry Conway, Charles Fox,

Letter 1317. — [1] Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick (1747–1813), second son of first Earl of Upper Ossory, and brother-in-law of Horace Walpole's

or who you please, and make a little October party hither? It would be the most agreeable honour in the world to me, and I flatter myself, from your kind disposition to me, Madam, would not be very tedious to you. If you will name your time, nothing *shall* interfere with it. When a fit of the gout has just turned the corner, one flatters oneself that nothing bad can happen, and one talks with an impudent air of immortality—how you would smile if you saw the figure my immortality makes at this moment! I fancy I look very like the mummy of some sacred crane which Egyptian piety bundled up in cered cloths, and called preserving. The very bones of the claw I am writing with are wrapped in a flannel glove. However, your Ladyship sees to how near the end of my existence I am

Yours, &c.

1318. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1770.

Yesterday I received your confirmation of the great, the vast, the complete victory of the Russians[1] over the Turkish fleet. Indeed, for shortness, I had chosen to credit the first account. As all the part I take in it is the bigness of the event, it would have lost all its poignancy if I had waited to have it authenticated. It is impossible to interest oneself for that woman, who, by murdering her husband, has had an opportunity of spreading so much devastation. Yet, as the French have miscarried in blowing up this conflagration, I am not sorry Catharine is triumphant. It is amusing too,

correspondent, the Countess of Upper Ossory. He entered the army in 1765, and saw service during the American War. He became M.P. for Tavistock in 1774; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1782; Secretary at War, 1783; General, 1803. Fitzpatrick was the most intimate friend of Charles James Fox. He was a good scholar, and a writer of *vers de société*. His *Dorinda, a Town Eclogue*, was printed at Strawberry Hill in 1775.

Letter 1318.—[1] At Chesme, in Asia Minor, on July 5, 1770.

to live at the crisis of a prodigious empire's fall. Consequently, you must take care that Constantinople does not escape. I do not insist on its being sacked, or that, according to a line of Sir Charles Williams, in a parody of a bombast rant of Lord Granville, there

Should viziers' heads come rolling down Constantinople's streets!

I have no Christian fury to satiate, and wish revolutions could happen with as little bloodshed as in the *Rehearsal*. Nor do I interest myself for the honour of prophecies. If the Church pretends, for want of knowing what better to do with it, to wrench Daniel's *times, and time, and half a time*, to the present case, it can only be by the job being accomplished *in half the time* that anybody else expected,—and, let me tell you, it is a good deal for prophecy to come a quarter so near any truth. What will the Czarina do with the Ottoman world? will she hold it *in commendam*, or send her son to reign there, that he may not remain too near her own throne? It may save poisoning him.

And pray what has carried the Pretender to Florence? Does he remain there? Has anybody a mind to be doing with him? He must be adroit indeed if he escapes your vigilance.

I am laid at length upon my couch while I am writing to you, having had the gout above these three weeks in my hand, knee, and both feet, and am still lifted in and out of bed by two servants. This gives me so melancholy a prospect, that I taste very little comfort in that usual compliment, of the gout being an earnest of long life,—alas! is not long life then, an earnest of the gout? and do the joys of old age compensate the pains? What cowards we are, when content to purchase one evil with another! and when both are sure to grow worse upon our hands! Let the happiest old person recount his enjoyments, and see

who would covet them; yet each of us is weak enough to expect a better lot! Oh, my dear Sir, what self-deluding fools we are through every state!—but why fill you with my gloom? perhaps our best resource is the cheat we practise on ourselves. Adieu!

1319. To Lady Mary Coke.

Monday evening, Sept. 24, 1770.

It was a thorough mortification, dear Lady Mary, not to see your Ladyship yesterday, when you was so very good as to call; and it was no small one not to be able to answer your note this morning. My relapse, I believe, was owing to the very sudden change of weather. However, it has humbled me so much that I shall readily obey your commands and be much more careful of not catching cold again. If it is possible I shall remove to London before you set out: if it is not, I wish you health, happiness, and amusement—and, may I say, a surfeit of travelling. I am glad you cannot go and visit the Ottoman Emperor, and I have too good an opinion of you to think you will visit the Northern Fury. If after this journey you will not stay at home with us, I protest I will have a painted oilcloth hung at your door, with an account of your having been shown to the Emperor of Germany and the Lord knows how many other potentates. Well! Madam, make haste back; you see how fast I grow old; I shall not be a very creditable lover long, nor able to drag a chain that is heavier than that of your watch. Yet while a shadow of me lasts, it will glide after you with friendly wishes, and put you in mind of the attachment of

Your most faithful slave,
Hor. Walpole.

Letter 1319.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 294, n. 1.

1320. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1770.

I am going on in the sixth week of my fit, and having had a return this morning in my knee, I cannot flatter myself with any approaching prospect of recovery. The gate of painful age seems open to me, and I must travel through it as I may!

If you have not written one word for another, I am at a loss to understand you. You say you have taken a house in London for a year, that you are gone to Waldeshare for six *months*, and then shall come for the winter. Either you mean six *weeks*, or differ with most people in reckoning April the beginning of winter. I hope your pen was in a hurry, rather than your calculation so uncommon. I certainly shall be glad of your residing in London. I have long wished to live nearer to you, but it was in happier days—I am now so dismayed by these returns of gout, that I can promise myself few comforts in any future scenes of my life.

I am much obliged to Lord Guilford and Lord North, and was very sorry that the latter came to see Strawberry in so bad a day, and when I was so extremely ill, and full of pain, that I scarce knew he was here; and as my coachman was gone to London to fetch me bootikins, there was no carriage to offer him—but, indeed, in the condition I then was, I was not capable of doing any of the honours of my house, suffering at once in my hand, knee, and both feet. I am still lifted out of bed by two servants, and by their help travel from my bedchamber down to the couch in my blue room—but I shall conclude, rather than tire you with so unpleasant a history. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1321. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1770.

Your Ladyship's very obliging letter would at any other time have been a cruel disappointment to me; but I am so unfit to receive good company, that, in charity to your Ladyship and Lord Ossory, I believe I should once more, mortifying as it would have been to me, have begged you to avoid me. Had you come hither, Madam, at your return from Winterslow[1], you would have found me about as much at ease as St. Lawrence was upon his gridiron, and, though I have been in no danger, as he was, I think I may say I have been *saved, but so as by fire*; for I do not believe roasting is much worse than what I have suffered—one can be broiled, too, but once; but I have gone through the whole fit twice, it returning the moment I thought myself cured. I am still dandled in the arms of two servants, and not yet arrived at my go-cart. In short, I am fit for nothing but to be carried into the House of Lords to prophesy.

I beg your Ladyship's pardon for troubling you with this account. The young and happy ought not to be wearied with the histories of the ancient and the sick. We should bid adieu to the world when we are no longer proper for it: it is enough if we are excused for being out of our coffin, without fatiguing people till they wish one there. You may depend upon it, therefore, Madam, that I will not come to Houghton Park[2] with any monumental symptoms about me. If by one of those miracles which self-love or blindness firmly believes in, I should grow prodigiously juvenile and healthy before Christmas, I will certainly come

Letter 1321. — [1] Lord Holland's seat near Salisbury.

[2] Horace Walpole here seems to confuse Ampthill Park, Lord Ossory's seat in Bedfordshire, with Houghton Park House, an ancient mansion at no great distance from it.

and thank you, Madam, for all your goodness. If not, you will, I trust, believe my gratitude, till I can assure you of it in Brook Street, where I hope you will still allow me a place by your fireside, in consideration of my having been so long

Your Ladyship's most devoted, &c.

1322. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1770.

Seeing such accounts of press-gangs in the papers, and such falling of stocks, you will wonder that in my last I did not drop a military syllable. Alas! when I had a civil war all over my own person, you must not wonder, unpatriotic as it was, that I forgot my country. But I ought not to call ignorance forgetfulness: I did not even know with whom we were going to war; and now that I know with whom, I do not know that we *are* going to war. England that lives in the north of Europe, and Spain that dwells in the south, are vehemently angry with one another about a morsel of rock[1] that lies somewhere at the very bottom of America,—for modern nations are too neighbourly to quarrel about anything that lies so near them as in the same quarter of the globe. Pray, mind; we dethrone nabobs in the most north-east corner of the Indies; the Czarina sends a fleet from the Pole to besiege Constantinople; and Spain huffs, and we arm, for one of

Letter 1322.—[1] The Falkland Island. *Walpole.*—In June 1770 the English garrison at Port Egmont in the Falkland Isles was captured by the Spanish under the Governor of Buenos Ayres. When this news reached England (in October) the Government made preparations for war, and instructed the English Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid (Mr. Harris, afterwards Earl of Malmesbury) to demand the restitution of the settlement and the disavowal of the Governor's action. The court of Spain refused to comply with these demands, and Mr. Harris was ordered by the Secretary of State to leave Madrid. Before he had got far from the capital he was overtaken by a courier who announced that Spain had granted the demands of England (Jan. 1771).

the extremities of the southern hemisphere. It takes a twelvemonth for any one of us to arrive at our object, and almost another twelvemonth before we can learn what we have been about. Your patriarchs, who lived eight or nine hundred years, could afford to wait eighteen or twenty months for the post coming in, but it is too ridiculous in our post-diluvian circumstances. By next century, I suppose, we shall fight for the Dog-star and the Great Bear. The stocks begin to recover a little from their panic, and their pulse is a very tolerable indication.

Two of your brethren died last Sunday morning; so your spurs, wherein true knighthood lies, should go into double mourning. Lord Grantham[2] and Sir Richard Lyttelton are the persons; the latter died very suddenly, though each has long been in a deplorable way, the first with excess of scurvy, the latter with the loss of his limbs. Lord Grantham was a miserable object, but Sir Richard all jollity and generosity, and a very cheerful statue.

I am not such a philosopher with my temporary confinement. To-day I began to be led a little about the room. The pain would be endurable, were it to end here; but being the wicket through which one squeezes into old age, and the prospect pointing to more such wickets, I cannot comfort myself with that common delusion of intermediate health. What does the gout cure that is so bad as itself? With this raven-croaking mortality at my window, I am acting as if I did not believe its bodings—I am building again! Nay, but only a bedchamber, the sort of room I seem likely to inhabit much time together. It will be large, and on the first floor, as I am not at all proud of that American state, being carried on the shoulders of my servants. Indeed, I raise mole-hills with little pleasure

[2] Sir Thomas Robinson, Knight of the Bath, and first Lord Grantham of that family. *Walpole.*

now. When reflection has once mixed itself with our pursuits, it renders them very insipid. Charming, thoughtless folly can alone give any substance to our visions! The moment we perceive they are visions, it is in vain to shut our eyes and pretend to dream.

Saturday, 6th.

I was interrupted on Thursday by a visit from London, and now my letter cannot set out till Tuesday; but it gives me time to acknowledge one I received from you this morning of September 22nd.

Notwithstanding the testimonies you give, and which I well recollect, of the juvenile huntings of the great Prince of Tuscany[3], and the slaughter he used to make of game in tapestry, it is, nevertheless, certain that the paper published here was a mistake, and ascribed to him what related to his predecessor. It was King Ferdinand that was so watch-mad, and who kept a correspondence by constant couriers with Elliker[4], the famous watchmaker. It was Ferdinand, too, who, on going out of the drawing-room, always made an effort, or at least motion with his leg, that indicated a temptation to mount a horse in tapestry that hung near the door. It may, indeed, be a disorder in the family, and it may run in the blood to have an itch after tapestry animals. I am sure I wish I had a rage for riding and shooting my furniture, by a genealogic disorder, instead of the gout, which, though we can scarce discover any gouty stains in my pedigree, I must conclude derived thence, as my temperance and sobriety would have set up an ancient philosopher. I begin to creep about my room, and can tell you, for your comfort, that by the cool, uncertain manner in which you speak of your fits, I am sure you never have had the gout. I have known several persons talk of it, that

[3] Don Carlos, afterwards King of Naples, and then of Spain. *Walpole.*
[4] Probably John Ellicott; d. 1772.

might as well have fancied they had the gout when they sneezed. You shall have, however, a pair of bootikins to hang up in your armoury.

I still know nothing of the war. Vast preparations everywhere go on, yet nobody thinks it will ripen. We used to make war without preparing; I hope the reverse will be true now. Where is the gentleman[5] that came lately from Rome? Has there been any thought of lending him a tapestry-horse? There is a terrible set of hangings in the House of Lords[6] that would frighten them—I was going to say, *out* of, but I should say, *into* their senses. It is the representation of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It is enough to cure the whole royal family of Spain of their passion for encountering tapestry.

We have a new ship, which, I hear, terrifies all the foreign ministers; it is named the *Britannia*, and though carrying an hundred and twenty guns, sails as pertly as a frigate. Seamen flock in apace; the first squadron will consist of sixteen ships of the line. Your Corps Diplomatique says our seamen are so impetuous, and so eager for prize-money, that it will be impossible to avoid a war: I am sure it would be impossible if they were the contrary.

Who do you think is arrived? The famous Princess Daschkaw, the Czarina's favourite and accomplice, now in disgrace—and yet alive! Nay, both she and the Empress are alive! She has put her son to Westminster School. The devil is in it, if the son of a conspiratress with an English education does not turn out a notable politician. I am impatient to get well, or at least hope she may stay till I am, that I may see her. Cooled as my curiosity is about most things, I own I am eager to see this amazon, who had so great a share in a revolution, when she was not

[5] The Pretender. *Walpole.*
[6] A tapestry in the House of Lords. *Walpole.*

above nineteen. I have a print of the Czarina, with Russian verses under it, written by this virago. I do not understand them, but I conclude their value depends more on the authoress than the poetry. One is pretty sure what they do not contain—truth. Adieu!

1323. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

At last I have been able to remove to London, but though seven long weeks are gone and over since I was seized, I am only able to creep about upon a flat floor, but cannot go up or down stairs. However, I have patience, as I can at least fetch a book for myself, instead of having a servant bring me a wrong one.

I am much obliged to Lord Guilford[1] for his goodness to me, and beg my thanks to him.

When you go to Canterbury, pray don't wake the Black Prince; I am very unwarlike, and desire to live the rest of my time upon the stock of glory I saved to my share out of the last war.

I know no more news than I did at Strawberry; there are not more people in town than I saw there. I intend to return thither on Friday or Saturday. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.[2]

Letter 1323.—[1] The letter is addressed to

'George Montagu, Esq.,
at the Earl of Guilford's,
Waldeshare,
Kent.'

[2] This is the last of the letters addressed by Walpole to Montagu. The following note in Horace Walpole's handwriting, relating to the correspondence between himself and Montagu, is prefixed to the collection of the original letters of Walpole to Montagu in the Kimbolton MSS.:—'Mr. Frederick Montagu will do what he pleases with these letters. As mine must be preserved, they may be kept together, as they may serve to explain passages in each other.
Oct. 28, 1784.' Hor. Walpole.'

1324. To the Earl of Strafford.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

Though I have so very little to say, it is but my duty, my dear Lord, to thank you for your extreme goodness to me and your inquiring after me. I was very bad again last week, but have mended so much since Friday night, that I really now believe the fit is over. I came to town on Sunday, and can creep about my room even without a stick, which is more felicity to me than if I had got a white one. I do not aim yet at such preferment as walking upstairs; but having moulted my stick, I flatter myself I shall come forth again without being lame.

The few I have seen tell me there is nobody else in town. That is no grievance to me, when I should be at the mercy of all that should please to bestow their idle time upon me. I know nothing of the war-egg, but that sometimes it is to be hatched and sometimes to be addled. Many folks get into the nest, and sit as hard upon it as they can, concluding it will produce a golden chick. As I shall not be a feather the better for it, I hate that game-breed, and prefer the old hen Peace and her dunghill brood. My compliments to my Lady and all her poultry.

I am, my dear Lord,
Your infinitely obliged and faithful humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1325. To the Earl of Charlemont.

My Lord, Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1770.

I am very glad your Lordship resisted your disposition to make me an apology for doing me a great honour; for, if you had not, the Lord knows where I should have found words to have made a proper return. Still you have left

me greatly in your debt. It is very kind to remember me, and kinder to honour me with your commands: they shall be zealously obeyed to the utmost of my little credit; for an artist that your Lordship patronizes will, I imagine, want little recommendation, besides his own talents. It does not look, indeed, like very prompt obedience, when I am yet guessing only at Mr. Jervais's[1] merit; but though he has lodged himself within a few doors of me, I have not been able to get to him, having been confined near two months with the gout, and still keeping my house. My first visit shall be to gratify my duty and curiosity. I am sorry to say, and beg your Lordship's pardon for the confession, that, however high an opinion I have of your taste in the arts, I do not equally respect your judgement in books. It is in truth a defect you have in common with the two great men who are the respective models of our present parties—

The hero William, and the martyr Charles.

You know what happened to them after patronizing Kneller and Bernini—

One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles.

After so saucy an attack, my Lord, it is time to produce my proof. It lies in your own postscript, where you express a curiosity to see a certain tragedy, with a hint that the other works of the same author have found favour in your sight, and that the piece ought to have been sent to you. But, my Lord, even your approbation has not made that author vain; and for the play in question, it has so many perils to encounter, that it never thinks of producing itself. It peeped out of its lurking corner once or twice; and one of those times, by the negligence of a friend, had like to

LETTER 1325.—[1] John Jervais or Jarvis (d. 1799), a glass-painter. He was afterwards employed on the window in New College Chapel, Oxford, for which the designs were given by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

have been, what is often pretended in prefaces, *stolen*, and *consigned to the press*. When your Lordship comes to England, which, for every reason but that, I hope will be soon, you shall certainly see it; and will then allow, I am sure, how improper it would be for the author to risk its appearance in public. However, unworthy as that author may be, from his talents, of your Lordship's favour, do not let its demerits be confounded with the esteem and attachment with which he has the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most devoted servant.

1326. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 12, 1770.

I begin my letter to-night, on the eve of many events, which will probably fill my paper, but at present I am only making my letter ready. The Parliament is to meet to-morrow, though the definitive courier from Spain is not expected these three days; so the King's Speech must blow both hot and cold. However, the ministers need fear no Parliamentary war of any consequence. The deaths of Beckford and Lord Granby, and that of Mr. Grenville[1], which is expected every day, leave Lord Chatham without troops or generals, and unless like Almanzor[2] he thinks he can conquer alone, he must lean on Lord Rockingham; and God knows! that is a slender reed. Wilkes and his party are grown ridiculous; so that, upon the whole, opposition is little formidable. I believe and hope the complexion of the answer from Spain will be pacific. We have by this time, or shall by to-morrow, have a Lord

Letter 1326.—[1] George Grenville, younger brother of Richard, Earl Temple, had been First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[2] In Dryden's *Conquest of Grenada*. *Walpole.*

Chancellor[3]. It is De Grey, the Attorney-General; a very proper one, as often as the gout will let him be so. I am not afflicted with it like him, and mine, thanks to water and the bootikins, is entirely gone; yet I would not take the Great Seal. Mr. Conway has succeeded Lord Granby as Colonel of the Blues, the most agreeable post in the army. Lady Aylesbury's father[4], the Duke of Argyle, is just dead; so the charming Duchess of Hamilton is now Duchess of Argyle. As she is not quite so charming as she was, I don't know whether it is not better than to retain a title that put one in mind of her beauty. Lord Egmont[5] is given over too, so the next volume of our history will have few of the old actors in it. Thus much for preface. To-morrow, or Friday, I may tell you more.

To-morrow, 13th.

Mr. Grenville died at seven this morning; consequently Lord Chatham and Lord Temple cannot be at the House of Lords. The King's Speech is very firm, and war must ensue if Spain is not very yielding. As we shall probably know in two or three days, I shall keep back my letter till Friday.

Thursday, 15th.

No courier, no Chancellor yet. De Grey was only to be Lord Keeper, and now hesitates—for men in these times are the reverse of commodities at an auction: when there is but one man to be sold, and but one bidder for him, that bidder is forced to enhance upon himself. Half the revenue goes in salaries, and the other half will go in pensions to persuade people to accept those salaries. However, Lord Mansfield, who had already been frightened out of the Speaker's chair, will not be encouraged by a Junius that came out yesterday,

[3] The Great Seal continued in commission until January 1771.

[4] General John Campbell succeeded his cousin Archibald, Duke of Argyll, in that title. *Walpole.*

[5] John Perceval, second Earl of Egmont. *Walpole.*—He died on Dec. 4, 1770.

the most outrageous, I suppose, ever published against so high a magistrate by name. The excess of abuse, the personality, and new attacks on the Scotch, make people ascribe it to Wilkes—to me the composition is far above him.

The Parliament opened with nothing more than conversation in both Houses: Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, and all the friends of Mr. Grenville, absenting themselves, as he was dead that morning. The complexion, however, seemed to be military. Lord North spoke well, and with great prudence; Colonel Barré with wit and severity; Burke warmly, and not well. I write this to-day because I am obliged to go to Strawberry to-morrow on some business of my own; but if I learn anything particular to-night, I will add it before I set out in the morning.

Friday morning.

No, nothing new, but that Baron Smyth, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, is to be Lord Keeper. I know nothing of him, but that he is a Methodist, and a grandson of Waller's Sacharissa, by a second husband.

Well! I have seen the Princess Daschkaw, and she is well worth seeing—not for her person, though, for an absolute Tartar, she is not ugly: her smile is pleasing, but her eyes have a very Catiline fierceness. Her behaviour is extraordinarily frank and easy. She talks on all subjects, and not ill, nor with striking pedantry, and is quick and very animated. She puts herself above all attention to dress, and everything feminine, and yet sings tenderly and agreeably, with a pretty voice. She, and a Russian lady that accompanies her, sung two songs of the people, who are all musical; one was grave, the other lively, but with very tender turns, and both resembling extremely the Venetian barcarolles. She speaks English a little, understands it easily: French is very familiar to her, and she knows Latin. When the news of the naval victory over

the Turks arrived at Petersburgh, the Czarina made the archbishop mount the tomb of Peter the Great, and ascribe the victory to him as the founder of the marine. It was a bold *coup de théâtre*, and Pagan enough. The discourse, which is said to be very elegant, the Princess has translated into French, and Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, is to publish it in English. But, as an instance of her quickness and parts, I must tell you that she went to a Quakers' meeting. As she came away, one of the women came up to her, and told her she saw she was a foreigner, that she wished her all prosperity, and should be very glad if anything she had seen amongst them that day should contribute to her salvation. The Princess thanked her very civilly, and said, 'Madame, je ne sçais si la voie de silence n'est point la meilleure façon d'adorer l'Être Suprême.' In short, she is a very singular personage, and I am extremely pleased that I have seen her. Adieu!

1327. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1770.

If you have not engaged your interest in Cambridgeshire, you will oblige me much by bestowing it on young Mr. Brand, the son of my particular acquaintance, and our old schoolfellow. I am very unapt to trouble my head about elections, but wish success to this.

If you see Bannerman, I should be glad you would tell him that I am going to print the last volume of my *Painters*, and should like to employ him again for some of the heads, if he cares to undertake them: though there will be a little trouble, as he does not reside in London. I am in a hurry, and am forced to be brief, but am always glad to hear of you, and from you. Yours most sincerely.

1328. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1770.

I believe our letters crossed one another without knowing it. Mine, it seems, was quite unnecessary, for I find Mr. Brand has given up the election. Yours was very kind and obliging, as they always are. Pray be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for me a thousand times; I am vastly pleased with his work, and hope he will give me another of the plates for my volume of heads (for I shall bind up his present), and I by no means relinquish his promise of a complete set of his etchings, and of a visit to Strawberry Hill. Why should it not be with you and Mr. Essex, whom I shall be very glad to see—but what do you talk of a single day? Is that all you allow me in two years?

I rejoice to see Mr. Bentham's advertisement at last. I depend on you, dear Sir, for procuring me his book[1] the instant it is possible to have it. Pray make my compliments to all that good family.

I am enraged, and almost in despair, at Pearson[2] the glass-painter, he is so idle and dissolute—he has done very little of the window, though what he has done is glorious, and approaches very nearly to Price.

My last volume of *Painters* begins to be printed this week, but, as the plates are not begun, I doubt it will be long before the whole is ready. I mentioned to you in my last Thursday's letter a hint about Bannerman the engraver. Adieu!

Dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
Hor. Walpole.

Letter 1328.—[1] *The History of Ely Cathedral.*
[2] James Pearson; d. 1805.

1329. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1770.

I THIS minute receive your letter of October 27th, and do not wonder you are impatient to hear what the Spanish courier says. He arrived this day sevennight; and, had his message been definite, or published, you should have heard immediately; but, whatever he brought, it was left to the Spanish Ambassador to traffic with, and make the best market he could of it. At first, the stocks, who are our most knowing politicians, opined that the answer was pacific, and they held their heads very high. On Saturday last, their hearts sunk into their breeches; all officers were ordered to their posts. I am just come from the King's levee, where Lord Howe kissed hands for being appointed commander in the Mediterranean. He is no trifler. The army is to be augmented. Still I will hope we shall remain in peace, for, whether we beat or are beaten, we always contrive to make a shameful treaty. At home, the ministers are victorious. Motions were made in both Houses last Thursday for the papers relating to Falkland's Island, which were refused in the Lords by 61 to 25; in the Commons, by 225 to 101. Lord Chatham, who is Almanzor himself, and kicks and cuffs friend and enemy, abused the ministers, opposition, Wilkes, and the City. Lord Temple did not appear, nor any of Grenville's friends. Wilkes has his own civil wars in his own party, and by the consequence of fractions in small numbers, both he and his rival-mates are become ridiculous. This is the present state at home. We have neither Chancellor nor Keeper yet: Bathurst[1] is now talked of.

Letter 1329.—[1] Hon. Henry Bathurst, appointed Lord Chancellor on Jan. 23, 1771, when he was made a peer as Baron Apsley.

I am much obliged to you for the detail of Le Fevre's medicine; but I am perfectly recovered without it, and strong in opinion against it. I am persuaded he is a quack, and his nostrum dangerous. By quack I mean impostor, not in opposition to, but in common with physicians. He has been here and carried off five thousand pounds, at a hundred pounds per patient[2]. You must know, I do not believe the gout to be curable. In the next place, I am sure he cannot give any proof of its being a humour, and if it is, it is not a single fund of humours, but probably a mass thrown off at periods by the constitution. It is doubtful whether wind is not the essence of gout; it certainly has much to do with it. There must have been longer experience of this new remedy's effects before I would try it upon myself. I have known many nostrums stop every cranny into which the gout is used to crowd itself, and the consequence has always been an explosion. I am not desperate, nor like the adage, *kill or cure*. But my great objection of all is, that the medicine begins with *giving* the gout. Thank it; I have not the disorder above once in two years, and it would be bad economy to bring on what I may never live to have. In short, the bootikins, water, and lemonade, have restored me so completely, that I have not the smallest symptom left of lameness or weakness; and Mr. Chute, who has a much deeper mine of gout in his frame than I have, finds his fits exceedingly diminished by the constant use of the bootikins, and walks better than he did ten years ago.

Tuesday.

I must send away my letter without being able to tell you whether it is war or peace. You shall hear again as soon as either is determined. Adieu.

[2] His medicine proved extremely noxious. *Walpole.*

1330. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 18, 1770.

The Peace is an errant Will-o'-wisp, a Jack-o'-lanthorn, that dances before one's eyes, and one cannot set one's foot upon it. A new vapour has started up before it, which, as I am no natural philosopher, I cannot tell whether it will bring us nearer to the meteor, or prevent our reaching it. The day before yesterday Lord Weymouth resigned the Seals. If you ask why? so does everybody; and I do not hear that anybody has received an answer. Lord Sandwich succeeds him, but takes the Northern Province, not yours, as you would wish. However, Lord Rochford does, and I flatter myself you are very well with him too.

Recent as this event is, it is almost forgotten in a duel that happened yesterday between Lord George Germaine[1] and a Governor Johnstone[2], the latter of which abused the former grossly last Friday in the House of Commons. Lord George behaved with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. Each fired two pistols, and Lord George's first was shattered in his hand by Johnstone's fire, but neither were hurt. However, whatever Lord George Sackville was, Lord George Germaine is a hero!

If we have nothing else to do after the holidays we are to amuse ourselves with worrying Lord Mansfield, who between irregularities in his court, timidity, and want of judgement, has lowered himself to be the object of hatred to many, and of contempt to everybody. I do not think that he could re-establish himself if he was to fight Governor Johnstone.

Letter 1330.—[1] Lord George Sackville took the name of Germain on succeeding to the estate of Lady Elizabeth Germain in 1769.

[2] Commodore George Johnstone (1730–1787), fourth son of Sir James Johnstone, third Baronet, of Westerhall; M.P. for Cockermouth; Governor of West Florida, 1763–67; Commissioner to treat with America, 1778.

Last week there was a great uproar in the House of Lords[3], followed by a secession of Lord Chatham and a dozen of the opposition. They returned next day very quietly. Part of the House of Commons, whose members the majority had turned out, attempted to convert this riot into a quarrel between the Houses, but could make nothing of it[4]. M. de Guines[5], the new French Ambassador, stares and wonders what all these things mean: some fresh hurly burly arrives before he has got halfway into a comprehension of the preceding. He is extremely civil and attentive to please—I do not know whether he will have time to succeed.

This is but a mezzanine letter; something, if you will allow me to pun, between two *stories*. I don't know what is to be built up or pulled down, for I am no architect, but only sketch out what I see. Our fabrics, indeed, of late years, seem to be erected with cards, easily raised, and as easily demolished. As we have used all our packs round and round, we can but have some of the old ones again. Adieu!

1331. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1770.

I am very zealous, as you know, for the work, but I agree with you in expecting very little success from the

[3] On Dec. 10, when the Duke of Manchester made a motion calling attention to the defenceless state of the nation.

[4] 'The members of the Commons went down in a fury to their own House. . . . George Onslow . . . made complaint of the injurious manner in which they had been thrust out by force, and moved for a Committee to inspect the journals of the Lords on that occasion. . . . Lord North, to humour the Commons, joined in the blame, but dissuaded the motion. It was battled, however, for two hours; and some Lords who had come thither were turned out: but the motion was rejected by the influence of the courtiers.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 146.)

[5] Adrien Louis de Bonnières (1735–1806), Comte, afterwards Duc, de Guines.

plan[1]. Activity is the best implement in such undertakings, and that seems to be wanting; and, without that, it were vain to think of who would be at the expense. I do not know whether it were not best that Mr. Essex should publish his remarks as simply as he can. For my own part, I can do no more than I have done, sketch out the plan. I grow too old, and am grown too indolent, to engage in any more works, nor have I time. I wish to finish some things I have by me, and to have done. The last volume of my *Anecdotes*, of which I was tired, is completed, and with them I shall take my leave of publications. The last years of one's life are fit for nothing but idleness and quiet, and I am as indifferent to fame as to politics.

I can be of as little use to Mr. Granger in recommending him to the Antiquarian Society. I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dullness to the world, and crowned it with Dean Milles's[2] nonsense. I have written a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and there wash my hands of them.

To say the truth, I have no very sanguine expectation about the Ely window. The glass-painter, though admirable, proves a very idle worthless fellow, and has yet scarce done anything of consequence. I gave Dr. Nichols notice of his character, but found him apprised of it; the Doctor, however, does not despair, but pursues him warmly. I wish it may succeed!

If you go over to Cambridge, be so good as to ask Mr. Gray when he proposes being in town: he talked of last

Letter 1331.—[1] For a History of Gothic Architecture.

[2] Jeremiah Milles (1714–1784), Dean of Exeter, President of the Society of Antiquaries. He published in 1770 *Observations on the Wardrobe Account for* 1483, *the Coronation of Richard III*, answered by Horace Walpole in *A Reply to the Observations of Dean Milles on the Wardrobe Account*.

month. I must beg you, too, to thank Mr. Tyson for his last letter. I can say no more to the plan than I have said. If he and Mr. Essex should like to come to town, I shall be very willing to talk it over with them, but I can by no means think of engaging in any part of the composition.

These holidays I hope to have time to range my drawings, and give Bannerman some employment towards my book—but I am in no hurry to have it appear, as it speaks of times so recent; for though I have been very tender of not hurting any living relations of the artists, the latter were in general so indifferent, that I doubt their families will not be very well content with the coldness of the praises I have been able to bestow. This reason, with my unwillingness to finish the work, and the long interval between the composition of this and the other volumes, have, I doubt, made the greatest part a very indifferent performance. An author, like other mechanics, never does well when he is tired of his profession.

I have been told that, besides Mr. Tyson, there are two other gentlemen engravers at Cambridge. I think their names are Sharp or Show, and Cobbe, but I am not at all sure of either. I should be glad, however, if I could procure any of their portraits—and I do not forget that I am already in your debt. Boydell[3] is going to recommence a suite of Illustrious Heads, and I am to give him a list of indubitable portraits of remarkable persons that have never been engraved; but I have protested against his receiving two sorts; the one, any old head of a family, when the person was moderately considerable; the other, spurious or doubtful heads; both sorts apt to be sent in by families who wish to crowd their own names into the work; as was the case more than once in Houbraken's set, and of which honest

[3] John Boydell (1719–1804), print publisher; elected Alderman in 1782; Lord Mayor, 1790.

Vertue often complained to me. The Duke of Buckingham, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Thurloe[4], in that list, are absolutely not genuine—the first is John Digby, Earl of Bristol.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1332. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Christmas Day.

If poplar pines[1] ever grow, it must be in such a soaking season as this. I wish you would send half a dozen by some Henley barge to meet me next Saturday at Strawberry Hill, that they may be as tall as the Monument by next summer. My cascades give themselves the airs of cataracts, and Mrs. Clive looks like the sun rising out of the ocean. Poor Mr. Raftor is tired to death of their solitude; and, as his passion is walking, he talks with rapture of the brave rows of lamps all along the street, just as I used formerly to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like those at Vauxhall.

As I came to town but to dinner, and have not seen a soul, I do not know whether there is any news. I am just going to the Princess[2], where I shall hear all there is. I went to *King Arthur*[3] on Saturday, and was tired to death, both of the nonsense of the piece and the execrable performance, the singers being still worse than the actors. The scenes are little better (though Garrick boasts of rivalling

[4] John Thurloe (1616–1668), Secretary of State; his portrait was engraved by Vertue.

LETTER 1332.—[1] According to Miss Berry the first poplar pine (or Lombardy poplar) raised in England was at Park Place, from a cutting brought from Turin by the Earl of Rochford, and planted by General Conway.

[2] The late Princess Amelia. *Walpole.*

[3] An opera by Dryden, altered by Garrick.

the French Opera), except a pretty bridge, and a Gothic church with windows of painted glass. This scene, which should be a barbarous temple of Woden, is a perfect cathedral, and the devil officiates at a kind of high mass! I never saw greater absurdities. Adieu!

1333. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1770.

The trees[1] came safe: I thank you for them: they are gone to Strawberry, and I am going to plant them. This paragraph would not call for a letter, but I have news for you of importance enough to dignify a dispatch. The Duc de Choiseul is fallen! The express from Lord Harcourt[2] arrived yesterday morning; the event happened last Monday night, and the courier set out so immediately, that not many particulars are yet known. The Duke was allowed but three hours to prepare himself, and ordered to retire to his seat at Chanteloup: but some letters say, 'il ira plus loin.' The Duc de Praslin is banished, too, and Châtelet is forbidden to visit Choiseul. Châtelet was to have had the Marine; and I am sure is no loss to us. The Chevalier de Muy is made Secretary of State *pour la guerre*; and it is concluded that the Duc d'Aiguillon is Prime Minister, but was not named so in the first hurry. There! there is a revolution! there is a new scene opened! Will it advance the war? Will it make peace? These are the questions all mankind is asking. This whale has swallowed up all gudgeon-questions. Lord Harcourt writes, that the d'Aiguillonists had officiously taken opportunities of assuring him, that if they prevailed it would be peace; but in this country we know that opponents turned ministers *can* change their

Letter 1333. — [1] The Lombardy poplars. *Walpole.*

[2] Then Embassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

language. It is added, that the morning of Choiseul's banishment, the King said to him, 'Monsieur, je vous ai dit que je ne voulois point la guerre.' Yet how does this agree with Francès's[3] eager protestations that Choiseul's fate depended on preserving the peace? How does it agree with the Comptroller-General's offer of finding funds for the war, and of Choiseul's proving he could not?—But how reconcile half the politics one hears? De Guisnes and Francès sent their excuses to the Duchess of Argyle last night; and I suppose the Spaniards, too; for none of them were there.—Well! I shall let all this bustle cool for two days; for what Englishman does not sacrifice anything to go his Saturday out of town? And yet I am very much interested in this event; I feel much for Madame de Choiseul, though nothing for her *Corsican* husband; but I am in the utmost anxiety for my dear old friend[4], who passed every evening with the Duchess, and was thence in great credit; and what is worse, though nobody, I think, can be savage enough to take away her pension, she may find great difficulty to get it paid—and then her poor heart is so good and warm, that this blow on her friends, at her great age, may kill her. I have had no letter, nor had last post—whether it was stopped, or whether she apprehended the event, as I imagine—for everybody observed, on Tuesday night, at your brother's, that Francès could not open his mouth. In short, I am most seriously alarmed about her.

You have seen in the papers the designed arrangements in the law. They now say there is some hitch; but I suppose it turns on some demands, and so will be got over by their being granted.

Mr. Mason, the bard, gave me yesterday the enclosed memorial, and begged I would recommend it to you. It is

[3] Then the Chargé des Affaires from the French court in London. *Walpole.*

[4] Madame la Marquise du Deffand. *Walpole.*

in favour of a very ingenious painter. Adieu! the sun shines brightly; but it is one o'clock, and it will be set before I get to Twickenham. Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1334. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday evening, Dec. 29, 1770.

WE are alarmed, or very glad, we don't know which. The Duke de Choiseul is fallen! but we cannot tell yet whether the mood of his successors will be peaceable or martial. The news arrived yesterday morning, and the event happened but last Monday evening. He was allowed but three hours to prepare for his journey, and ordered to retire to his seat at Chanteloup; but there are letters that say, 'qu'il ira plus loin.' The Duke de Praslin is banished too—a disagreeable man; but his fate is a little hard, for he was just going to resign the Marine to Châtelet, who, by the way, is forbidden to visit Choiseul. I shall shed no tears for Châtelet, the most peevish and insolent of men, our bitter enemy, and whom M. de Choiseul may thank in some measure for his fall; for I believe while Châtelet was here, he drew the Spaniards into the attack of Falkland's Island. Choiseul's own conduct seems to have been not a little equivocal. His friends maintained that his existence as a minister depended on his preventing a war, and he certainly confuted the Comptroller-General's plan of raising supplies for it. Yet, it is now said, that on the very morning of the Duke's disgrace, the King reproached him, and said, 'Monsieur, je vous avois dit, que je ne voulois pas la guerre'; and the Duke d'Aiguillon's friends have officiously whispered, that if Choiseul was out it would certainly be peace; but did not Lord Chatham, immediately before he was minister, protest not half a man should be sent to

Germany, and yet, were not all our men and all our money sent thither? The Chevalier de Muy is made Secretary at War, and it is supposed Monsieur d'Aiguillon is, or will be, the minister.

Thus Abishag[1] has strangled an administration that had lasted fourteen years. I am sincerely grieved for the Duchess de Choiseul, the most perfect being I know of either sex. I cannot possibly feel for her husband: Corsica is engraved in my memory, as I believe it is on your heart. His cruelties there, I should think, would not cheer his solitude or prison. In the meantime, desolation and confusion reign all over France. They are almost bankrupts, and quite famished. The Parliament of Paris has quitted its functions, and the other tribunals threaten to follow the example. Some people say that Maupeou, the Chancellor, told the King that they were supported underhand by Choiseul, and must submit if he was removed. The suggestion is specious at least, as the object of their antipathy is the Duke d'Aiguillon. If the latter should think a war a good diversion to their enterprises, I should not be surprised if they went on, especially if a bankruptcy follows famine. The new minister and the Chancellor are in general execration. On the latter's lately obtaining the *Cordon Bleu,* this epigram appeared:—

Ce tyran de la France, qui cherche à mettre tout en feu,
Mérite un cordon, mais je pense que ce n'est pas le cordon bleu.

We shall see how Spain likes the fall of the author of the Family Compact. There is an Empress[2] will not be pleased with it, but it is not the Russian Empress; and much less the Turks, who are as little obliged to that bold man's intrigues as the poor Corsicans. How can one regret such a general *boute-feu*?

LETTER 1334.—[1] Madame du Barri. *Walpole.*
[2] The Empress Maria Theresa.

Perhaps our situation is not very stable neither. The world, who are ignorant of Lord Weymouth's motives, suspect a secret intelligence with Lord Chatham. Oh, let us have peace abroad before we quarrel any more at home!

Judge Bathurst is to be Lord Keeper, with many other arrangements in the law; but as you neither know the persons, nor I care about them, I shall not fill my paper with the catalogue, but reserve the rest of my letter for Tuesday, when I shall be in town. No Englishman, you know, will sacrifice his Saturday and Sunday. I have so little to do with all these matters, that I came hither this morning, and left this new chaos to arrange itself as it pleases. It certainly is an era, and may be an extensive one; not very honourable to old King Capet [3], whatever it may be to the intrigues of his new ministers. The Jesuits will not be without hopes. They have a friend [4] that made mischief *ante Helenam.*

Jan. 1, 1771.

I hope the new year will end as quietly as it begins, for I have not a syllable to tell you. No letters are come from France since Friday morning, and this is Tuesday noon. As we had full time to reason—in the dark—the general persuasion is, that the French Revolution will produce peace — I mean in Europe — not amongst themselves. Probably I have been sending you little but what you will have heard long before you receive my letter; but no matter; if we did not chat about our neighbour Kings, I don't know how we should keep up our correspondence, for we are better acquainted with King Louis, King Carlos, and Empresses Catharine and Teresa, than you with the English that I live amongst, or I with your Florentines. Adieu!

[3] Louis XV. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duc de la Vauguyon, governor of the late Dauphin, and a protector of the Jesuits.

1335. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1771.

As I am acquainted with Mr. Paul Sandby[1], the brother of the architect, I asked him if there was a design, as I had heard, of making a print or prints of King's College Chapel, by the King's order? He answered directly, by no means. His brother made a general sketch of the Chapel for the use of the Lectures he reads on Architecture at the Royal Academy. Thus, dear Sir, Mr. Essex may be perfectly easy that there is no intention of interfering with his work. I then mentioned to Mr. Sandby Mr. Essex's plan, which he much approved, but said the plates would cost a great sum. The King, he thought, would be inclined to patronize the work; but I own I do not know how to get it laid before him. His own artists would probably discourage any scheme that might entrench on their own advantages. Mr. Thomas Sandby, the architect, is the only one of them I am acquainted with, and Mr. Essex must think whether he would like to let him into any participation of the work. If I can get any other person to mention it to his Majesty, I will; but you know me, and that I have always kept clear of connections with courts and ministers, and have no interest with either; and perhaps my recommendation might do as much hurt as good, especially as the artists in favour might be jealous of one who understands a little of their professions, and is apt to say what he thinks. In truth, there is another danger, which is that they might not assist Mr. Essex without views of profiting of his labours. I am slightly acquainted with Mr. Chambers, the

Letter 1335. — [1] Paul Sandby (1725–1809), water-colour painter and engraver. His brother was Thomas Sandby (1721–1798), Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy.

architect, and have a good opinion of him; if Mr. Essex approves my communicating his plan to him or Mr. Sandby, I should think it more likely to succeed by their intervention, than by any lord of the court, for, at last, the King would certainly take the opinion of his artists. When you have talked this over with Mr. Essex, let me know the result. Till he has determined, there can be no use in Mr. Essex coming to town. I am much obliged to you, as I am continually, for the trouble you have taken to procure me Mr. Orde's, Mr. Topham's, and Mr. Sharpe's prints[2], and shall be very thankful for them. As to Roman antiquities, I do not collect prints of them, having engaged in too many other branches already.

Mr. Gray will bring down some of my drawings to Bannerman, and when you go over to Cambridge, I will beg you now and then to supervise him. For Mr. Bentham's book, I rather despair of it; and should it ever appear, he will have made people expect it too long, which will be of no service to it, though I do not doubt of its merit. Mr. Gray will show you my answer to Dr. Milles.

I am, dear Sir,
Your ever obliged
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

[2] Perhaps portraits of Craven Ord (1756–1832), John Topham (1746–1803), antiquaries, and the Rev. John Sharpe of Bene't (or Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, with all of whom Cole was likely to be acquainted.

END OF VOL. VII

LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK

Horace Walpole

from a mezzotint by J. McArdell after Sir Joshua Reynolds P.R.A.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. VIII: 1771—1774

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume VIII	vii–xii
Letters 1336–1539	1–456

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From a mezzotint by J. McArdell *after a painting by* Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

FREDERICK HOWARD, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE . *To face p.* 194
From a painting by Romney *in possession of* Mr. Hamilton McCormick.

HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY 323
From mezzotint after painting by Gainsborough.

MARIA, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER 412
From painting by Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. VIII

T			C
		1771.	
1336	Jan. 15, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1250
1337	Jan. 20, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1251
1338	Jan. 27, 1771	Lady Mary Coke.	
1339	[Jan. 1771]	Duchesse de Choiseul.	
1340	Feb. 22, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1252
1341	Feb. 27, 1771	Grosvenor Bedford	1253
1342	March 22, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1254
1343	March 30, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1255
1344	April 26, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1256
1345	May 8, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1257
1346	May 29, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1258
1347	June 8, 1771.	Sir Horace Mann	1259
1348	June 9, 1771.	Lady Mary Coke.	
1349	June 11, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1260
1350	June 17, 1771	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1261
1351	June 19, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1262
1352	June 20, 1771	Earl of Strafford.	1263
1353	June 22, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1264
1354	June 23, 1771	Earl of Upper Ossory	1265
1355	June 24, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1266
1356	June 27, 1771	Grosvenor Bedford	1267
1357	June 27, 1771	Countess of Upper Ossory	1268
1358	July 6, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1269
1359	July 9, 1771	John Chute	1270
1360	July 22, 1771	Edward Louisa Mann	1271
1361	July 30, 1771	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1272
1362	Aug. 5, 1771.	John Chute	1273
1363	Aug. 11, 1771	Countess of Upper Ossory	1274
1364	Aug. 11, 1771	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1275
1365	Aug. 12, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1276
1366	Aug. 22, 1771	Lady Mary Coke.	
1367	Aug. 25, 1771	Earl of Strafford.	1277
1368	Sept. 1, 1771.	Mrs. Abington	1278
1369	Sept. 7, 1771.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1279
1370	Sept. 9, 1771.	George Augustus Selwyn	1280

T			C
1371	Sept. 9, 1771.	Sir Horace Mann	1281
1372	Sept. 9, 1771.	Rev. William Mason.	1282
1373	Sept. 10, 1771	Rev. William Cole	1283
1374	Sept. 25, 1771	Rev. William Mason.	1284
1375	Sept. 26, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1285
1376	Oct. 12, 1771.	Rev. William Cole	1286
1377	Oct. 22, 1771.	Sir Horace Mann	1287
1378	Oct. 23, 1771.	Rev. William Cole	1288
1379	[Oct. or Nov. 1771]	Lady Mary Coke.	1412
1380	Nov. 7, 1771.	Sir Horace Mann	1289
1381	Nov. 18, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1290
1382	Nov. 30, 1771	Countess of Upper Ossory	1291
1383	Dec. 4, 1771.	Earl of Upper Ossory	1292
1384	Dec. 4, 1771.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1293
1385	Dec. 11, 1771	Lady Mary Coke.	
1386	Dec. 14, 1771	Countess of Upper Ossory	1294
1387	Dec. 15, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1295
1388	Dec. 28, 1771	Sir Horace Mann	1296

1772.

1389	Jan. 5, 1772.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1297
1390	Jan. 7, 1772.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1298
1391	Jan. 14, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1299
1392	Jan. 21, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1300
1393	Jan. 28, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1301
1394	Jan. 29, 1772	Lady Mary Coke.	
1395	Feb. 3, 1772.	Sir Horace Mann	1302
1396	Feb. 12, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1303
1397	March 5, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1304
1398	March 27, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1305
1399	April 9, 1772.	Sir Horace Mann	1306
1400	April 21, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1307
1401	May 9, 1772.	Rev. William Mason.	1308
1402	May 13, 1772.	Sir Horace Mann	1309
1403	May 14, 1772.	Viscount Nuneham	1310
1404	[May 1772]	Viscount Nuneham	1311
1405	May 20, 1772	Sir Edward Walpole.	
1406	May 24, 1772	Duchess of Gloucester.	
1407	May 25, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1312
1408	June 9, 1772.	Rev. William Cole	1313
1409	June 15, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1314
1410	June 17, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1315

T			C
1411	June 22, 1772	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1316
1412	June 28, 1772	Rev. William Cole.	
1413	July 1, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1317
1414	July 6, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1318
1415	July 7, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1319
1416	July 21, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1320
1417	July 23, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1321
1418	July 28, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1322
1419	Saturday [Aug. 1, 1772]	Countess of Upper Ossory	1625
1420	Aug. 3, 1772.	Sir Horace Mann	1323
1421	Aug. 12, 1772	George Augustus Selwyn	1324
1422	Aug. 24, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1325
1423	Aug. 25, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1326
1424	Aug. 28, 1772	Rev. William Cole	1327
1425	Aug. 29, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1328
1426	[Sept. 17, 1772]	Duchess of Gloucester.	
1427	Sept. 19, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1329
1428	Sept. 20, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1330
1429	Oct. 13, 1772.	Rev. William Mason.	1331
1430	Oct. 27, 1772.	Duchess of Gloucester.	
1431	Nov. 4, 1772.	Sir Horace Mann	1332
1432	Nov. 7, 1772.	Rev. William Cole	1333
1433†	[Nov. 1772]	Earl of Hardwicke.	
1434	Nov. 10, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1335
1435	Nov. 15, 1772	Duchess of Gloucester.	
1436	Nov. 26, 1772	Rev. William Mason.	1336
1437	[Dec. 15, 1772]	Rev. William Cole	1334
1438	Dec. 22, 1772	Sir Horace Mann	1338
1439	Dec. 29, 1772	Countess of Ailesbury	1337
		1773.	
1440	[Jan. 1773]	Viscount Nuneham.	
1441	Jan. 8, 1773.	Rev. William Cole	1339
1442	Jan. 9, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1340
1443†	Jan. 21, 1773.	Earl of Hardwicke.	
1444	Jan. 21, 1773.	Sir Horace Mann	1341
1445	Jan. 25, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1342
1446	Feb. 1, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1343
1447	Feb. 4, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1344
1448	Feb. 11, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1345
1449	Feb. 17, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1346

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
1450	Feb. 18, 1773	Rev. William Cole	1347
1451	March 2, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1348
1452	March 2, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1349
1453	March 11, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1350
1454	March 12, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1351
1455	March 16, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1352
1456	March 27, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1361
1457	March 27, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1353
1458	April 7, 1773	Rev. William Cole	1354
1459	[April 1773].	Viscount Nuneham	1355
1460	April 27, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1356
1461	April 27, 1773	Rev. William Cole	1357
1462	April 30, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1358
1463†	April [May] 2, 1773	Sir Horace Mann.	
1464	May 4, 1773	Rev. William Cole	1359
1465	May 15, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1360
1466	May 29, 1773.	Sir Horace Mann	1362
1467	May 29, 1773.	Rev. William Cole	1363
1468	June 4, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1364
1469	June 11, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1365
1470	June 15, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1366
1471	June 21, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1367
1472	June 26, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1368
1473†	June 1773	Sir Horace Mann.	
1474	June 28, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1369
1475	July 5, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1370
1476	July 6, 1773.	Dr. Berkenhout.	1371
1477	July 13, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1372
1478	July 17, 1773	Viscount Nuneham	1373
1479	July 27, 1773	Viscount Nuneham	1374
1480	July 29, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1375
1481	Aug. 9, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1376
1482	Aug. 10, 1773	Viscount Nuneham	1377
1483	Aug. 13, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1378
1484†	Aug. 15, 1773	Sir Horace Mann.	
1485	Aug. 17, 1773	Viscount Nuneham	1379
1486	Aug. 30, 1773	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1380
1487	Sept. 1, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1381
1488	Sept. 2, 1773.	Sir Horace Mann	1382
1489	Sept. 3, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1383
1490	Sept. 9, 1773.	Sir Horace Mann	1384
1491	Sept. 17, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1385

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
1492	Sept. 24, 1773	Earl of Strafford.	1386
1493	Oct. 1, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1387, 1388
1494	Oct. 4, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1389
1495	Oct. 7, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1390, 1391
1496†	[Oct. 1773]	Earl of Hardwicke.	
1497	Oct. 26, 1773.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1392
1498†	Nov. 4, 1773.	Sir Horace Mann.	
1499	Nov. 6, 1773.	Viscount Nuneham	1393
1500	Nov. 15, 1773	Earl of Strafford.	1394
1501	Nov. 18, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1395
1502	Nov. 19, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1396
1503	Nov. 27, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1397
1504	Nov. 28, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1398
1505	Nov. 28, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1399
1506	Dec. 1, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1400
1507	Dec. 6, 1773.	Viscount Nuneham	1401
1508	Dec. 8, 1773.	Rev. William Mason.	1402
1509	Dec. 9, 1773.	Hon. Mrs. Grey.	1403
1510	Dec. 14, 1773	Lord Hailes.	1404
1511	Dec. 14, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1405
1512	Dec. 14, 1773	Rev. William Mason.	1406
1513	Dec. 20, 1773	Countess Temple	1407
1514	Dec. 21, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1408
1515	Christmas night, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1409, 1410
1516	Childermass Day	Countess of Upper Ossory	2578
1517	Dec. 30, 1773	Countess of Upper Ossory	1411
1518	Dec. 30, 1773	Sir Horace Mann	1413
		1774.	
1519	Jan. 5, 1774.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1414
1520	Jan. 14, 1774.	Rev. William Mason.	1415
1521†	Jan. 19, 1774.	Sir Horace Mann.	
1522	Jan. 19, 1774.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1416
1523	Jan. 21, 1774.	Rev. William Mason.	1417
1524	Jan. 27, 1774.	Duchess of Gloucester	1418
1525	Jan. 29, 1774.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1419
1526	Feb. 2, 1774.	Sir Horace Mann	1420
1527	Feb. 12, 1774.	Countess of Upper Ossory	1421
1528	Feb. 14, 1774.	Rev. William Mason.	1422

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
1529	Feb. 19, 1774. . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	1423
1530	Feb. 23, 1774. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	1424
1531	March 19, 1774 . .	Rev. William Mason. . .	1425
1532	March 23, 1774 . .	Rev. William Mason. . .	1426
1533	March 28, 1774 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	1427
1534	April 6, 1774 . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	1428
1535	April 7, 1774 . .	Rev. William Mason. . .	1429
1536	April 17, 1774 . .	Rev. William Mason. . .	1430
1537	May 1, 1774 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	1431
1538	May 4, 1774 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	1432
1539	May 15, 1774 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	1433

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

1336. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 15, 1771.

There seems to be a pestilence amongst our politicians. They go off by wholesale. The Duke of Bedford died last night; happily for himself, poor man! for he had lost his sight, and almost his speech and limbs. Sir Edward Hawke is only dead politically, having resigned from age and infirmities. The new Secretary of State, Lord Sandwich, succeeds him[1], and no man in England is fitter for the office. I do not know who will have the Seals. Lord Suffolk is most talked of, but, though young, he is all over gout. The Great Seal remains at nurse, and the changes in the law are still in suspense, like the Peace, which somehow or other has been strangely bungled. We might, I am persuaded, have had it two months ago. The opposition is in the last state of a consumption; Mr. Grenville's friends point due west to St. James's; Lord Chatham and Lord Temple have quarrelled, and the latter is retired. Lord Shelburne has lost his wife (our friend Lady Granville's daughter[2]), acts the disconsolate husband, and is going

Letter 1336.—[1] As First Lord of the Admiralty.

[2] The first wife of William Fitzmaurice, second Earl of Shelburne, was daughter of John Carteret, Earl of Granville, by his second wife, Lady Sophia Fermor, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

abroad; Wilkes and Parson Horne write against each other; Alderman Sawbridge is dying; and, in short, Lord Chatham, like Widdrington in *Chevy Chace*, is left almost alone to fight it out upon his stumps. So we must have a new world, start new subjects, or sink into a dead calm; for I think still that we shall not go to war.

In France the scene seems thoroughly foolish. The Duke of Choiseul has lost his power ridiculously by braving a *fille de joie*, to humour two women[3] who seem to think 'qu'on ne doit pas être impunément putain, sans être grande dame.' He comforts himself, as everybody does in France that is in fashion, with being applauded, and with reading a million of epigrams against his enemies; not considering that he will be as much forgotten in a month as if he was the pattern of last year's coat. The cabal that drove him out are said to be divided; at least they had no arrangement ready. They have been dragging old lieutenant-generals out of garrisons to fill up state places, and cannot get enough even thence, or from hospitals: but are trying to furbish up ancient ministers and ambassadors to set forwards for ostensible minister. They have talked of Monsieur d'Ossun from Madrid, a Monsieur de Vergennes[4] who was at Constantinople, and even of the silly Cardinal de Bernis. The Chancellor, who is abhorred, seems to have most credit. The Duc d'Aiguillon, they say, is a little disappointed, but will have the *affaires étrangères* as soon as the Peace is made; but at present the Prince of Condé has much power with the King. In the meantime the thunders of Versailles have blunted themselves, and a composition is on foot with the Parliament, who are permitted not to register the last tempest. I do not think these new giants

[3] The Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul, and her friend the Princesse de Beauvau. *Walpole.*

[4] Charles Gravier (1718–1787), Comte de Vergennes. He did not come into office until 1774.

will grow more tractable when Pelion and Ossa are lifted off their necks.

So much for England and France. Yes, yes, it is a new world. The ancient *dramatis personae* are dead, or have quitted the stage. I shall continue for your sake to send you great outlines, but I cannot interest myself about a new race, when I have done with the theatre myself. What can occupy one less than a play-bill, when one scarce knows half the actors by sight? Not that I have that symptom of age, esteeming only the veterans one remembers. God knows, how few I admired of the old troop! neither Betterton nor Penkethman, Lord Hardwicke nor the Duke of Newcastle. I can easily expect their successors to play their parts better.

Princess Amelia, who is not of this age neither, was very near dying two days ago of a bilious fever.

Well, as we have closed a long period, pray send me my letters to the end of last year. I believe I have mentioned it once or twice. I should like to have them all together, for they are a kind of history—only think of eight-and-twenty years!

I will tell you what I must get you to send me, too, by the first opportunity, the *Lettere Pittoriche*; I am not quite sure of the title, but they are three, four, or five small volumes, in quarto, of the letters of the great painters. I saw the two first volumes some time ago at Paris, but could not get them; and as I have now finished the last volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, and intend, after it is published, to make a new general edition, I know there are passages in those Letters that I should like to insert in my work. My own letters you will take care to reserve for a safe opportunity, but the books I wish for immediately by sea. Adieu!

1337. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 20, 1771.

You will wonder to hear from me again so very soon. Yet I am not going to proclaim war, or announce peace; though I believe we shall, thank God, have the latter. We have not a new Secretary of State, nor any new death; but, in short, I am impatient to thank you for a present that I have received, and that you never mentioned having sent me. Sure it is not so insignificant! It is the volume of Masaccio's designs, brought by Mr. Coxe. I am transported with them! They are nature itself, and evidently the precursors of Raphael. He plainly availed himself of their dignity, but scarce reached the infinite truth of their expression. The action of the mouth in every head almost surpasses any other master, and seems to have been caught only by this. I did not remember these works. Oh! if there are more, make your Patch[1] give us all. I cannot be content under all. They are admirably touched and executed: he must engrave the rest; and there is one more work he must perform, too. I remember at Florence a very few pictures of Fra Bartolomeo, another parent of Raphael, and whose ideas I thought, if possible, greater: as there is such a scarcity of his works, and as they have never that I know been engraved, at least not so well I am persuaded as these by Patch, make him add them to another set of Masaccio's heads. It will immortalize you both to preserve such works. I am much pleased, too, with the caricaturas, that is, with those that are scarce caricaturas; for, you must know, I love truth; and those that are not extravagant are highly natural. Tell me more of this Patch; and, if you

Letter 1337.—[1] An English artist and picture-dealer and cleaner, afterwards much known and employed. *Walpole.*—Thomas Patch (d. 1782).

have a mind to please me quite, send me a drawing by him of yourself, of your whole person, exactly as you are. Astley's head of you, though finely coloured, never satisfied me for likeness. Let me have your figure precisely, and as natural as the *Crelia in Funzione*. I am expecting Sir Joshua Reynolds, our best painter, whom I have sent for, to see some wonderful miniatures I have bought, and these heads of Masaccio. I think they may give him such lights as may raise him prodigiously. I must repeat it, the mouths, and often the eyes, are life itself. There is but one head I do not like; it is No. 22; and yet I believe it a portrait, but ill chosen. My dear Sir, do push on this work: let us have more of Masaccio, and all the few of Bartolomeo. The Great Duke will not refuse you a permission for Patch to copy them.

22nd.

Obligations beget importunities. I must beg you to send me two more of Patch's volumes of Masaccio; but, as they are for other people, I must pay for them; so don't haggle, but tell me their price, and I will give your brother the money.

The Parliament is in the act of meeting; but, I should think, except a Mansfield-baiting, there will be little stirring till the Peace is made, and can be found fault with. Made, I hope, and think, it will be. For the vacancies, they are still at market. It is odd that just at the same moment, in France the Chancellor cannot make a minister, and in England the minister cannot make a Chancellor.

As this is a letter of supererogation, I make no excuses for its brevity. Adieu.

Tuesday, 22nd, in the evening.

I had sealed my letter, as you will perceive; and break it open again in a great hurry, to tell you the Peace[2] was

[2] The agreement with Spain relative to the Falkland Isles.

signed last night, and declared in the House of Commons to-day. You will ask the conditions: I don't know them yet, nor much trouble my head about them, but I could not help sending you this good news.

My codicil must contradict half my letter. Lord Halifax is Secretary of State, and Lord Suffolk Privy Seal. Mr. Bathurst, Lord Keeper, *en attendant* his father's death to be Chancellor; De Grey, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Thurlow and Wedderburne[3] Attorney and Solicitor-Generals. There, I think I shall have no occasion to write again soon. Good night!

1338. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1771.

I am extremely flattered, dear Lady Mary, by your sisters telling me that you complain of my silence—alas! I thought, surrounded by emperors and empresses, you could not think of or care for the letters of such little mortals as I. I imagined that I must write to you with all the formality of the Aulic Chamber. I had begun an epistle and put myself into one of M. de Seilern's most exalted altitudes, but my words came so slow, that I should not have finished before I hope you will return. By your kind reproof I trust you will allow me to descend from my Austrian buskins, and write in my usual style. I am [not], nor ever can be, altered towards your Ladyship; but, truth is, I feared your having become at least an Archduchess, and did not know, which would be a thousand pities, but your fair nose might

[3] Alexander Wedderburn (1733–1805), M.P. for Bishop's Castle; cr. (June 17, 1780) Baron Loughborough of Loughborough in Leicestershire; cr. Earl of Rosslyn in 1801; Solicitor-General, 1771–78; Attorney-General, 1778–80; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1780–92; Lord Chancellor, 1793–1801. Wedderburn was the object of Horace Walpole's special detestation.

Letter 1338.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 369, n. 1.

have risen half an inch, and your lips, which could never mend, have dropped and pouted with prodigious dignity at being addressed with a familiarity unknown to the house of Hapsburg. I am transported with finding you still the same, and could now almost trust you with the baneful influence of the Czarina. However, pray never think of making her a visit too. You have travelled enough, and ought to have the Magi come to see you, instead of wandering yourself after every star. I do not pretend, Madam, to tell you news, for Lady Strafford and Lady Greenwich leave none untold. One article rejoices me greatly, the Peace with Spain. I do not wish to conquer the world every ten years! Events happen here so daily, that we do not want battles and sieges for conversation; and yet I think politics are likely to grow a little drowsy. The deaths of Mr. Grenville and the Duke of Bedford have left Lord North in full security. Lord Temple takes no more part, and they say is even quarrelled with Lord Chatham. Wilkes and Parson Horne have a civil war between themselves, and nobody insists upon one's lighting up candles for either. Loo begins to yield to quinze—oh! I had forgotten: there are desperate wars[1] between the Opera in the Haymarket and that at Mrs. Cornelys's. There was a negotiation yesterday for a union, but I do not know what answer the definitive courier has brought. All I know is that Guadagni is much more haughty than the King of Castille, Arragon, Leon, Granada, &c. In the meantime King Hobart[2] is starving, and if the junction takes place his children must starve, for he must pay the expenses of both theatres. The Ladies' Club—oh! but you are one of the profane and must not be acquainted with our mysteries, yet you must respect them, for Monsr. de

[1] These disputes are further described in the letter to Mann of Feb. 22, 1771.

[2] Mr. Hobart, the manager.

Belgioioso[3] is one of our members. He is a sensible good sort of man, and has not half the pasteboard about him that Seilern had. You will like Monsr. de Guines too, who is very civil and modest, and has none of the agreeable peevishness of his predecessor[4], nor the charming indifference of his predecessoress. What do you say at Vienna to Monsr. de Choiseul's fall? And when will your neighbour Mustapha 3rd be sent in chains to Petersburg? Is the Dauphiness[5] breeding, or are you very angry she is not? Plays, at least scenes, thrive exceedingly. There is a farce at Covent Garden called *Mother Shipton* that has a million of pretty landscapes, and temples of ruby and emerald. Garrick has revived Dryden's *King Arthur* with some good scenery: unluckily, for a heathen temple, he has produced a Gothic cathedral, in which the devil happens to be the principal performer, and then Purcell's venerable music is squalled in imitation of modern singing, till one's ear don't know it by sight. He has got a tragedy too, translated from Voltaire's *Tancrède* by Madame Celesia[6], Mallett's daughter, which takes, though very middling; and a sentimental comedy called *The West Indian*, by Mr. Cumberland, that is quite ravishing; at least so they say, but I have not had time yet to go and be ravished. I do not know that we have a single new book, except one or two political pamphlets, that nobody reads but the Common Council, who cannot read. Lord Huntingdon is going abroad, not, like your Ladyship, to see kings and queens, but because he has fewer opportunities of seeing them than he had. Lord Shelburne is going too, on the loss of his wife, and Lord Grantham to Spain[7]. I have not heard who is to

[3] Austrian Ambassador in London.

[4] The Marquis du Châtelet.

[5] The Dauphiness Marie Antoinette.

[6] Dorothea (1738–1790), daughter of David Mallet, and wife of Pietro Paolo Celesia, a Genoese, and Minister in England from that Republic from 1755 till 1759. Her adaptation was called *Almida*.

[7] Thomas Robinson, second Baron Grantham, appointed Ambassador at Madrid.

succeed the last as Vice-Chamberlain. The worst and the best news I can tell you is, that you and I, Madam, have been very near losing *our* Princess, and that she is perfectly well again. I am to play there to-morrow, but our loo is reduced to half-crowns. You have heard, I suppose, that on account of her deafness she goes no more to court, and is to have no more Drawing-rooms. This sketch of everything will, I hope, atone a little for my past omissions, and yet why should I expect it? You are a wanderer, Lady Mary, like Cain, and seem not to care for your own country. You would have liked it better, I believe, during the Heptarchy, when we had more kings and queens than there are in a pack of cards. If you should ever write your travels, and like Baron Polnitz give a full account of all the gracious sovereigns upon earth, I flatter myself you will honour the Strawberry Press with them. I promise you they shall be printed on the best *Imperial* paper. It is employed at present on the last volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which do not deserve better than quires of foolscap. May I trouble your Ladyship with my compliments to Lord Stormont[8]. I am just going to Lady Ailesbury, and as I conclude I shall meet Lady Strafford there, I must finish my letter that I may trouble her to send it—but the length indeed is all I ought to make excuses for.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's
Abandoned but ever
Faithful and devoted knight,
HORACE WALPOLE.

[8] Ambassador at Vienna.

1339. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

Pendant que la France entière vous marquoit ses regrets, Madame, je n'osois pas vous importuner des miens. Mais le triomphe de la vertu doit-il se borner à un seul pays? La reconnoissance et la plus parfaite estime ne trouveront-elles pas un moment à se faire entendre? Oui, chère grand-maman, je perds le respect qui vous est dû à tant d'égards, pour épancher mon cœur avec plus de liberté et de tendresse. Je me réjouis avec vous, car de quoi vous plaindre? Avez-vous été ambitieuse, avare, insolente? Sont-ce des créatures qui vous regrettent, ou des malheureux? Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul est-il condamné de sa patrie et de vous, ou approuvé et comblé de louanges? Est-il plus doux de deviner ce que la postérité dira de nous, ou de l'entendre de la bouche de sa patrie et de toute l'Europe? Oh! vraiment je bénis le ciel de m'avoir donné un père et un grand-père dont la gloire ne fait qu'accroître tous les jours, et à qui il ne manquoit que la disgrâce pour fixer l'immortalité. Oui, oui, belle maman, il faut vous conter ce qu'on dit de papa Choiseul; et cela ne vient pas d'une voix suspecte. My Lord Chatham a dit en plein Parlement, que depuis feu M. le Cardinal de Richelieu la France n'avoit point possédé un aussi grand ministre que M. le Duc de Choiseul, et qu'il avoit emporté les regrets de tous les ordres de l'état. Voilà comme parlent les véritables grands hommes, qui s'y entendent. Notre peuple, qui ne connoît

Letter 1339. — Reprinted from *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry*, vol. ii. p. 35. This letter was written shortly after January 25, 1771, on which date Lord Chatham pronounced the panegyric on Choiseul referred to by Walpole. Madame du Deffand, to whom the letter was sent in order that she might forward it, kept it back, thinking it unworthy of the writer. She thus refers to it and to Horace Walpole when writing to the Duchesse de Choiseul on May 3, 1771:—'Il me parle de vous dans toutes ses lettres. J'ai été fort mal avec lui pour ne pas vous avoir envoyé une qu'il vous avait écrite; je ne la trouvai pas assez bonne, et je lui mandai que je l'avais retenue pour vous épargner la peine d'y répondre.'

M. de Choiseul que par la peur qu'il leur avoit faite, a une manière de louer toute différente, et se félicite de sa chute. Ce n'est pas un éloge à mépriser.

Votre fermeté et la noblesse de votre âme, Madame, m'assurent que parmi tant de sujets de gloire, vous n'oublierez pas entièrement un homme que vous avez comblé de bontés, et qui vous est attaché par la reconnoissance et par l'admiration de toutes vos belles qualités. Permettez-moi de conserver le doux titre de votre petit-fils, et laissez-moi m'enorgueillir, comme si j'étois grand prince, sans mérite des vertus de mes ancêtres. Ma foi, je ne les troquerois pas contre un Cardinal de Richelieu, trop flatté si j'ose me signer,

Madame,

Votre très affectionné et très fidèle serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE *de Choiseul.*

1340. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 22, 1771.

Two days ago there began to be an alarm at the delay of the Spanish courier, and people were persuaded that the King of Spain had refused to ratify his Ambassador's declaration; who, on the warrant of the French King, had ventured to sign it, though expecting every hour to be recalled, as he actually was two days afterwards. However, the night before last, to the great comfort of Prince Masserano and our ministers, the ratification arrived; and, after so many delays and untoward accidents, Fortune has interposed (for there has been great luck, too, in the affair), and peace is again established. With you, I am not at all clear that Choiseul was in earnest to make it. If he was, it was entirely owing to his own ticklish situation. Other people think this very situation had made him

desperate; and that he was on the point of striking a hardy stroke indeed; and meditated sending a strong army into Holland, to oblige the Dutch to lend twelve men-of-war to invade us. Count Welderen[1], who is totally an anti-Gaul, assured me he did not believe this project. Still I am very glad such a *boute-feu* is removed.

This treaty is an epoch; and puts a total end to all our preceding histories. Long quiet is never probable, nor shall I guess who will disturb it; but whatever happens must be thoroughly new matter, though some of the actors perhaps may not be so. Both Lord Chatham and Wilkes are at the end of their reckoning, and the opposition can do nothing without fresh fuel.

The scene that is closed here seems to be but opening in France. The Parliament of Paris banished; a new one arbitrarily appointed; the Princes of the blood refractory and disobedient; the other Parliaments as mutinous; and distress everywhere: if the army catches the infection, what may not happen, when the King is despised, his agents detested, and no ministry settled? Some say the mistress and her faction keep him hourly diverted or drunk; others, that he has got a new passion: how creditable at sixty! Still I think it is the crisis of their constitution. If the monarch prevails, he becomes absolute as a Czar; if he is forced to bend, will the Parliament stop there?

In the meantime our most serious war is between two operas. Mr. Hobart, Lord Buckingham's brother, is manager of the Haymarket. Last year he affronted Guadagni, by preferring the Zamperina, his own mistress, to the singing hero's sister. The Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Harrington, and some other great ladies, espoused the

LETTER 1340.—[1] The Dutch Minister in England. He married a sister of Sir John Griffin, Maid of Honour to Anne, Princess of Orange. *Walpole.*

brother, and without a licence erected an Opera for him at Madame Cornelys's. This is a singular dame, and you must be acquainted with her. She sung here formerly, by the name of the Pompeiati. Of late years she has been the Heidegger of the age, and presided over our diversions. Her taste and invention in pleasures and decorations are singular. She took Carlisle House in Soho Square, enlarged it, and established assemblies and balls by subscription. At first they scandalized, but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly. She went on building, and made her house a fairy palace, for balls, concerts, and masquerades. Her Opera, which she called *Harmonic Meetings*, was splendid and charming. Mr. Hobart began to starve, and the managers of the theatres were alarmed. To avoid the Act, she pretended to take no money, and had the assurance to advertise that the subscription was to provide coals for the poor, for she has vehemently courted the mob, and succeeded in gaining their princely favour. She then declared her masquerades were for the benefit of commerce. I concluded she would open a bawdy house next for the interests of the Foundling Hospital, and I was not quite mistaken, for they say one of her maids, gained by Mr. Hobart, affirms that she could not undergo the fatigue of making the beds so often. At last Mr. Hobart informed against her, and the bench of justices, less soothable by music than Orpheus's beasts, have pronounced against her. Her Opera is quashed, and Guadagni, who governed so haughtily at Vienna, that, to pique some man of quality there, he named a minister to Venice, is not only fined, but was threatened to be sent to Bridewell, which chilled the blood of all the Cæsars and Alexanders he had ever represented; nor could any promises of his lady-patronesses rehabilitate his courage—so for once an Act of Parliament goes for something.

You have got three new companions[2]; General Montagu[3], a West Indian Mr. Paine[4], and Mr. Lynch, your brother at Turin.

There is the devil to pay in Denmark[5]. The Queen has got the ascendant, has turned out favourites and ministers, and literally wears the breeches, actual buckskin. There is a physician[6], who is said to rule both their Majesties, and I suppose is sold to France, for that is the predominant interest now at Copenhagen. The Czarina has whispered her disapprobation, and if she has a talon left, when she has done with the Ottomans, may chance to scratch the little King.

For eight months to come I should think we shall have little to talk of, you and I, but distant wars and distant majesties. For my part, I reckon the volume quite shut in which I took any interest. The succeeding world is young, new, and half unknown to me. Tranquillity comprehends every wish I have left, and I think I should not even ask what news there is, but for fear of seeming wedded to old stories—the rock of old men; and yet I should prefer that failing to the solicitude about a world one belongs to no more! Adieu!

1341. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1771.

Inquiring of your son to-day why my new clerk Mr. Harris was not more instructed, he said there were circumstances

[2] As Knights of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[3] Brother of George Montagu.

[4] Ralph Payne (1739–1807), son of Ralph Payne, Chief Justice of the island of St. Christopher; cr. (Oct. 1, 1795) an Irish peer as Baron Lavington of Lavington; Governor of the Leeward Islands, 1774–75 and 1801–7; Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, 1777–84.

[5] The Prime Minister Bernstorf and other court officials had been dismissed through Struensee's influence with the King and Queen. Struensee, supported by the Queen, undertook the government.

[6] Struensee, afterwards beheaded. *Walpole.*

which some persons of the Treasury would not like to have communicated; which much surprising me, your son said, Mr. Rowe[1] had had some cloth, which he chose to have entered as some other article. This notice did and could not but greatly astonish me, who have always told you, in the most positive manner, that I never would connive at the smallest collusion, nor upon any account receive the least profit that was not strictly and justly my due. You know I have repeatedly declared to you, that I would not suffer the benefits of my office to be raised by any indirect practices on my part; and you must remember how strongly I rejected old Palmer's pretensions, and was firm that I would lose the perquisites due on what he was entitled to take at the office, rather than enter into any bargain with him.

When I talked to you last at Brixton Causeway, you desired me not to let anybody into the secrets of my office. I replied with dissatisfaction, that *I would have no secrets in my office*, nor would receive a shilling from it that I was not willing all the world should know; and I appeal to yourself if this has not been my constant rule.

I am sensible that you have done nothing but from zeal for me, and regard to my interest; but my honour is infinitely more dear to me, and I most peremptorily charge you not to give into the least collusion with anybody at the Treasury in order to serve me, either by increasing my profits, or by gaining them to my interest. I will go shares with no man living in any dirt. I am aware that this may make those people my enemies, and may turn them to prejudice me by postponing my accounts, by delaying my payments, or, as your son said, by preventing their taking many articles from the office, on which I should have a just profit; but I scorn such traffic, and had rather lose the

Letter 1341.—[1] Milward Rowe, a Chief Clerk in the Treasury.

office itself, than blush to hold it by such means; in short, I *prefer* being wronged to doing wrong.

In the present case Mr. Rowe is welcome to the cloth, but then I will pay for it myself, and do absolutely forbid you to charge it in any shape to the Government. Should he ever make such another application to you, you must say that you dare not yield to it, and that I have positively forbidden it.

Mr. Harris *must be instructed* thoroughly in all the duties of his place, but I do not desire he should know this transaction, for fear he should ever be tempted to imitate it. I am fully persuaded of your good intentions to me in it, and that your prudence and fear of making me an enemy induced you to comply. But I entreat you to remember, that as I have no worldly wisdom myself, I cannot let any man living use any for me contrary to right, justice, and the duty I owe to the public as a servant of the Government. I have held the place now above thirty years, through many storms, and sometimes under much oppression; but my conduct in it has been untainted; and as I have disdained to secure it by voting with ministers against my conscience, you may depend upon it, I will not traffic for the favour of clerks by winking at their corruption.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1342. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1771.

I WAS in too great a hurry when I announced peaceable times, and half took leave of you as a correspondent. The horizon is overcast again already; the wind is got to the north-east and by Wilkes; and without a figure, the House of Commons and the City of London are at open war. It is

more surprising that Wilkes is not the aggressor—at least folly put new crackers into his hand. Two cousins, both George Onslow by name, the son and nephew of the old Speaker, took offence at seeing the debates and speeches of the House printed, and the more as they had both been much abused. They complain, and the House issues warrants for seizing the printers, and addresses the King to issue a proclamation for apprehending them. Out comes a proclamation, and no Great Seal to it. The City declares no man shall be apprehended contrary to law, within their jurisdiction. The printers are seized; Wilkes, as sitting alderman, releases one: the Lord Mayor[1], Wilkes, and another alderman deliver another, and commit the messenger of the House of Commons to prison. The House summons the Lord Mayor to appear before them and answer for his conduct, but as he is laid up with the gout, allow him to come on Monday last, or to-day, Friday. He gets out of bed and goes on Monday. Thousands of hand-bills are dispersed to invite the mob to escort him, but not an hundred attend. He pleads his oath of office, is too ill to stay, demands that the City should be heard by counsel, and is allowed to retire. Wilkes is summoned too: writes a refusal to the Speaker, unless he is admitted to his seat. The Speaker will not receive his letter, nor the House hear it, though read, and again order him to attend. On Wednesday they allow counsel, but not against their own privileges, and expect the Lord Mayor again to-day, but the papers of this morning say he is not yet able to appear.

This is the *argomento*, as your opera books call the sketch of the subject, but I do not tell you the *dénouement* any more than Metastasio does—I wish it may not be necessary to call it the catastrophe, for methinks here are plenty of

LETTER 1342. —[1] Brass Crosby (1725-1793), M.P. for Honiton. He was committed to the Tower on March 27, where he remained until the end of the session.

combustibles: but as this is only the first act, and I have not time to finish my letter to-day, I may be able to unfold a little more of the drama by Tuesday's post; but I have long left off guessing, for in all public events I have observed that the turn things take depends upon persons and accidents that start up in the midst of the story, and have nothing to do with the reasoning on which one builds conjectures; so for the present I leave this chapter in the dark, which is conformable to the suspense that artful tragic writers use to increase the interest and curiosity of their readers. I believe you will think I have been employing the same mechanism before, having announced to you three months ago the progress of the prosecution of Lord Mansfield; but it seems that Lord Camden, Lord Chatham, and the public, who seldom relinquish a promised bear-baiting, have equally forgotten the pomp with which that spectacle was announced. I have not heard it mentioned since Christmas —and now we are not likely to want trials and sufferers!— nay, martyrs!

I doubt—yes, I doubt, whether King Carlos does not intend to find us still more serious employment, if this should not prove so. There has been an ugly question asked, I don't know by whom, or to whom, 'But, pray when does England intend to restore Falkland's Island?'—'Restore it! Why, Lord bless us! you have not given it back to England yet: how can she restore it to you?' The stocks have got wind of this secret, and their heart is fallen into their breeches, where the heart of the stocks is apt to lie. Then there is a famine and pestilence arrived from Bengal. Some say three millions of people are swept away, and others three thousand; and a ship lost[2] with Vansittart, Scrafton, and the super-

[2] The *Aurora* frigate, which sailed from Portsmouth in Sept. 1769, and was never heard of again. On board were Henry Vansittart, Luke Scrafton, and Francis Forde, who had been appointed by the East India Company as supervisors to examine into the Company's administration.

visors who were going to set all to rights; for it seems we are playing the devil, and plundering and tyrannizing—as if we had not gone thither for those two Christian purposes.

Saturday, 23rd.

My Lord Mayor is still confined, and sent a card yesterday to the Speaker to excuse waiting on him. The House in the meantime intend to divert themselves with Alderman Oliver on Monday, for their dignity grows very much inflamed for its own honour. So does the City's too, and Temple Bar will have enough to do to keep the peace between them.

France, luckily, has little leisure to join with King Carlos or King Brass Crosby—their confusions and King Louis's weakness seem to increase every day. You shall hear the history of the Comte de Maillebois. He accused Marshal D'Etrées in the last war for losing the battle of Hastenbecke, which, by the way, we never found. D'Etrées recriminated, and called Maillebois before the Marshals of France, by whom he was *flétri*, imprisoned for a year, and deprived of all his employments but one *lieutenance héréditaire*.

Of late he had revived, and caballed against Choiseul, on whose fall he grew big; and, by the interest of the Prince of Condé and M. de Montegnard, was appointed one of a new commission of three *Directeurs des Places fortifiées*, with forty thousand livres a year each. The Comte de Broglie, who adheres to the D'Aiguillon's faction, spirits up his brother, and the Marshals of France present a strong memorial against so improper a nomination. Montegnard prevails, and obtains from the King a reprimand to the Marshals, and calls it *téméraire* to dispute his royal choice. This was signed at ten in the morning. Triumphant Maillebois posts with it to Paris. At past twelve that very night he receives a dismission, and Montegnard a

command to wait on each separate Marshal of France the next morning, and beg their pardons for having made so unworthy a recommendation. There! there are two men tolerably disgraced! And what do you think of such weathercock majesty that signs two such contradictions in one day? As the latter was Madame du Barri's act, it is plain what is the shape of the helm of Government. Monsieur de Montegnard and the Abbé du Terray are said to have resigned, and to be again in place, but I am not sure of the truth of this last paragraph.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday night.

I came hither to-day in a tempest of snow; it is the fourth winter we have had since Christmas. I was not quite so much at ease when I went to town last Monday, having received a courier from Mr. Conway to tell me that my house in Arlington Street had been broken open in the night, and all my cabinets and trunks forced and plundered. I was a good quarter of an hour before I recollected that it was very becoming to have philosophy enough not to care about what one does care, for if you don't care there is no philosophy in bearing it. I dispatched my upper servant, breakfasted with Mr. Chute, who was come down with me, fed the bantams as usual, and made no more hurry to town than Cincinnatus would have done, if he had lost a basket of turnips. I had left in my drawers 270*l.* in bank-bills, and three hundred guineas; not to mention all my gold and silver coins, some inestimable miniatures, a little plate, and a good deal of furniture, under no guard but that of two maidens, whom lions you know will not touch, but are very ravishable by house-breakers, a much more hungry kind of wild beast. When I arrived, my surprise was by no means diminished. I found in three different chambers, three cabinets, a large chest, and a glass

case of china wide open, the locks not picked, but forced, and the doors of them broken to pieces. You will wonder that this should surprise me when I had been prepared for it.—Oh! the miracle was, that I did not find, nor to this hour have found, the least thing missing. In the cabinet of modern medals there were, and so there are still, a series of English coins, with downright John Trot guineas, half-guineas, shillings, sixpences, and every kind of current money. Not a single piece was removed. Just so in the Roman and Greek cabinet; though in the latter were some drawers of papers, which they had tumbled and scattered about the floor. A great Exchequer chest, that belonged to my father, was in the same room. Not being able to force the lock, the philosophers (for thieves that steal nothing deserve the title much more than Cincinnatus or I) had wrenched a great flapper of brass with such violence as to break it into seven pieces. The trunk contained a new set of chairs of French tapestry, two screens, rolls of prints, and a suit of silver stuff that I made for the King's wedding. All was turned topsy-turvy, and nothing stolen. The glass case and cabinet of shells had been handled as roughly by these impotent gallants. Another little table with drawers, in which, by the way, the key was left, had been opened too, and a metal standish, that they ought to have taken for silver, and a silver hand-candlestick that stood upon it, were untouched. Some plate in the pantry, and all my linen just come from the wash, had no more charms for them than gold or silver. In short, I could not help laughing, especially as the only two movables neglected, were another little table with drawers and the money, and a writing-box with the bank-notes, both in the same chamber where they made the first havoc. In short, they had broken out a panel in the door of the area, and unbarred and unbolted it and gone out at the street door, which they left wide open at five

o'clock in the morning. A passenger had found it so, and alarmed the maids, one of which ran naked into the street, and by her cries waked my Lord Romney[3], who lives opposite. The poor creature was in fits for two days, but at first, finding my coachmaker's apprentice in the street, had sent him to Mr. Conway, who immediately dispatched him to me before he knew how little damage I had received, the whole of which consists in repairing the doors and locks of my cabinets and coffer.

All London is reasoning on this marvellous adventure, and not an argument presents itself that some other does not contradict. I insist that I have a talisman. You must know that last winter, being asked by Lord Vere to assist in settling Lady Betty Germaine's auction, I found in an old catalogue of her collection this article, *The Black Stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits.* Dr. Dee, you must know, was a great conjurer in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and has written a folio of the dialogues he held with his imps. I asked eagerly for this stone ; Lord Vere said he knew of no such thing, but if found, it should certainly be at my service. Alas, the stone was gone ! This winter I was again employed by Lord Frederic Campbell, for I am an absolute auctioneer, to do him the same service about his father's[4] collection. Among other odd things, he produced a round piece of shining black marble in a leathern case, as big as the crown of a hat, and asked me what that could possibly be ? I screamed out, 'Oh Lord, I am the only man in England that can tell you ! it is Dr. Dee's black stone !' it certainly is ; Lady Betty had formerly given away or sold, time out of mind, for she was a thousand years old, that part of the Peterborough collection that contained Natural Philosophy. So, or since, the black stone had wandered into an auction, for the lotted paper is

[3] Robert Marsham (1717–1793), second Baron Romney.
[4] John, Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

still on it. The Duke of Argyle, who bought everything, bought it: Lord Frederic gave it to me; and if it was not this magical stone, which is only of high polished coal, that preserved my chattels, in truth I cannot guess what did.

We have got the Roman Prince and Princess Giustiniani: she is daughter of some Derwentwater [5], and has many relations here among the spurious royal family. He, you know, inhabits that sumptuous of all palaces at Rome with door-cases of *giallo antico*. He is not quite so magnificently lodged here, his portal being garnished with beef-steaks. He would allow but seven sequins a month for his lodging, and nobody would house him at that rate but a butcher in Piccadilly. The Duke of Gloucester went to thank him for his civilities to the Duke of York—and was let in! Think of two such demigods visiting at a shamble. I will reserve the rest of my paper for the event of to-morrow. If the war with the City goes on, Prince Giustiniani may happen to be as much surprised as we are at his lodging in a butcher's shop.

Stay, I must say a few words more. What felicity that Patch had saved Masaccio's designs before the fire, and what pity St. Andrea's [6] body was not burnt instead of them! The body might have been supplied by the first malefactor's that was hanged, and might have passed for a miracle. I shall be very thankful to you for any two views of Florence, not as *sopra-portas*, for my houses are not furnished at all in the French style, but as pictures, and smaller than that size; and I give you other thanks for what you have sent me. I will try to serve Patch in his subscription, but the best way will

[5] Cecilia Francesca Charlotte (d. 1780), daughter of Count Mahony, and wife of Benedetto, Prince Giustiniani. The second husband of her maternal grandmother was Hon. Charles Radclyffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater. (See Table VI.)

[6] Masaccio's paintings were in the church of St. Andrea at Florence. *Walpole.*

be to have his brother[7] advertise. However, I will send for the brother and talk to him.

Tuesday, March 26.

The die is cast. The army of the House of Commons has marched into the City, and made a prisoner; but as yet no blood is spilt; though I own I expected to hear there was this morning when I waked. Last night, when I went to bed at half an hour after twelve, I had just been told that all the avenues to the House were blockaded, and [the mob] had beaten back the peace-officers, who had been summoned, for it was *toute autre chose* yesterday, when the Lord Mayor went to the House, from what it had been the first day. He was now escorted by a prodigious multitude, who hissed and insulted the members of both Houses, particularly Lord March and Sullivan, who escaped with difficulty, and the latter of whom they had mistaken for the elder Onslow. However, many retired with the Lord Mayor, who went away ill at ten at night, and the rest were dispersed by the extreme severity of the weather, and by the lateness of the debate, which lasted till past four in the morning, when they sent Alderman Oliver[8] to the Tower, who would make no submission, though the ministers wished to be quit of him on easy terms. The Lord Mayor is to be judged to-morrow.

Many unpleasant passages there were for the court. Sir George Savile left the House, protesting against their proceedings, and was followed by some of his friends. Colonel Barré went farther, said in his place that the conduct of the House was *infamous*, that no honest man could sit amongst them, and walked away—and the House was forced to swallow so ungrateful a bolus. Nor was this all. Alderman

[7] James Patch, a surgeon.

[8] Richard Oliver (d. 1784), M.P. for the City of London. He remained in the Tower until the end of the session.

Townshend charged all their arbitrary proceedings *on the baneful influence of the Princess Dowager of Wales*—yes, in those very words.

Well! what think you now? When so many men have ambition to be martyrs, will the storm easily subside? Oh, Sir Robert, my father, would this have happened in your days? I can remember, when on the Convention[9], Sir William Windham, no fool for that time, laboured to be sent to the Tower, and my father told him in plain terms he knew his meaning, and would not indulge him. This generation is wiser, for I am sure Alderman Oliver is not, and yet he has carried his point. But I grow old, and gossip. One always prefers the wisdom of one's own age. My father's maxim, *Quieta non movere*, was very well in those ignorant days. The science of government is better understood now—so, to be sure, *whatever is, is right.* Adieu!

1343. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 30, 1771.

This is not a letter, but a codicil to the last. I think we are going into great violences. A prodigious mob came from the City with the Lord Mayor on Wednesday, and a greater was at his service, but he would not encourage it. The two Foxes were assaulted and dragged out of their chariot, and escaped with difficulty. Lord North was attacked with still more inveteracy; his chariot was torn to pieces, and several spectators say there was a moment in which they thought he must be destroyed. Sir William Meredith, though in opposition, and a Mr. La Roche[1], saved him from the fury of the people. He went into the House and spoke with great firm-

[9] In 1739. See Stanhope's *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. ii. pp. 277–8.

Letter 1343.—[1] James La Roche, M.P. for Bodmin; cr. a Baronet in 1776.

ness, and as much coolness. Others were insulted, but not so outrageously. At twelve at night, the ministers proposed to commit the Lord Mayor only to the Serjeant-at-Arms, on account they said of his ill-health, but, in truth, to avoid extremities; he protested that he was perfectly well, and chose to accompany his brother alderman to prison; on which he was sent to the Tower. The Deputy Serjeant, who attended him, he had great difficulty to save from the fury of the populace, who insisted on hanging him on a sign-post.

The ministers are more moderate than their party, who demand extremities. Young Charles Fox, the meteor of these days, and barely twenty-two, is at the head of these strong measures, and equally offends the temperate of his own party and the warm ones of the opposition. Sir George Savile left the House, protesting against the persecution of the citizens; and Colonel Barré in plainer terms told the House on Wednesday night, that their conduct was infamous, that no honest man could sit amongst them, and walked away.

The King was excessively hissed yesterday as he went to the House. Charles Fox again narrowly escaped with his life, a large stone being thrown at him, which passed through both the windows of his chariot. Two committees are appointed; one to enforce the powers of the House; the other to inquire into the riots. I wish both do not inflame the riots! The riots will certainly encourage war from abroad, and war will return them the compliment. But it were talking to the winds to urge this!

The House is adjourned to Monday se'nnight, but the committees are to continue sitting. Neither side probably will allow itself holidays; and, when the City of London gives the toast, will neither Ireland nor America pledge it, who are both enough disposed to drink out of the same goblet?

Well! still I say, to be sure I grow very old, when I cannot discover the wisdom of these proceedings. They cannot mean quiet and peace, for we had but just obtained both strangely. We seem to be governed by the predominant fashion, gaming. A gamester loses, regains what he had lost, and continues to play on.

Pray whom is your neighbour, the Empress-Queen, going to bet with, for I see she is putting all her troops in motion[2]? The poor people are everywhere but fish and counters. To what end do modern philosophers write against all this? Kings and queens never read essays of morality. They only read books of devotion, which are too civil to meddle with crimes of state. Parsons are like the law, and seem to think a king can do no wrong. How their Majesties will stare in the next world, when they come to plead that their ministers are answerable for all they did in this, and find their plea overruled! Adieu!

1344. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 26, 1771.

You may wonder I have been so silent, when I had announced a war between the House of Commons and the City—nay, when hostilities were actually commenced; but many a campaign languishes that has set out very flippantly. My letters depend on events, and I am like the man in the weather-house who only comes forth on a storm. The wards in the City have complimented the prisoners[1], and some towns; but the train has not spread much. Wilkes is your only gunpowder that makes an explosion. He and his associates are more incensed at each other than against

[2] In preparation for the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1772.

Letter 1344.—[1] The Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver.

the ministry, and have saved the latter much trouble. The select committees[2] have been silent and were forgotten, but there is a talk now of their making some report before the session closes.

The serious war is at last absolutely blown over. Spain has sent us word she is disarming. So are we. Who would have expected that a street-walker at Paris would have prevented a general conflagration? Madame du Barri has compensated for Madame Helen, and is *optima pacis causa*. I will not swear that the torch she snatched from the hands of Spain may not light up a civil war in France. The Princes of the blood are forbidden the court[3]. Twelve dukes and peers, of the most complaisant, are banished, or going to be banished; and even the captains of the guard. In short, the King, his mistress, and the Chancellor, have almost left themselves alone at Versailles. But as the most serious events in France have always a ray of ridicule mixed with them, some are to be exiled *to* Paris, and some to St. Germain. How we should laugh at anybody being banished to Soho Square and Hammersmith! The Chancellor desired to see the Prince of Conti; the latter replied, 'Qu'il lui donnoit rendez-vous à la Grève.'

If we laugh at the French, they stare at us. Our enormous luxury and expense astonishes them. I carried their Ambassador, and a Comte de Levi, the other morning to see the new winter Ranelagh[4] in Oxford Road, which is almost finished. It amazed me myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stuccos in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's *loggias*

[2] See the previous letter.

[3] In consequence of the strong protests addressed by them to the King relative to his treatment of the Parliament of Paris.

[4] The Pantheon. *Walpole.*

in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon, glazed. It is to cost fifty thousand pounds. Monsieur de Guisnes said to me, 'Ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela.' It is not quite a proof of the same taste, that two views of Verona, by Canaletti, have been sold by auction for five hundred and fifty guineas; and, what is worse, it is come out that they are copies by Marlow[5], a disciple of Scott. Both master and scholar are indeed better painters than the Venetian; but the purchasers did not mean to be so well cheated.

The papers will have told you that the wheel of fortune has again brought up Lord Holdernesse[6], who is made governor to the Prince of Wales. The Duchess of Queensberry, a much older veteran, is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect, that she was a goddess in Prior's days! I could not help adding these lines on her—you know his end:

> Kitty, at heart's desire,
> Obtained the chariot for a day,
> And set the world on fire.

This was some fifty-six years ago, or more. I gave her this stanza:

> To many a Kitty, Love his car
> Will for a day engage,
> But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
> Obtained it for an age!

And she is old enough to be pleased with the compliment.

My brother[7] has lost his son; and it is no misfortune, though he was but three-and-thirty, and had very good parts; but he was sunk into such a habit of drinking and gaming, that the first ruined his constitution, and the latter would have ruined his father.

[5] William Marlow (1740–1813).

[6] Robert Darcy, last Earl of Holdernesse. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

Shall I send away this short scroll, or reserve it to the end of the session? No, it is already somewhat obsolete: it shall go, and another short letter shall be the other half of it—so, good night!

1345. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 8, 1771.

I wish, my dear Sir, I could be as useful to you in solid, as I am in trifling, commissions. I bought your fans the very next day, the best, the most fashionable, and the prettiest I could get, and carried them directly to Mr. Davenport myself. Unluckily, he had sent away your liveries, but promised me the fans should set sail with the first vessel he could find. I have sent you six; two of two guineas, two of a guinea and a half, and two of one guinea. I went to the utmost because you will be little in my debt, Lord Beauchamp owing me six guineas for the wine you sent him; and I think after all the expenses I have put you to, your conscience need not be much embarrassed about the remaining four guineas.

I wish with all my soul you may obtain an increase of pay, but as it is not to be got from a fan-shop, I doubt nobody could serve you less in that article than I, who never deal at the great warehouses. I am still more awkwardly situated about the offer of your house[1]. You may probably have heard enough to make you think *I* was just the proper person to make the tender; but for that very reason I am the most unfit. I firmly believe the *solidity* of the connection I hint at[2], but not knowing it *authoritatively*, I have most sedulously avoided even the

Letter 1345.—[1] To the Duke of Gloucester, who was expected at Florence. *Walpole.*

[2] The marriage between the Duke and Lady Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

appearance of supposing there is any such connection at all. It would not become my character to wink at any such thing, and I never will know it, but in a light proper to be known. It is not enough for me to be persuaded that it is strictly honourable; I will run no risk of having a *démenti.* In the meantime, not to neglect your concerns, I have desired Lord Hertford to make the offer, as if coming through him from you. I dare to say it will be guessed that it passed through me to him. It will be taken equally well from you, and will mark at once my *fierté*, and how incapable I am of taking liberties upon so equivocal a footing. In truth, I believe there is no prospect of the journey. The person, who is extremely good and amiable, is in danger of taking a much longer journey. The disorder in his family has settled on his lungs, and produced a confirmed asthma. He falls away every day, and was very near death within this month. I grieve for the fate of the survivor, nor guess what it will be, but it was not in my power to prevent her risking so much!

The Parliament rose suddenly this morning—sudden it was, though advanced but a day—but as the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver are at liberty the instant of the prorogation, the King was advised to go to the House to-day before the mob was apprised of it. It was not very dignified counsel; but, in truth, that whole business has been wofully conducted, and has heaped nothing but disgrace on the House of Commons; who, instead of vindicating their authority, have betrayed the utmost pusillanimity. It was begun unadvisedly, and has ended piteously. We are threatened with violent rejoicings and illuminations to-morrow, and, therefore, as we expect much riot, I suppose there will be little, for nothing ever happens that is premeditated; mobs, especially, are the creatures of a moment, not of thought. Wilkes, though he has his rebels like other

monarchs, triumphs over the Government and the House of Commons. The latter did not dare to let him appear before them.

The Duke of Choiseul is still more popular against the court. His head is on every snuff-box, and the women are so violent, that their wives every day make some of the *new* Parliament[3] resign their functions. I should not have expected so much sense from him, but the Prince of Conti has made an admirable answer to the Dauphin. The latter said, 'Papa-Roi[4] est bien le maître pourtant?' 'Oui, Monseigneur,' replied the Prince, 'et si fort le maître, qu'il peut donner sa couronne à Monsieur le Comte d'Artois[5].' That is just what majesty gets when it arrives at its utmost wishes! It overturns the constitution, and then nothing is left to overturn but the succession. The Prætorian, or Preobazinski guards, must achieve the first, and soon learn that *il ne tient qu'à eux* to dispose of the second. I think it very probable that the Chancellor[6] may not be suffered to wait so long, but may be dispatched by the people. *Quieta non movere* was my father's motto, and he never found it was a silly one. However, I am very glad Monsieur de Maupeou and Madame du Barri thought they knew better; they have saved us a war.

Thursday, 9th.

I have had a note from Mr. Davenport to say he would send the fans by the first ship, and that he would write you word he had a parcel for you. I have told him how much haste you are in for them, and begged him to forward them with the utmost expedition.

Lord Hertford has made your offer, but the Great Duke's

[3] A tribunal composed of members of the King's council, which had been instituted to supply the place of the Parliament.

[4] Louis XV was called 'Papa' by some of the members of his family.

[5] Youngest brother of the Dauphin. *Walpole.*

[6] Maupeou. *Walpole.*

will be accepted, who has promised to act like a private friend; so you have all the merit, and avoid the trouble and expense. I wish he may be able to undertake the journey.

Lord Halifax has been at the point of death[7]; but, though out of immediate danger, is said to be incapable of business, and Lord Suffolk, I hear, is to replace him immediately. I do not know that this is true.

The summer, I think, will be so quiet that our correspondence will not be very lively. In July I propose a little journey to Paris for about six weeks. We have had five winters since Christmas, and not an appearance of spring till within these three days. Your snow will soon be compensated by glorious suns; but in England we every year give ourselves airs of being disappointed, though it is so very seldom we have any fine weather. I believe, if we did not read Virgil at school, we should never have invented names for distinctions of seasons. Somebody said lately that the winter was come over to pass the spring in England, but though well said, it was an air too. We live in the Northern Ocean, and our nabobs that plunder the Indies cannot contrive to import an ounce of Eastern climate. Adieu!

Friday morning.

Wednesday night did not pass quietly; besides the rejoicings in the City, the mob demolished all the windows of Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker, and a much greater assaulted Lord North's, with threats of pulling it down. The Guards were sent for in time; and all is quiet.

[7] He died on June 8, 1771, and was succeeded as Secretary of State for the Northern Province by Lord Suffolk.

1346. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 29, 1771.

I have but time to write you a line, that I may not detain Mr. Essex, who is so good as to take charge of this note, and of a box, that I am sure will give you pleasure, and I beg may give you a little trouble. It contains the very valuable seven letters of Edward the Sixth to Barnaby Fitzpatrick[1]. Lord Ossory, to whom they belong, has lent them to me to print, but to facilitate that, and to prevent their being rubbed or hurt by the printer, I must entreat your exactness to copy them, and return them with the copies. I need not desire your particular care, for you value these things as much as I do, and will be able to make them out better than I can do, from being so much versed in old writing. Forgive my taking this liberty with you, which I flatter myself will not be disagreeable. Mr. Essex and Mr. Tyson dined with me at Strawberry Hill, but could not stay so long as I wished. The party would have been still more agreeable if you had made a fourth. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

P.S. I am rejoiced you are delivered from the dread of inundations.

1347. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1771.

I have received the parcel of letters very safe from Major Dixon; they reach to the end of last year.

Letter 1346.—[1] Sir Barnaby Fitzpatrick (d. 1581), Lord of Upper Ossory. He was sent to the English court 'as a pledge of his father's loyalty.' He was a favourite companion of Edward VI, and acted as his whipping boy. After Fitzpatrick grew up he resided for a while at the court of Henry II of France, when Edward VI kept up a correspondence with him, of which the letters mentioned by Horace Walpole formed part. They were issued from the Strawberry Hill Press in 1772.

I do not believe that Orestes and Pylades were half so punctual for thirty years together. But do not let us be content and stop here; thirty years more will finish the century; I have no objection to living so long: I hope you have none.

You say I do not cite the dates of your letters, but I did better, I executed your commission the instant I received it, and it is no fault of mine if Madame Santini is not at this moment fanning herself with one of the fans. I should be inexcusable if I neglected the few commissions you give me, when you are so kindly punctual about mine.

Mr. Chute, who dined here to-day, told me he had just heard that Lord Halifax is dead. It was hourly expected when I came from town on Thursday. Lord Suffolk was most talked of for his successor; and then the Privy Seal will be contested[1] by two ex-ministers, the Duke of Grafton and Lord Weymouth.

In the letters I have been reading over, I find you have been a great advocate for Le Fèvre's medicine for the gout. He is already quite exploded here; and, about Liège, where he lives, they abhor him. He performs none of his promises, but in producing an immediate fit, which can be done without a medicine. Mr. Chute and I are strong bootikinists. He, indeed, is a marvellous proof of their efficacy. He (so many years devoured by gout) has not had a fit in his feet these four years; and, when it comes in his hands, though it lasts very long, he never has three days of sharp pain.

I do not know whether the Russian fleet will pass the Dardanelles, but their army *must not* pass the Danube. It is certain that Prince Lobkowitz was sent to Petersburgh to make this declaration in the names of the Empress-Queen and Emperor; and there is such a dearth of roubles in the other Empress's treasury, that she must stoop to the pro-

Letter 1347.—[1] The Duke of Grafton succeeded as Privy Seal.

hibition. The Peace itself would be made, but as there is provision of money and troops made at Constantinople, the Sultan dares not but try another campaign, for fear of an insurrection. I like to see these haughty sovereigns obliged to draw in their talons, or put them forth, whether they will or not.

Some of their representatives are to dine here to-morrow. Indeed you ought to come too: there will be a little *corps diplomatique*—the French, Spanish, and Austrian ministers. I am sorry this card cannot sail till Tuesday, when it will be too late. Seriously, how happy it would make me to see you here, *salvâ* your *dignitate*. Strawberry is in the most perfect beauty, the verdure exquisite, and the shades venerably extended. I have made a Gothic gateway to the garden, the piers of which are of artificial stone, and very respectable. The round tower is finished, and magnificent; and the state bedchamber proceeds fast; for you must know the little villa is grown into a superb castle. We have dropped all humility in our style: yet, fond as I am of this place, I am going to leave it for some weeks: in short, on another journey to Paris. Nothing, I think, but my dear old woman[2] could draw me so far; and nothing but her shall I see. The time of year disculpates me from the scandalous surmise of going to divert myself. If the disturbances there should happen to amuse me, why that is excusable in an ancient politician; and no philosopher has forbidden our being entertained with public confusion. I shall, in truth, only look on with the same indifference with which I see our own squabbles. The latter are drawn to the dregs. I shall set out on the 7th of July, and be here again by the end of August. If you write to me in the interval, direct to London; for you know we always have found more difficulty in sending our letters by the

[2] Madame du Deffand. *Walpole.*

straight road than by that roundabout. I shall probably write again before I go, though this is not a time of year when I can have much to tell you, and at present less than ever. If Count Orloff takes Constantinople, the bombs will be heard at Paris before they can be reverberated from Florence. Lord Bute is arrived in good health, but they say much emaciated, and looking much older. He is going to marry his fourth daughter to Lord Finlater[3], the son of our old acquaintance Lord Deskford. The Queen is brought to bed, I think, of a son[4], but an eighth prince or princess is nobody's business but the compiler's of the court-calender. I am told that at Paris I am to go distracted about the Dauphiness, and to recover my wits by seeing the Comtesse de Provence[5]. Good night! I reserve some paper in case I should learn any European secrets from my guests to-morrow.

Sunday night.

My party has succeeded to admiration, and Gothic architecture has received great applause. I will not swear that it has been really admired. I found by Monsieur de Guisnes that, though he had heard much of the house, it was in no favourable light. He had been told it was only built of lath and plaster, and that there were not two rooms together on a level. When I once asked Madame du Deffand what her countrymen said of it, she owned they were not struck with it, but looked upon it as natural enough in a country which had not yet arrived at true taste. In short, I believe they think all the houses they see are Gothic, because they are not like that single pattern that reigns in every hotel in

[3] That marriage did not take place. *Walpole.* — Lady Augusta Stuart, fourth daughter of third Earl of Bute, m. (1773) Captain Andrew Corbett.

[4] Prince Ernest Angustus (1771–1851), cr. Duke of Cumberland in 1799. He succeeded as King of Hanover in 1837.

[5] She was very ugly. *Walpole.*— Marie Louise Joséphine (d. 1810), daughter of Victor Amadeus III of Savoy.

Paris; and which made me say there, that I never knew whether I was in the house that I was in, or in the house I came out of. Two or three rooms in a row, a naked *salle à manger*, a white and gold cabinet, with four looking-glasses, a lustre, a scrap of hanging over against the windows, and two rows of chairs, with no variety in the apartments, but from bigger to less, and more or less gilt, and a bed-chamber with a blue or red damask bed: this is that effort of taste to which they think we have not attained—we who have as pure architecture and as classic taste as there was in Adrian's or Pliny's villas. Monsieur de Guisnes is very civil, and affects to like even our gardens, though I can but doubt whether they do not use more of Nature's beauties than a Frenchman can be brought to feel.

Lord Halifax died yesterday. The Bishop of Osnaburg[6] is to have that riband to which the Earl had never been installed. As there is going to be an installation at the expense of the crown, the Bishop's will be lumped with it, and save such another cost. Lord Hyde[7], they say, is to be Chancellor of the Duchy, in the room of Lord Strange[8], who died suddenly last week. I don't know how the greater places are to go. If I hear to-morrow, when I shall pass through London in my way to Lord Ossory's, I will tell you.

Monday night.

It rains great places and preferments. The Bishop of Durham[9] died last night; but what is that to you or me? You no more desire to be a right-reverend father in God than I to be Secretary of State. Yet how many are hankering after these things, without reflecting that they are more likely to follow in death than in succession! It is excusable

[6] Prince Frederick, afterwards Duke of York.

[7] Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, and afterwards Earl of Clarendon. *Walpole.*

[8] Only son of the Earl of Derby. *Walpole.*

[9] Dr. Trevor. *Walpole.*

in children to cry for rattles; for they don't know how soon they are to part with them. I don't mean by this to give myself any preference in wisdom. . . .[10]

1348. To Lady Mary Coke.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1771.

You cannot imagine, dear Madam, how much I am flattered with receiving your orders to pass a whole day with you, though I have not, that I know of, a drop of Austrian blood[1] in my veins. It is true Charlemagne was my grandfather by a Courtenay that married somebody from whom I am descended, but I hope you had not that match in your eye, but graciously invited me without considering that I am but a thousand years off from being a sort of prince. I shall obey your commands with more submission and satisfaction than if your Ladyship's name was Teresa as well as Mary. You are goddess enough for me, and I shall never pilgrimize to Vienna to see a greater lady. I wish you was as much content with your own dignity. A wise lady should make such a progress but once; no more than the wise men. I doubt whether even they would have retained that character, if they had danced after the same star year after year. It is the Emperor's turn to come after your Ladyship. Can we expect him, if you carry to him what is most worth seeing in England? or will he come if you are to return to Vienna? Nay, he does not deserve your visit, when he had a vacant throne to offer you, and yet let you slip out of his hands. There is not an instance in romance of such a neglect. Do you think any consideration upon earth would have determined Berenice to return to Rome, after Titus had been so weak

[10] Passage omitted.

Letter 1348. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 408, n. 2.

[1] Lady Mary Coke was at this time extremely partial to the Austrian royal family.

and ill-bred, as to suffer her to depart? Shall the Duke of Argyll's daughter run up and down Europe like the Wandering Jew? Choose your kingdom and reign there, and though I shall certainly die of it, I wish to see you settled and crowned once for all. Your glory is still dearer to me than loo at Notting Hill[2], and even than all my rash hopes. For your sake I could sacrifice my darling view of tending a few sheep with you on our two hills, but I cannot bear to see you return so often without a diadem. 'Or Cæsar or nothing,' said Borgia: 'Be Cæsar's wife or mine,' say I. Cæsar has not done his part. My heart is still at your service, but I am off, if you offer it to Cæsar once more. Nay, I will not be pacified, though you should pretend the visit is only to his mother[3]. Nobody but I goes to see an old woman more than once. If you think of Vienna again, I marry Madame du Deffand, and will no longer be

Your Ladyship's
Constant and
Eternal adorer,
Hor. Walpole.

1349. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, June 11, 1771.

You are very kind, dear Sir, and I ought to be, nay, what is more, I am, ashamed of giving you so much trouble; but I am in no hurry for the letters. I shall not set out till the 7th of next month, and it will be sufficient if I receive them a week before I set out.

Mr. C. C. C. C.[1] is very welcome to attack me about a Duchess of Norfolk. He is ever welcome to be in the right; to the edification I hope of all the matrons at the

[2] Lady Mary Coke's country seat.
[3] The Empress Maria Theresa.

Letter 1349.—[1] Robert Masters, the historian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

Antiquarian Society, who I trust will insert his criticism in the next volume of their *Archæologia* or *Old Women's Logic*; but, indeed, I cannot bestow my time on any more of them, nor employ myself in detecting witches for vomiting pins. When they turn extortioners[2] like Mr. Masters, the law should punish them, not only for roguery, but for exceeding their province, which our ancestors limited to killing their neighbour's cow, or crucifying dolls of wax. For my own part, I am so far from being out of charity with him, that I would give him a nag or new broom whenever he has a mind to ride to the Antiquarian *sabbat*, and preach against me. Though you have more cause to be angry, laugh at him as I do. One has not life enough to throw away on all the fools and knaves that come 'cross one. I have often been attacked, and never replied but to Mr. Hume and Dr. Milles—to the first, because he had a name; to the second, because he had a mind to have one:—and yet I was in the wrong, for it was the only way he could attain one. In truth, it is being too self-interested, to expose only one's private antagonists, when one lets worse men pass unmolested. Does a booby hurt me by an attack on me, more than by any other foolish thing he does? Does not he teaze me more by anything he says to me without attacking me, than by anything he says against me behind my back? I shall, therefore, most certainly never inquire after or read Mr. C. C. C. C.'s criticism, but leave him to oblivion with her Grace of Norfolk and our wise Society. As I doubt my own writings will soon be forgotten, I need not fear that those of my answerers will be remembered.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Cole stated that Masters had caused him to pay forty pounds towards the repair of a house at Waterbeach which he had previously undertaken to set in order for Cole.

1350. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1771.

I was very sure you would grant my request if you could, and I am perfectly satisfied with your reasons[1]; but I do not believe the parties concerned will be so too, especially the heads of the family, who are not so ready to serve their relations at their own expense as gratis. When I see you, I will tell you more, and what I thought I had told you.

You tax me with four days in Bedfordshire[2]: I was but three at most, and of those the evening I went and the morning I came away made the third day. I will try to see you before I go. The Edgcumbes[3] I should like, and Lady Lyttelton, but Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery; but you who charge me with making a *long* visit to Lord and Lady Ossory,—you do not see the mote in your own eye; at least, I am sure Lady Ailesbury does not see that in hers. I could not obtain a single day from her all last year, and with difficulty got her to give me a few hours this. There is always an indispensable pheasantry that must be visited, or something from which she cannot spare four-and-twenty hours. Strawberry sets this down in its pocket-book, and resents the neglect.

Letter 1350.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] A reference to the dismissal by General Conway (as Lieutenant-General of Ordnance) of William O'Brien (formerly an actor) from a post under that Board in America, procured for him after his runaway match with Lady Susan Fox-Strangways. O'Brien left America without leave, and when ordered to return, refused to do so. General Conway thereupon dismissed him, in spite of the interposition of Lord and Lady Holland on Lady Susan's behalf. (See *Last Journals*, vol. i. p. 147.)

[2] At Lord Ossory's seat, Ampthill Park.

[3] George Edgcumbe, third Baron Edgcumbe, afterwards Viscount and Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and his wife Emma (d. 1807), daughter of John Gilbert, Archbishop of York.

At two miles from Houghton Park is the mausoleum[4] of the Bruces, where I saw the most ridiculous monument of one of Lady Ailesbury's predecessors that ever was imagined; I beg she will never keep such company. In the midst of an octagon chapel is the tomb of Diana, Countess of Oxford and Elgin[5]. From a huge unwieldy base of white marble rises a black marble cistern; literally a cistern that would serve for an eating-room. In the midst of this, to the knees, stands her Ladyship in a white domino or shroud, with her left hand erect as giving her blessing. It put me in mind of Mrs. Cavendish when she got drunk in the bathing-tub. At another church[6] is a kind of catacomb for the Earls of Kent: there are ten sumptuous monuments. Wrest and Hawnes[7] are both ugly places; the house at the former is ridiculously old and bad. The state bedchamber (not ten feet high) and its drawing-room are laced with Ionic columns of spotted velvet and friezes of patchwork. There are bushels of deplorable earls and countesses. The garden was execrable, too, but is something mended by Brown. Houghton Park and Ampthill stand finely: the last is a very good house, and has a beautiful park. The other has three beautiful old fronts, in the style of Holland House, with turrets and loggias, but not so large. Within it is the worst contrived dwelling I ever saw. Upon the whole, I was much diverted with my journey. On my return I stayed but a single hour in London, saw no soul, and came hither to meet the deluge. It has rained all night and all day; but it is midsummer, consequently mid-winter, and one can expect no better. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[4] At Maulden in Bedfordshire.

[5] Lady Diana Cecil (d. 1654), daughter of second Earl of Exeter; m. 1. Henry de Vere, ninth Earl of Oxford; 2. Thomas Bruce, first Earl of Elgin.

[6] Flitton, near Ampthill.

[7] Near Bedford, the seat of the Carterets.

1351. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 19, 1771.

I answer your letter, as you desire, the moment I receive it, that is, acknowledge the receipt of it; but I am sorry Mr. Davenport's punctuality is not as well ascertained as mine. I have sent him your letter, and wish it may correct him for the future. But do not you deserve to be scolded, too, when you talk of my getting paid? How many score commissions am I in your debt? Or is this a reprimand, and a prohibition ever to employ you again?

I know no news but newspaper news, which is seldom new but by being false. The Duke of Grafton has certainly got the Privy Seal: it is not being proud[1]. In France, the Duc d'Aiguillon is at last minister: it is not being timorous. I expect to find a doleful scene in that country: tyranny and poverty are trying which shall have the honour of conferring total ruin on it. It is fortunate for us that Louis the Well-beloved has preferred ministers who will undo his own country, to one[2] who had an ambition of undoing his neighbours; and it is unlucky for Corsica that so amiable a monarch did not make his option sooner. It looks as if he himself was fond of both sorts.

Wilkes seems destined to confound all his adversaries. He carries the palm triumphantly from Horne[3], who has proved a very dull fool—not that I have read half their correspondence; but at least Wilkes maintains his empire over the mob without the benefit of his clergy. The court profits by their civil war, and we are as quiet as ever I remember the season. Wilkes's canvass for sheriff just stands in place of a considerable horse-race.

I am writing to you in the bow-window of my delicious

Letter 1351. — [1] He had been Prime Minister. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke de Choiseul. *Walpole.*

[3] Parson Horne. *Walpole.*

round tower, with your Bianca Capello over against me, and the setting sun behind me, throwing its golden rays all around. Are you never to see this castle? It is not a hovel like Lady Mary Wortley's *château*, of which she used to brag to the Florentines. My trees flourish so exuberantly, that I am every day clearing away; and every bough that is lopped lets in new verdure, gaiety, and prospect. From such a scene one looks down with contempt or pity on Messieurs Maupeou and D'Aiguillon; with greater on Monsieur de Choiseul, if he is sorry to be at Chanteloup. If he was here at this moment, I would say, 'Look at yon sinking beams; his gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon, and seems to enjoy the serenity of the evening, with more passionate though with fewer admirers! If she gilds no objects, remember she scorches none.'—Oh, a charming idea, no doubt, Monsieur de Choiseul would conceive of the pleasure of sitting in a silent window alone, admiring the changes of an evening landscape, and writing to a distant friend! 'Tis below the dignity of ambition to taste a satisfaction that any common individual may enjoy! Crowds must be witnesses to the luxury of our situation, or it loses its quintessence; and yet I, who was born in the cradle of that greatness M. de Choiseul doats on, thank Heaven for having given me no inclination to sacrifice my repose to a chimera! As an acquaintance, the world amuses me; it is horrible to be its master or its slave. Adieu! my dear Sir: it will not be long, I hope, before I write to you again from this very spot!

Thursday, June 20.

I have this morning received the six volumes of letters of painters and two of Masaccio. If you will cast up our accounts and tell me what I owe you, I will send you the bill for the fans.

I have been dining at Lord Buckingham's at Marble Hill[4]. He has three fine children by his first wife[5]; and has got a pretty, agreeable young wife[6]; but it was a melancholy day to me, who have passed so many agreeable hours in that house and garden with poor Lady Suffolk.

1352. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1771.

I have waited impatiently, my dear Lord, for something worth putting into a letter; but trees do not speak in Parliament, nor flowers write in the newspapers; and they are almost the only beings I have seen. I dined on Tuesday at Notting Hill[1] with the Countesses of Powis and Holdernesse, Lord and Lady Pelham[2], and Lord Frederick Cavendish—and Pam; and shall go to town on Friday to meet the same company at Lady Holdernesse's; and this short journal comprises almost my whole history and knowledge.

I must now ask your Lordship's and Lady Strafford's commands for Paris. I shall set out on the 7th of next month. You will think, though you will not tell me so, that these are very juvenile jaunts at my age. Indeed, I should be ashamed if I went for any other pleasure but that of once more seeing my dear blind friend[3], whose much greater age forbids my depending on seeing her often. It will, indeed, be amusing to change the scene of politics; for though I have done with our own, one cannot help hearing them—

[4] At Twickenham, built by Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, aunt of Lord Buckingham, to whom she left it. *Walpole.*

[5] Daughter of Sir Robert Drury. *Walpole.*

[6] Sister of W. Conolly, Esq. *Walpole.*

Letter 1352.—[1] The villa of Lady Mary Coke near Kensington. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas Pelham, second Baron Pelham of Stanmer (afterwards Earl of Chichester), and his wife Anne, daughter of Frederick Meinhardt Frankland.

[3] Madame du Deffand. *Walpole.*

nay, reading them; for, like flies, they come to breakfast with one's bread and butter. I wish there was any other vehicle for them but a newspaper; a place into which, considering how they are exhausted, I am sure they have no pretensions. The Duc d'Aiguillon, I hear, is minister. Their politics, some way or other, must end seriously, either in despotism, a civil war, or assassination. Methinks, it is playing deep for the power of tyranny. Charles Fox is more moderate: he only games for an hundred thousand pounds that he has not.

Have you read the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, my Lord? I am angry with him for being more distracted and wrong-headed than my Lord Herbert. Till the revival of these two, I thought the present age had borne the palm of absurdity from all its predecessors. But I find our co-temporaries are quiet good folks, that only game till they hang themselves, and do not kill everybody they meet in the street. Who would have thought we were so reasonable?

Ranelagh, they tell me, is full of foreign dukes. There is a Duc de la Trémouille, a Duc d'Aremberg, and other grandees. I know the former, and am not sorry to be out of his way.

It is not pleasant to leave groves and lawns and rivers for a dirty town with a dirtier ditch, calling itself the Seine; but I dare not encounter the sea and bad inns in cold weather. This consideration will bring me back by the end of August. I should be happy to execute any commission for your Lordship. You know how earnestly I wish always to show myself your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1353. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, June 22, 1771.

I just write you a line, dear Sir, to acknowledge the receipt of the box of papers, which is come very safe, and to give you a thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken. As you promise me another letter I will wait to answer it.

At present I will only beg another favour, and with less shame, as it is of a kind you will like to grant. I have lately been at Lord Ossory's at Ampthill. You know Katherine of Arragon lived some time there[1]. Nothing remains of the castle, nor any marks of residence but a very small bit of her garden. I proposed to Lord Ossory to erect a cross to her memory on the spot; and he will. I wish, therefore, you could, from your collections or books, or memory, pick out an authentic form of a cross, of a better appearance than the common run. It must be raised on two or three steps; and if they were octagon would it not be handsomer? Her arms must be hung, like an order, upon it. Here is something of my idea[2]. The shield appendant to a collar. We will have some inscription to mark the cause of erection. Adieu!

Your most obliged
Hor. Walpole.

1354. To the Earl of Upper Ossory.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, June 23, 1771.

I have got your letters[1] again, and the copies, and beg to know which is the safest way of conveying the originals

Letter 1353.—[1] In 1533, the year in which her marriage to Henry VIII was pronounced invalid.

[2] A rough drawing appears in the original.

Letter 1354.—[1] The letters of Edward VI to Sir Barnaby Fitzpatrick.

to you. My reverend friend[2] who copied them tells me that one of them, and part of another, are printed in Fuller's *Church History*, but that need not prevent the printing altogether. I must ask your Lordship in what manner you would have me print them; I mean, whether for publication, or a smaller number only to give away. I submit to you whether the latter is not the preferable way, for as there are so very few they will barely make a sixpenny pamphlet, and not being all new, people might not think them quite important enough for sale. On the contrary, a smaller number will keep them a curiosity, and yet be sufficient to preserve them. If you like this method, I will print you what number you please, and will send you two or three hundred, and will ask your leave to keep a hundred for myself, as I did for Lord Powis. He had one hundred copies[3], and I the same; and in two years one copy was sold at an auction for four guineas—you see I have learnt the mysteries of my trade. I doubt I shall not have time to set about the Preface before I leave England, as I have not yet got Fuller, and a book or two more that I shall want. The long evenings in autumn are my best working hours; and as I flatter myself you will now and then be here at your villa, I can receive your directions.

I have searched in every volume I could think of where I was likely to make discoveries, but can find out nothing that perfectly satisfies me about the foundation[4] and devices of Houghton. The construction is in the style of a view of Scadbury[5], Sir Francis Walsingham's house, in a picture I have of him, consequently might be built by Sir Philip

[2] William Cole the antiquary.

[3] Of the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*.

[4] The manor of Houghton Conquest was bestowed in 1615 by James I upon Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, by whom Houghton House was built.

[5] In Kent, near Chislehurst.

Sidney, who married his daughter. The boar was certainly Sir Philip's crest, and the pheon his arms—nay, there is one of the ciphers in which are several letters of his names; but I can touch upon no scent of his having lived there, or having an estate there. Still, I am clear that none of the emblems relate to the Bruces. Though, as a critic, I have taken liberties with Sir Philip, as an antiquary I venerate him, there being a clear distinction between the ideas we have from our sense, and those we have from our nonsense. As I have no partiality for the Bruces, from either the one or the other, I beg Sir Philip may be worshipped as founder of Houghton. I now step two hundred years later to tell my Lady Ossory a match that I have just heard at Lady Blandford's, which is droll enough. Miss Legge[6], smitten with Colonel Keene's black eyes, has consented to give him her hand. They must, indeed, keep a few sheep at setting out, but I suppose the shepherd expects that Lord North[7] will enable them to enlarge their flock. Lord Villiers[8] is a new object of contention. Mrs. Anne Pitt has made a ball for him—don't be in a hurry—it is not to put her brother's large nose out of joint by her own; no, this is a pure act of friendship. She destines him to Lady Caroline Stuart[9], Lord Bute's fifth daughter. They are a very homely pair of turtles, and do not much add to the decoration of the great pigeon-house at Ranelagh, where she produces them every night. My Lady Harrington disputes the prize with her; and at least to secure part of it gets him to loo with herself, old Boothby, and Lady

[6] Hon. Elizabeth Legge, daughter of Viscount Lewisham, eldest son of first Earl of Dartmouth (whom he predeceased); m. Colonel James Whitshed Keene, M.P. for Wareham.

[7] Lord North was connected with Miss Legge through the marriage of his father, the Earl of Guilford, to her mother, Viscountess Lewisham.

[8] George Mason-Villiers (1751–1800), Viscount Villiers; succeeded his mother as second Earl Grandison in 1782.

[9] Lady Caroline Stuart married (1778) Hon. John Dawson (afterwards Viscount Carlow and Earl of Portarlington).

Schaub. I pity poor Lady Harriet[10], who is too charming to be set up to sale.

I hope to have more dignified news to tell you at my return from Paris, where the Duc d'Aiguillon is at last minister. I expect to find many a *Junius* there, at least in ballads; but if ever the French rebel farther than in couplets, the time must be at hand. It is foolish to be presenting remonstrances *after* the King has struck the blow[11]. When they have harangued him into despotism, no philippic will talk him out of it. That lamb and legislatress the Czarina would suffer no Patriot orations. By the way, I hear Voltaire has already half-stifled Monsieur d'Aiguillon with incense. It is just two years since I was witness to a thousand fulsome epistles that the Duchess of Choiseul received from him in praise of her husband.

> If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind[12]!

I know another person[13], unworthy to be named in such immortal company, who has written a very fulsome letter too to the Dowager d'Aiguillon, not in truth for his own interest, but in hopes of serving a dear old blind friend, who I fear wants protection.

If you recollect any other commission before I set out this day fortnight, be so good to let me know. You allow me, I trust, to end without any formal conclusion.

1355. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, June 24, 1771.

When I wrote to you t'other day, I had not opened the box of letters, and consequently had not found yours, for

[10] Lady Henrietta Stanhope (d. 1781), fourth daughter of second Earl of Harrington; m. (1776) Hon. Thomas Foley (afterwards second Baron Foley).

[11] The King had abolished the Parliament of Paris.

[12] Pope, *Epistle* iv. l. 381.

[13] Doubtless Walpole himself.

which, and the prints, I give you a thousand thanks: though Count Bryan[1] I have, and will return to you. Old Walker[2] is very like, and is valuable for being mentioned in the *Dunciad*; and a curiosity, from being mentioned there without abuse.

Your notes are very judicious, and your information most useful to me in drawing up some little preface to the Letters; which, however, I shall not have time now to do before my journey, as I shall set out on Sunday se'nnight. I like your motto much. The Lady Cecilia's letters are, as you say, more curious for the writer than the matter. We know very little of those daughters of Edward IV. Yet she and her sister Devonshire[3] lived to be old, especially Cicely, who was married to Lord Wells[4], and I have found why: he was first cousin to Henry VII, who, I suppose, thought it the safest match for her. I wish I knew all she and her sisters knew of their brothers, and their uncle Richard III. Much good may it do my Lord of Canterbury with his parboiled stag[5]! Sure there must be many more curiosities in Bennet Library!

Though your letter is so entertaining and useful to me, the passage I like best is a promise you make me of a visit in the autumn with Mr. Essex. Pray put him in mind of it, as I shall you. It would add much to the obligation if you would bring two or three of your MS. volumes of Collections with you.

Adieu, dear Sir!

Yours with the utmost gratitude,

H. Walpole.

Letter 1355.—[1] 'Count Bryan of Bury,' according to a note by Cole.

[2] Richard Walker (1679–1764), Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in that University. Cf. *Dunciad*, iv. ll. 203–8.

[3] Lady Catherine Plantagenet, sixth daughter of King Edward IV; m. William Courtenay, first Earl of Devonshire; d. 1527.

[4] John Welles (d. 1499), first Viscount Welles.

[5] A reference to an incident mentioned by Cole.

1356. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, June 27, 1771.

I am very happy to be able to set your mind quite at ease about your place, which was wanted for O'Brien[1], of which I think you will hear no more. I would not enter into the method by which I got rid of the application, were it not to prove to you how sincerely I am your friend. In two words then, when I found I could not beat them from the pursuit by any other means, I declared to Lord and Lady H.[2] that I would not request you to do a thing to which you had so great a repugnance; but if that would satisfy them, I would part with my own two little places in the Exchequer, at what they should be reckoned worth fairly. They did not choose to pay the price for them, but the offer entirely put a stop to their insisting on your place, which they could not in decency require, when they had the option of mine, and thus, in form, Lady H. told me she gave up the whole.

1357. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, June 27, 1771.

I enclose the ticket your Ladyship ordered, and as Mr. Fitzpatrick[1] may wish to carry his children and some companion with him, I have made the order for five instead of four, and would have added another, but having lately had some disputes about sometimes giving a larger and sometimes a more contracted order, I am forced to confine the rule to four, or as near it as I can; my neighbours wanting to bring all their acquaintance, and taking it ill if they are refused and

Letter 1356.—[1] William O'Brien, the actor, who had married Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, niece of Lord Holland.

[2] Lord and Lady Holland.

Letter 1357.—[1] Probably Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, uncle of Lord Ossory.

others indulged; and when your Ladyship comes amongst us, you will find we are a gossiping set of folks.

I expect to be prodigiously well received at the Resurrection by numberless old folks, whose portraits I have rescued from oblivion in various visits I have made at country-houses. When I have the pleasure of being at Ampthill, I will write the names and histories on the back of the Gowrans and Robinsons[2], and on the Fitz-Arbuthnot and parrot. You will find, Madam, an account of Michael Wright in the third volume of my *Anecdotes*. Before I received your Ladyship's, I had written to Lord Ossory about King Edward's letters, and expect his commands. Your Ladyship's and his for Paris shall be carefully executed.

I came to town yesterday, and as usual, found that one hears much more news in the country than in London. I have not picked up a pencil since I wrote to my Lord. I may, if I please, go to another ball to-morrow, at Mrs. A. P.'s[3], but I think I shall choose to return to Strawberry. Her nephew, Tom Pitt, is going to marry a Miss Wilkinson[4], a great fortune, sister to Jack Smith's wife. I don't believe your Ladyship cares much about these Jacks and Toms.

There is a great hubbub, I believe, at the other end of the town, where Wilkes is triumphing[5] over all the aldermen, and Hornes and Olivers; but in this quarter the grass would grow if it were not for a few coaches from Ranelagh.

I have sent an injunction to my antiquarian friend[6], who copied over the letters, to find me out a pattern of a genuine cross, to be erected at Ampthill, and I am sure he will if

[2] The first wife of Lord Ossory's grandfather was Anne, daughter of Sir John Robinson, second Baronet.

[3] Mrs. Anne Pitt.

[4] Anne, daughter and co-heir of Pinckney Wilkinson, of Burnham, Norfolk; d. 1803.

[5] See the following letter.

[6] William Cole.

there is such a thing above ground, for he is as true a Roman Catholic as it is possible for a Protestant clergyman to be—and there is but a very nice distinction between them, especially when they are antiquaries.

'Tis a mortification, Madam, to be able to send you nothing more amusing, but when one knows no news, a short letter is better than a composed one, and anything to dull excuses. I am grown too old for invention, and, like other old servants, have no merit but that of attachment. No ancient domestic can boast of that quality more than

Yours, &c.

1358. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Saturday noon, July 6, 1771.

I am not gone; I do go to-morrow, and this letter will not set out till after me, as there is no foreign post till Tuesday. I only write to tell you that my nephew[1], Lord Cholmondeley, is gone to Spa, and thinks of frisking through Italy before the Parliament meets. If he comes to Florence, I know how kind you will be to him. He is a good young man, and I hope will not make a bad old one; but of that I know nothing—nor ever shall.

We are told the Jesuits are restored in France. *That* I shall know in two or three days. Pray take notice that two years ago I foretold this. Nor do I brag of it now, but to show that once in my life at least I guessed right. I said, *semen regum seges ecclesiae.* Think of old Richelieu and Madame du Barry begetting the resurrection of St. Ignatius. It is all she could help him to resurrect.

Wilkes is another Phœnix revived from his own ashes. He was sunk—it was over with him; but the ministers too

Letter 1358.—[1] Only son of George, Lord Malpas, who was son of Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole *Walpole.*

precipitately hurrying to bury him alive, blew up the embers, and he is again as formidable as ever; and what will seem worse, he must go into the very closet[2] whenever the City sends him thither on a message. You and I, and all very wise men, laugh at luck and fatality, and such essences as we know do not exist; but pray let us confess honestly that we cannot wonder if the unilluminated populace are staggered on some occasions. Does not there seem to be a fatality attending the court whenever they meddle with that man? Does not he always rise higher for their attempting to overwhelm him? What instance is there of such a demagogue subsisting and maintaining a war against a king, ministries, courts of law, a whole legislature, and all Scotland, for nine years together? Masaniello did not, I think, last five days. Wilkes, in prison, is chosen member of Parliament, and then alderman of London. His colleagues betray him, desert him, expose him, and he becomes sheriff of London. I believe, if he was to be hanged, he would be made King of England—I don't think King of Great Britain[3]. Well, in the meantime I will go and see the reverse; a whole nation and every Parliament in it in opposition to the crown, and the courts of law suppressed by the Chancellor. Adieu!

1359. To John Chute.

Amiens, Tuesday evening, July 9, 1771.

I am got no farther yet, as I travel leisurely, and do not venture to fatigue myself. My voyage was but of four hours. I was sick only by choice and precaution, and find myself in perfect health. The enemy, I hope, has not returned to pinch you again, and that you defy the foul fiend. The weather is but lukewarm, and I should choose to have all

[2] The King's closet. *Walpole.*
[3] Meaning that the Scots hate him too much. *Walpole.*

the windows shut, if my smelling was not much more summerly than my feeling; but the frowsiness of obsolete tapestry and needlework is insupportable. Here are old fleas and bugs talking of Louis Quatorze like tattered refugees in the Park, and they make poor Rosette attend to them, whether she will or not. This is a woful account of an evening in July, and which Monsieur de St. Lambert[1] has omitted in his *Seasons*, though more natural than anything he has placed there. If the Grecian religion had gone into the folly of self-mortification, I suppose the devotees of Flora would have shut themselves up in a nasty inn, and have punished their noses for the sensuality of having smelt to a rose or a honeysuckle.

This is all I have yet to say; for I have had no adventure, no accident, nor seen a soul but my cousin Richard Walpole, whom I met on the road and spoke to in his chaise. To-morrow I shall lie at Chantilly, and be at Paris early on Thursday. The Churchills are there already. Good night—and a *sweet* one to you!

Paris, Wednesday night, July 10.

I was so suffocated with my inn last night, that I mustered all my resolution, rose with the *alouette*, and was in my chaise by five o'clock this morning. I got hither by eight this evening, tired, but rejoiced; have had a comfortable dish of tea, and am going to bed in clean sheets. I sink myself even to my dear old woman and my sister; for it is impossible to sit down and be made charming at this time of night after fifteen posts, and after having been here twenty times before.

At Chantilly I crossed on the Countess of W., who lies there to-night on her way to England. But I concluded she had no curiosity about me—and I could not brag of

LETTER 1359. — [1] Jean François (1716–1802), Marquis de St. Lambert, author of a poem called *Les Saisons*, and member of the French Academy.

more about her—and so we had no intercourse. I am woe-begone to find my Lord F——[2] in the same hotel. He is as starched as an old-fashioned plaited neckcloth, and come to suck wisdom from this curious school of philosophy. He reveres me because I was acquainted with his father; and that does not at all increase my partiality to the son.

Luckily, the post departs early to-morrow morning. I thought you would like to hear I was arrived well. I should be happy to hear you are so; but do not torment yourself too soon, nor will I torment you. I have fixed the 26th of August for setting out on my return. These jaunts are too juvenile. I am ashamed to look back and remember in what year of Methuselah I was here first. Rosette sends her blessing to her daughter. Adieu! Yours ever.

1360. To Edward Louisa Mann.

Paris, July 22, 1771.

I have received no letter from my brother, and consequently have no answer to make to him. I shall only say that after entering into a solemn engagement with me, that we should dispose of the places[1] alternately, I can scarce think him serious, when he tells you he has made an *entirely* new arrangement for all the places, expects I should concur in it; and after that, is so good as to promise he will dispose of no more without consulting me. If he is so absolutely master of all, my concurrence is not necessary, *and I will give none.* If he chooses to dispose of no more places without me, that matter, with others *more important*, must

[2] The Earl of Findlater. See letter to the Countess of Ossory of Aug. 11, 1771.

Letter 1360.—Printed by C. without name of addressee. (See *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 21, 1899.)

[1] The places at the disposal of the Inspector of Customs, a post held jointly by Horace Walpole and his brother Sir Edward Walpole. Edward Mann acted as their Deputy.

be regulated in another manner,—and it is time they should, when no agreement is kept with me, and I find objections made which upon the fullest discussion, and after allowance of the force of my arguments and right, had been given up twenty years ago.

With regard to your letter, Sir, some parts of it are, I protest, totally unintelligible to me. Others, which I think I do understand, require a much fuller answer than I have time to give now, as the post goes out to-morrow morning. That answer will contain matter not at all fit for the post, and which I am sure you would not wish should be handled there; for which reason I shall defer it, till I give my answer at length into your own hands. It will, I believe, surprise you and my brother, and show how unkindly I have been treated after doing everything to accommodate both. As to the conditions which you say, Sir, you intend to exact from my brother, you will undoubtedly state them to himself; and cannot expect I should meddle with them, or be party to them. Neither you nor he can imagine that I am quite so tame an idiot as to enter into bonds for a person of *his* recommendation. If the office is *his*, he must be answerable for it, and for all the persons he employs in it. I protest against everything that is not my own act—a consequence he perhaps did not foresee, when he chose, contrary to his agreement with me, to engross the whole disposition. I have always known clearly what is my own right, and on what founded; and have acted strictly according to my right, and am ready to justify every step of my conduct.

I have sufficiently shown my disposition to peace, and appeal to you yourself, Sir, and to my brother, whether either can charge me with the least encroachment beyond my right; and whether I have not acquiesced in every single step that either has desired of me. Your letter, Sir, and that you quote of my brother, have shown how necessary

it is for me to take the measure I am determined to take. I would have done anything to oblige either you or my brother, but I am not to be threatened out of my right in any shape. I know when it is proper to yield and when to make my stand. I refused to accept the place for my own life when it was offered to me: when I declined *that*, it is not probable that I should hold the place to the wrong of anybody else; it will and *must* be seen who claims any part or prerogatives of the place unjustly; my honour demands to have this ascertained, and I will add, that when I scorned a favour, I am not likely to be intimidated by a menace. I say all this coolly and deliberately, and my actions will be conformable.

I do not forget my obligations to you, dear Sir, or to your dead brother[2], whose memory will ever be most dear to me. Unkind expressions shall not alter the affection I have for you or your family, nor am I so unreasonable, so unjust, or so absurd, as not to approve your doing everything you think right for your own interest and security, and for those of your family. What I have to say hereafter will prove that these not only are, but *ever have been* my sentiments. I shall then appeal to your own truth, whether it is just in you to have used some expressions in your letter; but as I mean to act with the greatest circumspection, and without a grain of resentment to *anybody*, I shall say no more till I have had full time to weigh every word I shall use, and every step I mean to take. In the meantime I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. My refusal of the patent for my life has shown what value I set upon it; but I *will* have justice, especially for

[2] Galfridus Mann.

my character, which no consideration upon earth shall prevent my seeking. It must and shall be known whether I enjoy the place to the wrong of any man living. You have my free consent, Sir, to show this letter to whom you please; I have nothing to conceal, and am ready to submit my conduct to the whole world.

1361. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, July 30, 1771.

I do not know where you are, nor where this will find you, nor when it will set out to seek you, as I am not certain by whom I shall send it. It is of little consequence, as I have nothing material to tell you, but what you probably may have heard.

The distress here is incredible, especially at court. The King's tradesmen are ruined, his servants starving, and even angels and archangels cannot get their pensions and salaries, but sing 'Woe! woe! woe!' instead of Hosannahs. Compiègne is abandoned; Villiers-Coterets and Chantilly[1] crowded, and Chanteloup[2] still more in fashion, whither everybody goes that pleases; though, when they ask leave, the answer is, 'Je ne le défends ni le permets.' This is the first time that ever the will of a King of France was interpreted against his inclination. Yet, after annihilating his Parliament, and ruining public credit, he tamely submits to be affronted by his own servants. Madame de Beauveau, and two or three high-spirited dames, defy this Czar of Gaul. Yet they and their cabal are as inconsistent on the other hand. They make epigrams, sing vaudevilles against the

Letter 1361.—[1] The country places of the Duke of Orléans and the Prince of Condé, who were in disgrace at court for having espoused the cause of the Parliament of Paris, banished by the Chancellor Maupeou. *Walpole.*

[2] The country seat of the Duc de Choiseul, to which, on his ceasing to be First Minister, he was banished by the King. *Walpole.*

mistress[3], hand about libels against the Chancellor[4], and have no more effect than a sky-rocket; but in three months will die to go to court, and to be invited to sup with Madame du Barri. The only real struggle is between the Chancellor and the Duc d'Aiguillon. The first is false, bold, determined, and not subject to little qualms. The other is less known, communicates himself to nobody, is suspected of deep policy and deep designs, but seems to intend to set out under a mask of very smooth varnish; for he has just obtained the payment of all his bitter enemy La Chalotais' pensions and arrears. He has the advantage, too, of being but moderately detested in comparison of his rival, and, what he values more, the interest of the mistress. The Comptroller-General[5] serves both, by acting mischief more sensibly felt; for he ruins everybody but those who purchase a respite from his mistress. He dispenses bankruptcy by retail, and will fall, because he cannot even by these means be useful enough. They are striking off nine millions from *la caisse militaire*, five from the marine, and one from the *affaires étrangères*: yet all this will not extricate them. You never saw a great nation in so disgraceful a position. Their next prospect is not better: it rests on an *imbécile*[6], both in mind and body.

July 31.

Mr. Churchill and my sister set out to-night after supper, and I shall send this letter by them. There are no new books, no new plays, no new novels; nay, no new fashions. They have dragged old Mademoiselle Le Maure out of a retreat of thirty years, to sing at the Colisée, which is a most gaudy Ranelagh, gilt, painted, and becupided like an Opera, but not calculated to last as long as Mother Coliseum, being composed of chalk and pasteboard. Round

[3] Madame du Barry. *Walpole.*
[4] Maupeou. *Walpole.*
[5] The Abbé Terrai. *Walpole.*
[6] The Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI.

it are courts of *treillage*, that serve for nothing, and behind it a canal, very like a horse-pond, on which there are fireworks and jousts. Altogether it is very pretty; but as there are few nabobs and nabobesses in this country, and as the middling and common people are not much richer than Job when he had lost everything but his patience, the proprietors are on the point of being ruined, unless the project takes place that is talked of. It is, to oblige Corneille, Racine, and Molière to hold their tongues twice a week, that their audiences may go to the Colisée. This is like our Parliament's adjourning when senators want to go to Newmarket. There is a Monsieur Gaillard[7] writing a history of the *Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre*. I hope he will not omit this parallel.

The instance of their poverty that strikes *me* most, who make political observations by the thermometer of baubles, is, that there is nothing new in their shops. I know the faces of every snuffbox and every teacup as well as those of Madame du Lac and Monsieur Poirier. I have chosen some cups and saucers for my Lady Ailesbury, as she ordered me; but I cannot say they are at all extraordinary. I have bespoken two cabriolets for her, instead of six, because I think them very dear, and that she may have four more if she likes them. I shall bring, too, a sample of a *baguette* that suits them. For myself, between economy and the want of novelty, I have not laid out five guineas—a very memorable anecdote in the history of my life. Indeed, the Czarina and I have a little dispute: she has offered to purchase the whole Crozat collection of pictures, at which I had intended to ruin myself. The Turks thank her for it!—Apropos, they are sending from hence fourscore officers to Poland, each of whom I suppose, like Almanzor, can stamp with his foot and raise an army.

[7] Gabriel Henri Gaillard (1726–1806).

As my sister travels like a Tartar princess with her whole horde, she will arrive too late almost for me to hear from you in return to this letter, which in truth requires no answer, *vu que* I shall set out myself on the 26th of August. You will not imagine that I am glad to save myself the pleasure of hearing from you; but I would not give you the trouble of writing unnecessarily. If you are at home, and not in Scotland, you will judge by these dates where to find me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. Instead of restoring the Jesuits, they are proceeding to annihilate the Celestines, Augustines, and some other orders.

1362. To John Chute.

Paris, Aug. 5, 1771.

It is a great satisfaction to me to find by your letter of the 30th that you have had no return of your gout. I have been assured here that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water. It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy! It would at least be so here, if their bodies were of a piece with their understandings; or if both were as curable as they are the contrary. Your prophecy, I doubt, is not better founded than the prescription. I may be lame; but I shall never be a duck, nor deal in the garbage of the Alley.

I envy your *Strawberry tide*, and need not say how much I wish I was there to receive you. Methinks, I should be as glad of a little grass, as a seaman after a long voyage. Yet English gardening gains ground here prodigiously—not much at a time, indeed—I have literally seen one that is exactly like a tailor's paper of patterns. There is a Monsieur

Boutin[1], who has tacked a piece of what he calls an English garden to a set of stone terraces, with steps of turf. There are three or four very high hills, almost as high as, and exactly in the shape of, a tansy pudding. You squeeze between these and a river, that is conducted at obtuse angles in a stone channel, and supplied by a pump; and when walnuts come in, I suppose it will be navigable. In a corner enclosed by a chalk wall are the samples I mentioned; there is a stripe of grass, another of corn, and a third *en friche*, exactly in the order of beds in a nursery. They have translated Mr. Whately's[2] book, and the Lord knows what barbarism is going to be laid at our door. This new *Anglomanie* will literally be *mad English*.

New *arrêts*, new retrenchments, new misery, stalk forth every day. The Parliament of Besançon is dissolved; so are the *Grenadiers de France*. The King's tradesmen are all bankrupt; no pensions are paid, and everybody is reforming their suppers and equipages. Despotism makes converts faster than ever Christianity did. Louis *Quinze* is the true *rex Christianissimus*, and has ten times more success than his dragooning great-grandfather. Adieu, my dear Sir!

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

Friday, 9th.

This was to have gone by a private hand, but cannot depart till Monday; so I may be continuing my letter till I bring it myself. I have been again at the Chartreuse; and, though it was the sixth time, I am more enchanted with those paintings[3] than ever. If it is not the first work

Letter 1362.—[1] 'Grand amateur de jardins, et propriétaire à Paris de celui qu'on a appelé depuis Tivoli.' (*Correspondance de Madame du Deffand*, 1877, vol. iii. p. 254 n.)

[2] Thomas Whateley (d. 1772), M.P. for Castle Rising; author of *Observations on Modern Gardening*.

[3] Le Sueur's paintings of incidents in the life of St. Bruno.

in the world, and must yield to the Vatican, yet in simplicity and harmony it beats Raphael himself. There is a vapour over all the pictures, that makes them more natural than any representation of objects—I cannot conceive how it is effected. You see them through the shine of a south-east wind. These poor folks do not know the inestimable treasure they possess—but they are perishing these pictures, and one gazes at them as at a setting sun. There is the purity of Racine in them, but they give me more pleasure—and I should much sooner be tired of the poet than of the painter.

It is very singular that I have not half the satisfaction in going into churches and convents that I used to have. The consciousness that the vision is dispelled, the want of fervour so obvious in the religious, the solitude that one knows proceeds from contempt, not from contemplation, make those places appear like abandoned theatres destined to destruction. The monks trot about as if they had not long to stay there; and what used to be holy gloom is now but dirt and darkness. There is no more deception than in a tragedy acted by candle-snuffers. One is sorry to think that an empire of common sense would not be very picturesque; for, as there is nothing but taste that can compensate for the imagination of madness, I doubt there will never be twenty men of taste for twenty thousand madmen. The world will no more see Athens, Rome, and the Medici again, than a succession of five good emperors, like Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines.

Aug. 13.

Mr. Edmonson[4] has called on me; and, as he sets out to-morrow, I can safely trust my letter to him. I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's death[5] in the

[4] Perhaps Joseph Edmondson (d. 1786), herald and genealogist.

[5] Gray died at Cambridge of gout in the stomach on July 30, 1771.

papers. 'Tis an hour that makes one forget any subject of complaint, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old. As self lies so rooted in self, no doubt the nearness of our ages[6] made the stroke recoil to my own breast; and having so little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own. Yet to you, who of all men living are the most forgiving, I need not excuse the concern I feel. I fear most men ought to apologize for their want of feeling, instead of palliating that sensation when they have it. I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had formed my language, not extinguished my tenderness. In short, I am really shocked—nay, I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that when I love anybody, it is for my life; and I have had too much reason not to wish that such a disposition may very seldom be put to the trial. You, at least, are the only person to whom I would venture to make such a confession.

Adieu! my dear Sir! Let me know when I arrive, which will be about the last day of the month, when I am likely to see you. I have much to say to you. Of being here I am most heartily tired, and nothing but this dear old woman should keep me here an hour—I am weary of them to death —but that is not new!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

1363. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Paris, Aug. 11, 1771.

I fear, Madam, I shall return from hence, like many an English Ambassador, without having done anything that signifies. I have indeed at last received some canvas and

[6] Gray was ten months older than Horace Walpole.

silk from M. Francès, to the value of forty-six livres two sous, which, when the materials shall be manufactured by your Ladyship, will, I trust, increase a million-fold. As to snuffboxes and toothpick cases, the vintage has entirely failed this year. I have not been able to find a new one of either sort. The shops complain of a total stagnation of trade, and this some impute to a cross man whom they call Mons. le Chancelier[1], who has pulled all the Parliament out by the noses, and occasioned a decrease of 40,000 of those organs of smelling in Paris; and others say, that a certain Comptroller-General[2] having left nobody anything to eat, there is but little demand for toothpick cases. As I am totally ignorant of commerce, it is impossible for me to judge what truth there is in these hypotheses—all I know is, that I am as well acquainted with the faces of every snuffbox in every shop, as every administration is with Mr. Ellis's. Lord Ossory's commission will be a little better executed—that is, it may be. I have seen three fine clocks, two dearer than the sum he limited, and one under it; but as I could not venture to lay out more or less money than his Lordship allowed, I have made all three sit for their pictures, and shall bring him the designs, that he may throw his handkerchief himself.

Paris is quite empty, even of English. In truth, I live in a hotel full of English, but I know the faces of but one, and of him, scarce the voice; it is my Lord Finlater, who I suppose is dying for love of his future bride, for he is an absolute statue: we have visited thrice, met once, and shall speak to one another next time. Lady Barrymore[3] went yesterday to Compiègne; Marshal Richelieu had orders to

Letter 1363.—[1] Maupeou.

[2] The Abbé Terray.

[3] Lady Amelia Stanhope (d. 1780), third daughter of second Earl of Harrington; m. (1767) Richard Barry, sixth Earl of Barrymore. Her favour at the French court arose from the fact that Lord Barrymore claimed relationship with the husband of Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV.

take care she had a box at the Opera here; but don't tell Junius so.

It is with great satisfaction I have to inform your Ladyship that the taste for English gardening makes great progress here, not owing, alas! to mine, but to Mr. Whately's

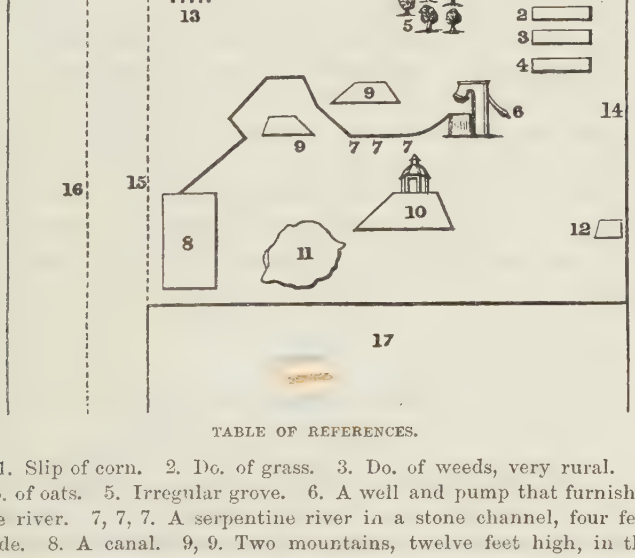

TABLE OF REFERENCES.

1. Slip of corn. 2. Do. of grass. 3. Do. of weeds, very rural. 4. Do. of oats. 5. Irregular grove. 6. A well and pump that furnishes the river. 7, 7, 7. A serpentine river in a stone channel, four feet wide. 8. A canal. 9, 9. Two mountains, twelve feet high, in the shape of a tansy-pudding, but not so green as the river. 10. Mount Olympus, with a temple on it. 11. An irregular piece of turf. 12. A fairy, with an Italian front. 13. Slips of grass. 14, 14, 14. The wall. 15. Terrace commanding a superb view over the hot-houses and dunghill. 16. Kitchen-garden with melon frames. 17. French garden.

book, which has been translated. I have been to see a garden almost out of Paris, which has been laid out in our taste at a vast expense; and as it improves upon us, I have here sent your Ladyship the plan as well as I could bring it

away by memory, at the same time begging you to excuse the badness of the drawing, which does not do justice to the original.

If Lord Ossory should wish to lay out Ampthill in this manner, I will take care to have a more correct plan made; but, indeed, without being upon the spot there is no judging of the effect. There is something so sociable in being able to shake hands across the river from the tops of the two mountains, 9 9, that nothing but so amiable a nation could have imagined it. Nay, it is a great idea; one thinks one sees the mountain-gods of Parnassus and Ida pulling their *fauteuils* across a continent, and drinking a glass of helicon to the health of their *bergères*!

The rest of my travels I shall reserve till I have the honour of seeing your Ladyship at Twickenham. I intend to set out on my return to-morrow se'nnight; and am, Madam,

Yours, &c.

1364. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, August 11, 1771.

You will have seen, I hope, before now, that I have not neglected writing to you. I sent you a letter by my sister, but doubt she has been a great while upon the road, as they travel with a large family. I was not sure where you were, and would not write at random by the post.

I was just going out when I received yours and the newspapers. I was struck in a most sensible manner, when, after reading your letter, I saw in the newspapers that Gray is dead! So very ancient an intimacy, and, I suppose, the natural reflection to self on losing a person but a year older, made me absolutely start in my chair. It seemed more a corporal than a mental blow; and yet

I am exceedingly concerned for him, and everybody must be so for the loss of such a genius. He called on me but two or three days before I came hither; he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach—but I expected his death no more than my own—and yet the same death will probably be mine. I am full of all these reflections—but shall not attrist you with them: only do not wonder that my letter will be short, when my mind is full of what I do not give vent to. It was but last night that I was thinking how few persons last, if one lives to be old, to whom one can talk without reserve. It is impossible to be intimate with the young, because they and the old cannot converse on the same common topics; and of the old that survive, there are few one can commence a friendship with, because one has probably all one's life despised their heart or their understandings. These are the steps through which one passes to the unenviable lees of life!

I am very sorry for the state of poor Lady Beauchamp[1]. It presages ill. She had a prospect of long happiness. Opium is a very false friend.

I will get you Bougainville's[2] book. I think it is on the Falkland Isles, for it cannot be on those just discovered; but as I set out to-morrow se'nnight, and probably may have no opportunity sooner of sending it, I will bring it myself. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 1364.—[1] The wife of Viscount Beauchamp, eldest son of Horace Walpole's first cousin Lord Hertford. She died in February 1772.

[2] Jean Pierre Bougainville (d. 1763), the circumnavigator.

1365. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Paris, Aug. 12, 1771.

I am excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead! I wish to God you may be able to tell me it is not true! Yet in this painful uncertainty I must rest some days! None of my acquaintance are in London—I do not know to whom to apply but to you—alas! I fear in vain! too many circumstances speak it true!—the detail is exact: a second paper arrived by the same post, and does not contradict it—and, what is worse, I saw him but four or five days before I came hither; he had been to Kensington for the air, complained of the gout flying about him, of sensations of it in his stomach, and indeed, thought him changed, and that he looked ill—still I had not the least idea of his being in danger—I started up from my chair when I read the paragraph—a cannon-ball would not have surprised me more! The shock but ceased, to give way to my concern, and my hopes are too ill-founded to mitigate it! If nobody has the charity to write to me, my anxiety must continue till the end of the month, for I shall set out on my return on the 26th, and unless you receive this time enough for your answer to leave London on the 20th, in the evening, I cannot meet it till I find it in Arlington Street, whither I beg you to direct it.

If the event is but too true, pray add to this melancholy service that of telling me any circumstance you know of his death. Our long, very long friendship, and his genius, must endear to me everything that relates to him. What writings has he left? Who are his executors[1]? I should earnestly wish, if he has destined anything to the public, to

Letter 1365.—[1] Gray's executors were William Mason the poet, and Dr. James Brown, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

print it at my press. It would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own! Adieu, dear Sir!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I heard this unhappy news but last night, and have just been told that Lord Edward Bentinck[2] goes in haste to-morrow to England: so that you will receive this much sooner than I expected. Still I must desire you to direct to Arlington Street, as by far the surest conveyance to me.

1366. To Lady Mary Coke.

I NEVER trouble your Ladyship with common news. The little events of the world are below the regard of one who steps from throne to throne, and converses only with demigods and demigoddesses. Parliaments are broken here every day about our ears, but their splinters are not of consequence enough to send you. I waited for something worthy of being entered in your imperial archives—little thinking that I should be happy enough to be the first to inform you, at least to ascertain you, of the most extraordinary discovery that ever was made, and far more important than the forty dozen of islands, which Dr. Solander[1] has picked up the Lord knows where, as he went to catch new sorts of fleas and crickets; and which said islands, if well husbanded, may produce forty more wars. The discovery I mean

[2] Second son of second Duke of Portland; d. 1819.

LETTER 1366.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 446, n. 1.

[1] Daniel Charles Solander (1736–1782), who accompanied Cook and Banks on their voyage in the *Endeavour*.

will occasion great desolation too: it will produce a violent change in the empire of Parnassus, it will be very prejudicial to the eyes, and considerably reduce the value of what Cibber called the *paraphonalia of a woman of quality*. It is difficult not to moralize on so trist an event! Can we wonder at that fleeting condition of human life, when the brightest and most durable of essences is proved to be but a vapour! No, Madam, I do not mean angels. They have indeed been in some danger; but have been saved, at least for some time, by Madame du Barry, and the late edicts that wink at the return of the Jesuits. The radiances in question have undergone a more fiery trial, and their nothingness is condemned without reprieve. Yes, Madam, diamonds are a bubble, and adamant itself has lost its obduracy! I am sorry to say that it would be a greater compliment now to tell a beauty that she had ruby eyes, than to compare them to a diamond, and if your Ladyship's heart were no harder than adamant, I should be sure of finding it no longer irresistible. As this memorable process took its rise at Vienna, your Ladyship may perhaps have heard something of it[2]. Public experiences have now been made here; and the day before yesterday the ordeal trial was executed. A diamond was put into a crucible over a moderate fire, and in an hour was absolutely annihilated. No ashes were left, not enough to enclose in a fancy-ring. An emerald mounted the scaffold next—its verdure suffered, but not its essence. The third was a ruby, who triumphed over the flames, and came forth from the furnace as unhurt as Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego—to the immortal disgrace of the diamond: a crystal behaved with as much heroism as the ruby, and not a hair of its head was singed. Nobody can tell how far this revolution will go. For my part, as I foresee that no woman of quality will deign to wear any

[2] These experiments are described in *Ann. Reg.* 1771, p. 141.

more diamonds, and that next to rubies, crystal will be the principal ornament in a lady's dress, I am buying up all the old lustres I can meet with. I have already got a piece of two thousand weight, and that I hope to sell for fifty thousand pounds to the first nabob's daughter that is married, for a pair of earrings; and I have another still larger, that I am taking to pieces and intend to have set in a stomacher large enough for the most prominent slope of the present age. Madame du Barry they say has already given Pitt's diamond to her chambermaid; and if Lord Pigott[3] is wise, he will change his at Betts's glass shop for a dozen strong beer glasses. As to Lord Clive and the Lady of Loretto, I do not feel much pity for them; they are rich enough to stand this loss. The reflections one might make on this disaster are infinite, but I will take up no more of your Ladyship's time—nor do I condole with you, Madam; your philosophy is incapable of being shaken by so sublunary a consideration, as a decrease in the value of your large ring. It has a secret and inestimable merit, which is out of the power of a crucible to assail; and you and it will remain or become stars, when the fashion of this world passeth away.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's
Most faithful
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

Paris, Aug. 22, 1771.

1367. To the Earl of Strafford.

Paris, Aug. 25, 1771.

I HAVE passed my biennial six weeks here, my dear Lord, and am preparing to return as soon as the weather will

[3] George Pigot (1719–1777), first Baron Pigot, Governor of Madras, 1755–63, 1775–76. He bequeathed his diamond to his brothers and sister, who sold it for more than twenty-three thousand pounds.

allow me. It is some comfort to the patriot virtue, envy, to find this climate worse than our own. There were four very hot days at the end of last month, which, you know, with us northern people compose a summer: it has rained half this, and for these three days there has been a deluge, a storm, and extreme cold. Yet these folks shiver in silk, and sit with their windows open till supper-time. Indeed, firing is very dear, and nabobs very scarce. Economy and retrenchment are the words in fashion, and are founded in a little more than caprice. I have heard no instance of luxury but in Mademoiselle Guimard, a favourite dancer, who is building a palace: round the *salle à manger* there are windows that open upon hot-houses, that are to produce flowers all winter. That is worthy of ——. There is a finer dancer, whom Mr. Hobart is to transplant to London; a Mademoiselle Heinel or Ingle, a Fleming. She is tall, perfectly made, very handsome, and has a set of attitudes copied from the classics. She moves as gracefully slow as Pygmalion's statue when it was coming to life, and moves her leg round as imperceptibly as if she was dancing in the Zodiac. But she is not Virgo.

They make no more of breaking Parliaments here than an English mob does of breaking windows. It is pity people are so ill-sorted. If this King and ours should cross over and figure in, Louis XV would dissolve our Parliament if Polly Jones did but say a word to him. They have got into such a habit of it here, that you would think a Parliament was a polypus: they cut it in two, and by next morning half of it becomes a whole assembly. This has literally been the case at Besançon. Lord and Lady Barrymore, who are in the highest favour at Compiègne, will be able to carry over the receipt.

Everybody feels in their own way. My grief is to see the ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures. I was yesterday

at the Louvre. Le Brun's noble gallery, where the battles of Alexander are, and of which he designed the ceiling, and even the shutters, bolts, and locks, is in a worse condition than the old gallery at Somerset House. It rains in upon the pictures, though there are stores of much more valuable pieces than those of Le Brun. Heaps of glorious works by Raphael and all the great masters are piled up and equally neglected at Versailles. Their care is not less destructive in private houses. The Duke of Orleans' pictures and the Prince of Monaco's have been cleaned, and varnished so thick that you may see your face in them; and some of them have been transported from board to cloth, bit by bit, and the seams filled up with colour; so that in ten years they will not be worth sixpence. It makes me as peevish as if I was posterity! I hope your Lordship's works will last longer than these of Louis XIV. The glories of his *siècle* hasten fast to their end, and little will remain but those of his authors.

I am, my dear Lord,
Your most faithful humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1368. To Mrs. Abington[1].

Paris, Sept. 1, 1771.

If I had known, Madam, of your being at Paris, before I heard it from Colonel Blaquière[2], I should certainly have prevented your flattering invitation, and have offered you any services that could depend on my acquaintance here. It is plain I am old, and live with very old folks, when

LETTER 1368.—Collated with original in British Museum.

[1] Frances Barton, known as Mrs. Abington (1737–1815). She was the original 'Lady Teazle.'

[2] Colonel John Blaquière (1732–1812), created Baron Blaquière in 1800. He was at this time Secretary of Legation in Paris. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1772–77.

I did not hear of your arrival. However, Madam, I have not that fault at least of a veteran, the thinking nothing equal to what they admired in their youth. I do impartial justice to your merit, and fairly allow it not only equal to that of any actress I have seen, but believe the present age will not be in the wrong, if they hereafter prefer it to those they may live to see.

Your allowing me to wait on you in London, Madam, will make me some amends for the loss I have had here; and I shall take an early opportunity of assuring you how much

I am, Madam,
Your most obliged humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1369. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 7, 1771.

I ARRIVED yesterday, within an hour or two after you was gone, which mortified me exceedingly: Lord knows when I shall see you. You are so active and so busy, and cast bullets[1] and build bridges, are Pontifex Maximus, and, like Sir John Thorold[2] or Cimon,

——triumph over land and wave,

that one can never get a word with you. Yet I am very well worth a general's or a politician's ear. I have been deep in all the secrets of France, and confidant of some of the principals of both parties. I know what is, and is to be, though I am neither priest nor conjurer—and have heard a vast deal about breaking Carabiniers and Grenadiers; though, as usual, I dare to say I shall give a woful account

LETTER 1369. — [1] As Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance.

[2] Sir George (not Sir John) Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in 1720.

of both. The worst part is, that by the most horrid oppression and injustice their finances will very soon be in good order—unless some bankrupt turns Ravaillac, which will not surprise me. The horror the nation has conceived of the King and Chancellor[3] makes it probable that the latter, at least, will be sacrificed. He seems not to be without apprehension, and has removed from the King's library a MS. trial of a Chancellor who was condemned to be hanged under Charles VII. For the King, *qui a fait ses épreuves*, and not to his honour, you will not wonder that he lives in terrors.

I have executed all Lady Ailesbury's commissions; but mind, I do not commission you to tell her, for you would certainly forget it. As you will, no doubt, come to town to report who burnt Portsmouth[4], I will meet you here, if I am apprised of the day. Your niece's marriage[5] pleases me extremely. Though I never saw him till last night, I know a great deal of her future husband, and like his character. His person is much better than I expected, and far preferable to many of the fine young moderns. He is better than Sir Watkin Williams Wynne[6], at least as well as the Duke of Devonshire, and Adonis compared to the charming Mr. Fitzpatrick. Adieu!

1370. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1771.

Who would ever have thought that Raton and Rosette[1] would be talked of one for another? But neither innocence nor age are secure. People say that there never is a smoke without some fire: here is a striking proof to the contrary.

[3] M. de Maupeou.

[4] There had been a fire in the dockyard at Portsmouth.

[5] The marriage of Lady Gertrude Seymour Conway to Lord Villiers, since Earl of Grandison. *Walpole.*

[6] Sir Watkin Williams-Wynne, fourth Baronet; d. 1789.

Letter 1370. — [1] Selwyn's and Walpole's dogs.

Only think of the poor dear souls having a comic opera made upon their loves[2]. Rosette is so shocked that she insists upon Raton's posting to Paris and breaking the poet's bones, *sauf à les ronger après.* If he is a *preux chevalier,* he will vindicate her character *d'une manière éclatante.* Do not tell me that you are lying-in and cannot spare him; I am sure you are so fond of your little girl[3], that you will not miss him.

Have you heard the last adventure of the *fiancée du Roi de Garbe*[4]? She was seven years and a half at sea; the captain of the packet-boat is tall, comely enough, and a very shark on such an occasion. He snapped her up at once as voraciously as she did John Harding. They passed a week together at Calais, and he then consigned her over to a marching regiment at Ardres. Alfieri told this story himself to Monsieur Francès, from whom I had it fresh. Alfieri's sentiments, that had resisted so many trials, could not digest this last chapter; he has given her up. I wish, when she has run the gauntlet through all the troops on the road to Paris, she may replace Madame du Barry, and prove *la fiancée du Roi de France.*

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

[2] Jesse states (see *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, vol. iii. p. 13) that Horace Walpole enclosed in this letter a copy of the *Journal des Spectacles* for August 28, 1771, which contained the following announcement under the heading of *La Comédie Italienne*:

Raton et Rosette,
Parodie remise au Théâtre,
Avec ses Agrémens;
Précédée du Maréchal.
On prendra 6 liv. et . . .
Demain la troisième Représentation
des Deux Miliciens
Comédie Nouvelle en un Acte.
Suivie d'un Divertissement.
Précédée
Des Intrigues d'Arlequin
Pièce Italienne.
On commencera à cinq heures et un quart.

[3] Maria Fagniani (afterwards Marchioness of Hertford), born in August 1771. Selwyn adopted her, and left her a large sum of money at his death.

[4] A tale by La Fontaine. Horace Walpole probably alludes to Penelope Pitt, daughter of George Pitt (afterwards Baron Rivers) and wife of Viscount Ligonier. She was divorced by her husband in Nov. 1771, for misconduct with Alfieri the poet.

1371. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1771.

I could not have laid out my holidays more conveniently (if I may be wicked enough to call a suspension of our correspondence so) than by fixing on the time I did for going to France. Nothing has happened here that would have furnished a letter, and there I heard and saw enough for a volume: I must try to abridge my materials.

For the misery of his people, and for the danger of his successors (if he escapes himself), the King, I think, will triumph over his country: a victory most kings prefer, not only to peace, but to foreign laurels. The Princes of the blood are firm, without spirit or sense: the nobility have as little of either; the vigour of Parliamentary remonstrances are hushed by the English remedy—bribery; and the people curse the King, the Chancellor, the mistress; and starve. Besançon, Douay, Toulouse, Grenoble, and by this time Bordeaux, have lost their Parliaments, or accepted new ones. In some are erected superior councils—this variety proves how wrong the system is, or how incomplete. The only good attained is the diminution of law-suits; many preferring to compound their quarrels, rather than apply to the new judicature.

In the meantime the Chancellor does as much hurt *against* all law, as any of his profession ever did *by* law. He is very able, very enterprising, and after being the most servile flatterer, proves the most inhuman tyrant. Everybody is pillaged, and numbers ruined. The army is much reduced, and if corruption does not prevent it, their finances will soon be in good order. The besotted old *Bien-aimé*[1] neither desires this increase of power, nor feels for the

Letter 1371.—[1] Louis the Fifteenth. *Walpole.*

sufferings it occasions; but shudders for his own life, and yet lets Abigail, who has still less sense than himself, plunge him into all these difficulties and shame. This street-walker has just received the homage of Europe. The holy Nuncio, and every Ambassador but he of Spain, have waited on her, and brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Fuentes[2] alone would neither bend the knee to her or to the Chancellor. The Dauphiness, who is governed by her husband's aunts, paid no regard to her good mother's[3] instructions, and would not speak to the mistress at her presentation. The Duc d'Aiguillon is not so refractory: he not only visits her publicly, but *very privately*—yet he gains little ground with the King. The Chancellor seems to think devotion a bawd better suited to the monarch's age, and meets him often at Sœur Louise's[4] cell at St. Denis. This Princess is undoubtedly a Papal engine. The reform of convents does not proceed: and Sœur Louise is supposed to have effected a considerable disgrace. The Bishop of Orléans, a *bon vivant* and *bon couchant*, and friend of Choiseul, had the *feuille de bénéfices*. Madame Victoire drew him into some conversation on the times. He was cautious; yet, as she is a *Frondeuse*, he opened his mind a little to her. She betrayed the conversation to her father, and the prelate is banished to an abbey, and not permitted to go to his mother, who is past fourscore. Madame Victoire's treachery and folly, both to her party and to the bishop, is laid to the saint her sister.

The Duc de Choiseul acts joy, spirits, happiness: receives all the world, treats all the world, and thinks himself not only the greatest minister, but the most beloved that ever was; not reflecting how foolishly he threw away his power;

[2] The Spanish Ambassador. *Walpole.*

[3] The Empress-Queen. *Walpole.*

[4] The King's youngest daughter, who was a Carmelite nun. *Walpole.*

and insensible to the ruin he is drawing on his friends and on himself too. It has been the fashion to ask leave to visit him. Very few have been refused, but the answer is, *Je ne le défends, ni le permets.* This has passed for permission; but the King has said he would remember those who should go,—and he will not want remembrancers. In short, the proscription has already commenced. The Prince of Beauvau is removed from the government of Languedoc, worth 103,000 livres a year, under pretence that having opposed the fate of the Parliament of Paris, he could not be proper to dissolve that of Toulouse. The Duc de Duras is to lose the government of Bretagne, and I know from very good authority that not one person placed by Choiseul but will be removed within a year. His own Swiss Guards[5] are to be taken away, *bon gré, mal gré.*

This prospect is by no means unfavourable to *us.* France and Spain on cool terms; the army no longer the favourite object,—perhaps disgusted—certainly dispirited, and liable to be soured by the crowds of discontented,—the *Vive le Roi* certainly extinguished for the present; a Dauphin more unpromising; an old King, like Hercules betwixt virtue and vice, torn different ways by a bigot-daughter and an idiot bunter; a government dissolved and not resettled; and, to crown all, a divided and rival ministry. I do not think the Duc d'Aiguillon of abilities to reconcile this chaos. He is very gracious, but very dark, and *by some circumstances,* I believe so great a politician, that he is a very little one; that is, he will spring a mine to blow up an ant-hill.

This is a slight sketch of my observations. Paris suffers grievously; the ruin of so many fortunes has introduced the severest economy. The retirement of the Parliament, and the numbers that depended on them, has carried away, they say, forty thousand persons. Even fashion and whim

[5] He was commander of the Swiss Guards.

are out of fashion. I heard of but one instance of remaining luxury: Mademoiselle Guimare, a favourite dancer, now belonging to the Prince de Soubize, and lately to the Bishop of Orléans, who kept her in lodgings within the precincts of a convent, is building a magnificent house. The *salle à manger* is to have *des serres chaudes* round it, with windows opening into the room, that she may have orange-flowers and odours all the winter.

As your own country is never behind the rest of the world in extravagance and folly, I must tell you of a set of young men of fashion, who, dining lately at the St. Alban's Tavern[6], thought the noise of the coaches troublesome. They ordered the street to be littered with straw, as is done for women that lie-in. The bill from the Haymarket amounted to fifty shillings apiece: methinks I am glad the Carabiniers and the Grenadiers of France are cashiered,—the sight of them before a tavern would make our young men miscarry.

I arrived but last Friday, and am delighted with a wedding that is going to be in my family. Lord Villiers, only son of Lady Grandison, a very rich Irish peeress, is going to marry Lady Gertrude Conway, Lord Hertford's eldest unmarried daughter. She is very pretty, though not so beautiful as her two next sisters. The bridegroom is well enough in his person, sensible enough, and very good natured. I know you interest yourself in whatever pleases me, and therefore I tell it you, though you know neither of the turtles.

Pray what is become of Constantinople? Are the Russians to be taking it and taking it as long as the Greeks Troy-town? This is the third summer that the Russians have been *sauntering* towards the Turkish capital.

I beg against the proper season you will send me a parcel

[6] In Pall Mall.

of roots of iris. They are for my dear old friend at Paris to put into sweet bags. Adieu!

1372. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1771.

I judge of your shock and concern at Mr. Gray's death by my own. I saw him the day before I left England. He complained of the gout flying about him, and said he had been a month at Kensington for the air. I saw him changed and very low, yet I had not the least idea of any sudden misfortune. Three weeks after I read in the *Chronicle* at Paris, that he was dead! I would not believe it—not alas! from reason; but I could not bear to believe it. I wrote to Mr. Cole to inquire—he has confirmed it, and I find it at my return but too true. I feel for you, Sir, and as I most heartily regret him, I would do anything to show my regard to his memory. If he has left anything for the press, I flatter myself mine will be allowed to contribute to that office. I shall be very happy to bear all the expense. You, I am sure, Sir, will let his genius want no due honour; and it is not to interfere with anything that you design to say of him, and which you will say better than anybody, that I send you the following lines. They are not worthy of him, nor do I repeat them to you but as a proof of my sorrow and a tribute to your friend, which is the only light in which they can please you: you will see that the lines suppose him buried among his real predecessors.

Great shades of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, hear,
A genuine Bard from Genius claims a tear.
He, who in numbers, worthy of the Lyre,
Enshrin'd your names, now joins the mighty choir.
Amidst your radiant Urns his Urn enclose,
A spot more hallow'd than where Kings repose;

Aloft let Pomp her Edwards, Henrys, keep;
Near Homer's dust should Pindar's ashes sleep.

If I could have greater contempt for the age than I have, it would be on observing that one single paragraph is all that has been said on our friend; but when there are columns in every paper on Sir Francis Delaval[1], ought we not to be glad? Who would be the hero of these times?

Is there any chance, Sir, of your coming southwards? I long to pass a melancholy hour with you. Who has possession of the plate from my picture of Mr. Gray? I have many scraps and letters of his that show how very early his genius was ripe, and which will please you exceedingly. To collect the reliques of our friends is perhaps the sweetest employment of those moments which remain when we have lost them! It is a decent preparation too for our own fate.

I am, &c.

1373. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1771.

However melancholy the occasion is, I can but give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for the kind trouble you have taken, and the information you have given me about poor Mr. Gray. I received your first letter at Paris; the last I found at my house in town, where I arrived only on Friday last. The circumstance of the Professor[1] refusing to rise in the night and visit him adds to the shock. Who is that true professor of physic? Jesus! is their absence to murder as well as their presence?

I have not heard from Mr. Mason, but I have written to

Letter 1372.—[1] Sir Francis Blake Delaval died on Aug. 7, 1771.

Letter 1373.—[1] Russell Plumptre (1709-1793), Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge.

him. Be so good as to tell the Master of Pembroke[2], though I have not the honour of knowing him, how sensible I am of his proposed attention to me, and how much I feel for him in losing a friend of so excellent a genius. Nothing will allay my own concern like seeing any of his compositions that I have not yet seen. It is buying even them too dear—but when the author is irreparably lost, the produce of his mind is the next best possession. I have offered my press to Mr. Mason, and hope it will be accepted.

Many thanks for the cross[3], dear Sir; it is precisely what I wished. I hope you and Mr. Essex preserve your resolution of passing a few days here between this and Christmas. Just at present, I am not my own master, having stepped into the middle of a sudden match in my own family. Lord Hertford is going to marry his third daughter to Lord Villiers, son of Lady Grandison, the present wife of Sir Charles Montagu[4]. We are all felicity, and in a round of dinners—I am this minute returned from Beaumont Lodge at Old Windsor, where Sir *Charles Grandison* lives. I will let you know, if the papers do not, when our festivities are subsided.

I shall receive with gratitude from Mr. Tyson either drawing or etching of our departed friend, but wish not to have it inscribed to me, as it is an honour more justly due to Mr. Stonehewer.

If the Master of Pembroke will accept a copy of a small picture I have of Mr. Gray, painted soon after the publication of the Ode on Eton, it shall be at his service—and after his death I beg it may be bequeathed to his college. Adieu! dear Sir. Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Dr. James Brown (d. 1784).

[3] The design for the cross to be erected at Ampthill.

[4] Brother of George Montagu.

1374. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1771.

I have received both your letters, Sir, by Mr. Stonehewer and by the post from York. I direct this to Aston rather than to York, for fear of any miscarriage, and will remember to insert *near Sheffield.*

I not only agree with your sentiments, but am flattered that they countenance my own practice. In some cases I have sold my works, and sometimes have made the impressions at my own press pay themselves, as I am not rich enough to treat the public with all I print there; nor do I know why I should. Some editions have been given to charities, to the poor of Twickenham, &c. Mr. Spence's Life of Magliabecchi was bestowed on the reading tailor. I am neither ashamed of being an author, nor a bookseller. My mother's father was a timber-merchant, I have many reasons for thinking myself a worse man, and none for thinking myself better: consequently I shall never blush at doing anything he did. I print much better than I write, and love my trade, and hope I am not one of those *most undeserving of all objects,* printers and booksellers, whom I confess you lash with justice. In short, Sir, I have no notion of poor Mr. Gray's delicacy. I would not sell my talents as orators and senators do, but I would keep a shop, and sell any of my own works that would gain me a livelihood, whether books or shoes, rather than be tempted to sell myself. 'Tis an honest vocation to be a scavenger, but I would not be Solicitor-General[1]. Whatever method you fix upon for the publication of Mr. Gray's works, I dare answer I shall approve, and will, therefore, say no more on

Letter 1374.—[1] Alexander Wedderburn, whom Horace Walpole hated, was Solicitor-General at this time.

it till we meet. I will beg you, Sir, when you come to town to bring me what papers or letters he had preserved of mine: for the answer to Dr. Milles, it is not worth asking you to accept or to take the trouble of bringing me, and, therefore, you may fling it aside where you please.

The epitaph is very unworthy of the subject. I had rather anybody should correct my works than take the pains myself. I thank you very sincerely for criticizing it, but indeed I believe you would with much less trouble write a new one than mend that. I abandon it cheerfully to the fire, for surely bad verses on a great poet are the worst of panegyrics. The sensation of the moment dictated the epitaph, but though I was concerned, I was not inspired. Your corrections of my play I remember with the greatest gratitude, because I confess I liked it enough to wish it corrected, and for that friendly act, Sir, I am obliged to you. For writing, I am quitting all thoughts of it; and for several reasons—the best is because it is time to remember that I must quit the world. Mr. Gray was but a year older, and he had much more the appearance of a man to whom several years were promised. A contemporary's death is the Ucalegon of all sermons. In the next place his death has taught me another truth. Authors are said to labour for posterity; for my part I find I did not write even for the rising generation. Experience tells me it was all for those of my own, or near my own, time. The friends I have lost were, I find, more than half the public to me. It is as difficult to write for young people, as to talk to them; I never, I perceive, meant anything about them in what I have written, and cannot commence an acquaintance with them in print.

Mr. Gray was far from an agreeable confidant to self-love, yet I had always more satisfaction in communicating anything to him, though sure to be mortified, than in being

flattered by people whose judgement I do not respect. We had besides known each other's ideas from almost infancy, and I was certain he would *understand* precisely whatever I said, whether it was well- or ill-expressed. This is a kind of feeling that every hour of age increases. Mr. Gray's death, I am persuaded, Sir, has already given you this sensation, and I make no excuse for talking seemingly so much of myself, but though I am the instance of these reflections, they are only part of the conversation, which that sad event occasions, and which I trust we shall renew. I shall sincerely be a little consoled if our common regret draws us nearer together; you will find all possible esteem on my side: as there has been much similarity in some of our pursuits, it may make some amends for other defects. I have done with the business, the politics, the pleasures of the world; without turning hermit or morose. My object is to pass the remainder of my life tranquilly and agreeably, with all the amusements that will gild the evening, and are not subject to disappointment; with cheerfulness, for I have very good spirits, and with as much of the company, as I can obtain, of the few persons I value and like. If you have charity enough or inclination to contribute to such a system you will add much to the happiness of it, and if you have not, you will still allow me to say I shall be ever, with great regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1375. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 26, 1771.

I AM sorry that so watchful a cat should have let its mouse [1] slip at last, without knowing into what hole it is

LETTER 1375. — [1] The Pretender had suddenly disappeared from Florence, and it was not known whither he was gone. *Walpole.*

run. To the Dissidents[2] in Poland! think you?—why, they have not a cheese-paring left. I should rather think to Spain, and to be wafted to Ireland. King Carlos is absurd, mortified, angry, disappointed, and obstinate: intends, soon or late, to attack us, and may have pitched on the Pretender for his pioneer. If it should be so, it will be diverting to hear the loyal ejaculations of the Scotch, nay, of even more than one in each family: I question if my Lord Dunbar[3] himself is a Jacobite now—except in principle. Should I guess right, you must positively come home: you prevented his receiving the crown of England at Rome, and must now keep him from reaching it at Dublin. I know nothing in his favour but the rule of contraries—as his father missed the crown when Queen Anne was on his side: and he himself when all Scotland and half England were Jacobites, when he had conquered his way to Derby, and almost everything but his own fears; he may be more fortunate when even the University of Oxford scarce drinks his health. But no, this is an age in which all kings light upon their legs: the Czarina lives yet; the King of Portugal has survived the expulsion of the Jesuits; the King of Prussia escaped from twenty battles, and the *well-beloved* Louis from the rage of a dozen demolished Parliaments. I had forgot,—not all kings in this age,—poor Peter III did not escape from his wife.

Apropos, I hear that the Parliament of Bordeaux has made as much stand as they could, and enough to frighten the victorious Richelieu[4] out of the remains of his old senses. They said they knew not what he meant by *lettres*

[2] The name given to all Christian Poles other than Roman Catholics. The Dissidents were at this time endeavouring to secure political rights.

[3] Lord Mansfield's brother. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duc de Richelieu was Governor of Bordeaux.

de cachet, they acknowledge no such power. He retreated to his seat at Fronsac[5], and has dispatched a courier to Versailles for a squadron of powers. I suppose it will end in his plundering the city, and building a new *Pavillon* in his garden: do you know they call that which he erected with the spoils of the Electorate *Le pavillon d'Hanovre*? I have seen it; there is a chamber surrounded with looking-glasses, and hung with white lute-string painted with roses: I wish you could see the antiquated Rinaldo that has built himself this romantic bower! Looking-glass never yet reflected so many wrinkles: you would think Rinaldo had lived till now.

I am very sorry to confirm poor Mr. Gray's death. He died of the gout in his stomach, I fear, partly by quacking himself, and partly by the horrible neglect of the Professor of Physic at Cambridge, who would not rise out of his bed to assist him. He has left nothing finished; in truth, he finished everything so highly, and laboured all his works so long, that I am the less surprised.

We have nothing in the shape of news, for I do not reckon the factions in the City of London, which is divided and subdivided amongst a parcel of people, whose names are almost all unknown but to themselves. The papers are filled with their squabbles, but I never read such annals! They would tire the voluminous patience of Holinshed and Stow.

We do not believe your Russian naval victory; it is a tedious war, and dull enough to afford the invention of another game of chess. Your brother the Emperor is still more unintelligible: what is he doing with his armies, and marches and counter-marches without an enemy?

You have received, I hope, the letter I wrote to you immediately on my return from Paris. Monsieur de Boisgelin was just returned thither, being recalled in anger, for

[5] His country seat on the Dordogne.

meddling impertinently in some court squabbles at Parma: I heard the detail, but have forgotten it—one cannot be looking through a microscope at the politics of such a diminutive government. Our correspondence is revived, but I am always glad when it wants forage.

1376. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1771.

As our wedding[1] will not be so soon as I expected, and as I should be unwilling to have you take a journey in bad weather, I wish it may be convenient to you and Mr. Essex to come hither on the 25th of this present month. If one can depend on any season, it is on the chill suns of October, which, like an elderly beauty, are less capricious than spring or summer. Our old-fashioned October, you know, reached eleven days into modern November, and I still depend upon that reckoning, when I have a mind to protract the year.

Lord Ossory is charmed with Mr. Essex's cross, and wishes much to consult him on the proportions. Lord Ossory has taken a small house very near mine, is now, and will be here again after Newmarket. He is determined to erect it at Ampthill, and I have written the following lines to record the reason:

In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen.
Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears;
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banners wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd.
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

Letter 1376.—[1] The marriage of Lady Gertrude Seymour Conway to Lord Villiers. It took place in February 1772.

I hope the satire on Henry VIII will make you excuse the compliment to Luther, which, like most poetic compliments, does not come from my heart—I only like him better than Henry, Calvin, and the Church of Rome, who were bloody persecutors. Calvin was an execrable villain, and the worst of all; for he copied those whom he pretended to correct. Luther was as jovial as Wilkes, and served the cause of liberty without canting.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1377. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 22, 1771.

THE clouds that concealed the Pretender's elopement seem to disperse. It is affirmed that he is in the *Highlands* of Poland, with the *Catholics* and *Dissidents*. I hear from Paris that his cousin, the Marquis de Fitz-James, is going to him with a commission from Louis the *well-behated*. When I was there, I know they were sending to Poland[1] between twenty and thirty officers, headed by a Monsieur de Vieumenil[2], reckoned one of their best military heads. I do not comprehend it, and pity the poor *true blue* Sobieskists, who are to be betrayed and drawn into their destruction by this handful, like the Jacobites in Scotland. One wants, indeed, many other lights: if the Emperor and King of Prussia approve this plan, what can thirty Frenchmen add to it? If they do not, what can that diminutive troop effect in opposition? France is wofully fallen indeed, if, after arming the Ottoman Sultan against the Czarina[3], they are reduced to play off this puppet against her. 'Tis

LETTER 1377.—[1] In support of the Confederacy of Barr, formed to prevent the Dissidents from obtaining political rights.

[2] Antoine Charles du Houx (1728–1792), Baron de Viomenil.

[3] The Empress of Russia supported the Dissidents.

the lapdog that yelps when mastiffs are worrying one another. I am curious, however, to see farther into the scuffle. If what I have told you proves true, I shall no longer believe Spain concerned in the project. Fuentes and Caraccioli[4] persist in refusing their homage to Madame du Barri. The Duc d'Aiguillon thinks he has made her amends by insisting on his mother visiting her. I pity the old Duchess, who had held out nobly. It is a worthy act of duty in a son! The Abbé Terray has recovered his ground, but at the expense of sacrificing his mistress, a Madame de la Garde, who scandalized a court where the Du Barri triumphs—but it was by selling her favour, not her favours. . . .[5] This creature, and a Madame Sabatin, mistress of the Duc de la Vrillière, kept open shops for the disposal of preferments. The three Sultanas were called *Les Trois Dis-Grâces.*

Mr.[6] and Mrs. Hamilton from Naples passed one day last week here, and I left them this morning at Park Place. She looks better, but the climate affects her strangely. Vesuvius has burnt him to a cinder.

I have no news to tell you. You know as much of Wilkes and Townshend as I do, from their memorials in the newspapers. The famous *Junius* seems at last to issue from the shop of the former, though the composition is certainly above Wilkes himself. The styles are often blended, and very distinguishable, but nobody knows who it is that deigns to fight in disguise under Wilkes's banner. So far this *unknown* knight will not resemble his predecessors in romance, that he probably will not disclose himself and demand *the Princess*[7] in marriage.

This letter, short as it is, must depart; I have nothing

[4] Neapolitan Minister at Paris. *Walpole.*

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] Afterwards Sir William. *Walpole.*

[7] The Princess of Wales was much abused in the satirical writings of that time, particularly in Wilkes's. *Walpole.*

to add to it. I live chiefly here, and alone; and though I can amuse myself, it is not so easy to amuse others with the history of solitary hours. My house is comfortable and charming, and except the great bedchamber, on which I am at work, quite finished. I go but little abroad, for as I told Mrs. Hamilton, and she agreed to it, our climate is delightful *when framed and glazed*, that is, beautiful through a window. Thus my time steals away peaceably and agreeably, but is not a theme for a letter; and therefore, when I am reduced to talk of myself, and have nothing to say of myself, it is time to bid you adieu!

October 24th.

I was just going to send this letter to London for the post to-morrow, when I received yours of the 24th of last month, with the enclosed deputation [8].

I will take care to execute your commission punctually, though a little difficult to me. Your nephew never takes the least notice of me, but that I can excuse; I am not of an age to be agreeable to so young a man. I am sorry to add that his conversation on my father is not so decent as it ought to be. However, I can transact your business through your brother. Indeed I am as ill-circumstanced with your brother, which I have not mentioned to you before, because I hate to give you a moment's uneasiness—but I remember he is your and Gal's brother, and bear as much as I can. He has not only treated me with his usual peevishness, but with a good deal of insolence—I have not seen him since my return from Paris, and the subject is not proper for the post. I believe he is laid up with the gout at Richmond, which has prevented my answering a most provoking letter that I received from him while I was in France. All this shall go for nothing, for I can overlook

[8] For the nephew to be his uncle's proxy at the installation of Knights of the Bath. *Walpole.*

his ill-humour and wretched temper, when it is to serve you. I will write to him, and if your nephew does not accept the office, as probably he will not, I will transact the whole with Lord Rochford, and inform myself of all that is necessary. Take no notice to your brother of what I have said, and do not let him quarrel with you, for your own sake. I know how to deal with him, and do not mind his ill-humour. I have kept my temper, and shall not lose it: it is too late in my life to suffer the follies of others to disturb my tranquillity—and with two such considerations as you and Gal's memory, I am not likely to come to any open rupture with your family. As to an installation, I have no notion that there will be one before the spring—I never heard of one in winter and during short days—especially as I suppose there will be a banquet, one of the King's sons being to be installed, and consequently the length of the ceremony would make it necessary to illuminate the Hall; not to mention the cold and damp of such a spot—but you shall hear more soon. I am glad the fans are arrived at last, though so late. It was no fault of mine.

1378. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 23, 1771.

I am sorry, dear Sir, that I cannot say your answer is as agreeable and entertaining as you flatter me my letter was; but consider, you are prevented coming to me, and have flying pains of rheumatism—either were sufficient to spoil your letter.

I am sure of being here till to-morrow se'nnight, the last of this month: consequently I may hope to see Mr. Essex here on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday next. After that, I cannot answer for myself, on account of our wedding, which depends on the return of a courier from Ireland. If

I can command any days certain in November, I will give you notice; and yet I shall have a scruple of dragging you so far from home at such a season. I will leave it to your option; only begging you to be assured that I shall always be most happy to see you.

I am making a very curious purchase at Paris, the complete armour of Francis the First. It is gilt in relief, and is very rich and beautiful. It comes out of the Crozat collection. I am building a small chapel, too, in my garden, to receive two valuable pieces of antiquity, and which have been presents singularly lucky for me. They are the window from Bexhill with the portraits of Henry III and his Queen, procured for me by Lord Ashburnham. The other, great part of the tomb of Capoccio[1], mentioned in my *Anecdotes of Painting* on the subject of the Confessor's shrine, and sent to me from Rome by Mr. Hamilton, our minister at Naples. It is very extraordinary that I should happen to be master of these curiosities. After next summer, by which time my castle and collection will be complete (for if I buy more I must build another castle for another collection), I propose to form the catalogue and description, and shall take the liberty to call on you for your assistance. In the meantime there is enough new to divert you at present.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1378.—[1] Formerly in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. According to the *Description of Strawberry Hill* it was 'a magnificent shrine of mosaic, three stories high . . . erected in the year 1256 over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.'

1379. To Lady Mary Coke.

Your Ladyship's illustrious exploits are the constant theme of my meditations. Your expeditions are so rapid, and to such distant regions, that I cannot help thinking you are possessed of the giant's boots that stepped seven leagues at a stride, as we are assured by that accurate historian Mother Goose. You are, I know, Madam, an excellent walker, yet methinks seven leagues at once are a prodigious straddle for a fair lady. But whatever is your manner of travelling, few heroines ancient or modern can be compared to you for length of journeys. Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, and M. M. or N. N. Queen of Sheba, went each of them the Lord knows how far to meet Alexander the Great and Solomon the Wise; the one to beg the favour of having a daughter (I suppose) and heiress by him; and the other, says scandal, to grant a like favour to the Hebrew monarch. Your Ladyship, who has more real Amazonian principles, never makes visits but to empresses, queens, and princesses; and your country is enriched with the maxims of wisdom and virtue which you collect in your travels. For such great ends did Herodotus, Pythagoras, and other sages, make voyages to Egypt, and every distant kingdom; and it is amazing how much their own countries were benefited by what those philosophers learned in their peregrinations. Were it not that your Ladyship is actuated by such public spirit, I could put you in mind, Madam, of an old story that might save you a great deal of fatigue and danger—and now I think of it, as I have nothing better to fill my letter with, I will relate it to you.

Letter 1379.—Misplaced by C. amongst letters of 1773. (See *Notes and Queries*, June 9, 1900.)

Pyrrhus, the martial and *magnanimous* King of Epirus (as my Lord Lyttelton would call him), being, as I have heard or seen Goodman Plutarch say, intent on his preparations for invading Italy, Cineas, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, took the liberty of asking his Majesty what benefit he expected to reap if he should be successful in conquering the Romans?—'Jesus!' said the King, peevishly; 'why the question answers itself. When we have overcome the Romans, no province, no town, whether Greek or barbarian, will be able to resist us: we shall at once be masters of all Italy.' Cineas after a short pause replied, 'And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?'—'Do next?' answered Pyrrhus; 'why, seize Sicily.' 'Very likely,' quoth Cineas; 'but will that put an end to the war?'—'The gods forbid!' cried his Majesty: 'when Sicily is reduced, Libya and Carthage will be within our reach.' And then, without giving Cineas time to put in a word, the heroic Prince ran over Africa, Greece, Asia, Persia, and every other country he had ever heard of upon the face of God's earth; not one of which he intended should escape his victorious sword. At last, when he was at the end of his geography, and a little out of breath, Cineas watched his opportunity, and said quietly, 'Well, Sire, and when we have conquered all the world, what are we to do then?'—'Why, then,' said his Majesty, extremely satisfied with his own prowess, 'we will live at our ease; we will spend whole days in banqueting and carousing, and will think of nothing but our pleasures.'

Now, Madam, for the application. Had I had the honour a few years ago of being your confidential abigail, when you meditated a visit to Princess Esterhazy, I would have ventured to ask your Ladyship of what advantage her acquaintance would be to you? Probably you would have told me, that she would introduce you to several Electresses

and Margravines, whose courts you would visit. That having conquered all their hearts, as I am persuaded you would, your next jaunt should be to Hesse; from whence it would be but a trip to Aix, where Madame de Rochouart lives. Soaring from thence you would repair to the Imperial court at Vienna, where resides the most august, most virtuous, and most plump of empresses and queens—no, I mistake—I should only have said of empresses; for her Majesty of Denmark, God bless her! is reported to be full as virtuous, and three stone heavier. Shall not you call at Copenhagen, Madam? If you do, you are next door to the Czarina, who is the quintessence of friendship, as the Princess Daskioff says, whom, next to the late Czar, her Muscovite Majesty loves above all the world. Asia, I suppose, would not enter into your Ladyship's system of conquest; for, though it contains a sight of queens and sultanas, the poor ladies are locked up in abominable places, into which I am sure your Ladyship's amity would never carry you—I think they call them seraglios. Africa has nothing but empresses stark-naked; and of complexions directly the reverse of your alabaster. They do not reign in their own right; and what is worse, the emperors of those barbarous regions wear no more robes than the sovereigns of their hearts.—And what are princes and princesses without velvet and ermine? As I am not a jot a better geographer than King Pyrrhus, I can at present recollect but one lady more who reigns alone, and that is her Majesty of Otaheite, lately discovered by Mr. Banks[1] and Dr. Solander; and for whom your Ladyship's compassionate breast must feel the tenderest emotions, she having been cruelly deprived of her faithful minister and lover Tobiu, since dead at Batavia.

[1] Joseph Banks (1743-1820), created a Baronet in 1781; K.B., 1795. He landed in England on June 10, 1771, on his return from his voyage to the South Seas in company with Cook.

Well, Madam, after you should have given me the plan of your intended expeditions, and not left a queen regent on the face of the globe unvisited, I would ask what we were to do next?—'Why then, dear Abigail,' you would have said, 'we will retire to Notting Hill[2], we will plant shrubs all the morning, read Anderson's[3] *Royal Genealogies* all the evening; and once or twice a week I will go to Gunnersbury and drink a bottle with Princess Amelia.'—Alas, dear lady! and cannot you do all that without scuttling from one end of the world to the other?—This was the upshot of all Cineas's inquisitiveness: and this is the pith of this tedious letter from, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most faithful Aulic Counsellor
And humble admirer,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1380. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 7, 1771.

I SCARCE know where to begin, and I know not what to say on all the melancholy and strange events that I heard yesterday. My Deputy[1] died suddenly on Monday, and it brought me to town. On my way I called at Holland House; Lord Holland's servant came in and said the Duke of Gloucester was dead[2]. When I arrived here, I found your two letters, in which you give me so particular and sensible an account of his illness, and of the very attentive and proper part you have acted. The instant I had dined I went to Lord Hertford, who told me no confirmation was

[2] Lady Mary Coke's villa near Kensington.

[3] James Anderson, D.D. (d. 1739). His *Royal Genealogies* was published in 1732.

LETTER 1380.—[1] Grosvenor Bedford, Esq. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Gloucester lived until 1805.

come of the Duke's death; but he, as well as I, from your letters, conclude it over!—But, unfortunate as this event is, what will be your astonishment, when at the same time I tell you that the very same moment brought to light, at least to the public, an event that made that loss almost overlooked? In short, the Duke of Cumberland, as rash and absurd as the Duke of Gloucester was decent, prudent, and amiable, went off, last Friday the first, to Calais, and wrote to the King, that he was married to Mrs. Horton[3], and that she was *enceinte*, and gone with him. You know of no Mrs. Horton but the Duke of Grafton's Mrs. Horton[4], the Duke of Dorset's Mrs. Horton, everybody's Mrs. Horton—faith, I do not know whether it would have been so improper a Mrs. Horton as her he has married—and yet this is a woman of virtue! But think what a bitter pill to the royal family, when you hear it is the sister of the very Colonel Luttrel whom the court crammed into the House of Commons in the room of Wilkes—so fatal is that man to the crown, and such triumphs start up for him, even whenever he is at the lowest ebb. Think how he will exult at the court's being lashed with the instrument they prepared for him!—no mortification can equal it! But what will you say to this mad boy, when you know that, if the world says true, his mother[5] was thought at the point of death at the very instant he chose to make his declaration. All last week it was affirmed that she has a cancer in her mouth, and that it was got into her throat. She, however, went to the King at Richmond on Sunday. What a dreadful catastrophe; if she *is* dying, to learn the death of so respectable a son, and such a completion of folly in

[3] Hon. Anne Luttrell (d. 1809), daughter of first Baron Irnham (afterwards Earl of Carhampton) and widow of Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire. She had no children.

[4] Nancy Parsons, who was sometimes known by that name.

[5] The Princess of Wales. She died in February 1772.

another son, who had already furnished such matter for abuse [6]! as Shakespeare says,

The funeral baked meats
Will coldly furnish forth the marriage supper.

The new Princess of the blood is a young widow of twenty-four, extremely pretty, not handsome, very well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long. Coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra, and completely mistress of all her passions and projects. Indeed, eyelashes three quarters of a yard shorter would have served to conquer such a head as she has turned. I need not hint to you how unfortunate an event this is at the present moment, and how terribly it clashes with the situation of another person [7]! a person whom I most heartily pity, and whom I did all I could to prevent from falling into so cruel a position. I know not what she will, or is to do! You, it is possible, by this time may know more than I do—at least I surmise so by the command laid on the physicians to notify the worst.

Well! altogether here is a strange scene opened! The circumstances make it different from anything history can furnish; and I wish history may not have more to do with the consequences! Had the Pretender met the younger brother at Genoa the other day, instead of the elder, and laughed, I should not have wondered. How singular too that the Duke of York should land and die at Monaco, and the Duke of Gloucester at Leghorn! But reflections rise on reflections, and what has happened almost makes one superstitious, and what may happen makes one almost prophesy. We expect the fatal courier every hour, and as this letter cannot depart until to-morrow, I will say no more to-day on this extraordinary crisis.

[6] By his intrigue with, and letters to Lady Grosvenor. *Walpole.*

[7] The Dowager Countess Waldegrave, the unacknowledged wife of the Duke of Gloucester.

You will certainly have no occasion to think of your installation now for some time. Your brother sent me a mighty sugared answer to my letter, and has written to your nephew to be your proxy. I hope heartily that he will accept it. The person recommended to you is by no means a proper representative for you: he is an apothecary's son, and was forced into the place he enjoys by the late Duke of York, whose intimacies were the prototype of Mrs. Horton's consort. I doubt your nephew must be knighted, which I imagine was a great object with your candidate: but as your nephew must have your title, he can surely not hesitate to make a step towards it. We shall have full time to discuss all these matters. Thank you for the roots of iris.

Alderman Townshend has refused to pay the land-tax, on pretence that Luttrel's election deprives the county of Middlesex of being represented. His goods are seized, and the cause would have always made noise enough—what will it not make now, when the royal wedding is coupled with it? I begin to question whether this will be the *age of abortions*, as I have always called it, and hitherto always found it. Methinks it will rather be the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter.

Friday, 8th.

The courier that arrived yesterday has made everybody happy with the fortunate news that the Duke of Gloucester was out of danger on the 25th. The King is so overjoyed, that he seems to forget the other misfortune, and all the world does justice to the merit of the recovering Prince. I would fain flatter myself it will last. . . .[8] I am impatient for another letter from you to confirm the good news. Adieu!

[8] Passage obliterated in MS.

1381. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 18, 1771.

It is but just to acknowledge the good news you send us. I rejoice very disinterestedly at the Duke of Gloucester's recovery. I put no trust in princes: I doubt, I may add, for there is *no health* in them. Nor shall I be surprised if all the flattering symptoms vanish, and, in a few posts, contradict the prognostics of the surgeons. The Princess is said to be much relieved by taking hemlock. For the third object of the present curiosity, deep silence is observed at court on that point. The public is not so reserved: a thousand tales are coined, which I spare you, for I have neither seen nor heard anything that had wit enough to deserve being sent so far. Indeed, as I pass my time here chiefly and alone, you will not wonder that I do not even know where the new court[1] resides: the last place named was Arras.

You please me with the kind things you say of my nephew, Lord Cholmondeley. He is amiable and seems good. I do not pretend to judge of such young men, who do not easily take to us *ancestors*; but it would be a satisfaction to me not to have all my nepotism as worthless as if I were a Pope. If Lord Cholmondeley goes to Rome, pray tell him I wish he would bring me a head of himself, by Pompeio Battoni.

We are again bickering, I think, with Spain; but a spark here, and a cinder there, do not make a bonfire. King Carlos hates us ever since Naples; but we have a navy that, while it adds to the provocation, does not tempt him to display his anger too openly. Your old friend, Lord Sandwich, is activity, industry, and knowledge, in person; and the most proper man in the world to be at the head of the marine.

Letter 1381.—[1] Of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

I have heard nothing from your brother, or of your nephew. I fear the latter is negligent; for I cannot conceive his having any aversion to the commission. It is, hitherto, of no consequence, but in preventing me from giving an answer to Lord Rochford.

Mr. Hamilton's Correggio is arrived. I have seen it: it is divine—and so is the price; for nothing but a demi-god, or a demi-devil, that is, a nabob, can purchase it. What do you think of three thousand pounds? It has all Correggio's grace, and none of his grimace, which, like Shakespeare, he is too apt to blend and confound. I myself expect a treasure to-morrow, a complete suit of armour of Francis the First, which I have bought out of the Crozat collection. It will make a great figure here at Otranto. Mr. Chute is come to welcome the monarch at his landing. It is cruel to me never to see *you* here: what an addition would it be to the tranquillity I have had the sense to give myself! It would be delicious, if Time did not disperse or carry off one friends and cotemporaries. As to young acquaintance, there is no uniting the conversation of different ages. One is checked every moment: one cannot make an allusion to what one has seen, without being reduced to explanations that become, or seem to them, old stories. The times immediately preceding their own are what all men are least acquainted with. A young man knows Romulus better than George the Second. On the other hand, the young have new words, new language, new amusements; and one can no more talk their talk, than dance their dances. *You* and *I* could at least talk of a rigadoon, or of Booth and Mrs. Oldfield; and, were you your own master, methinks you would prefer it to name-days and christenings of baby future sovereigns. It amazes me when I see men, by choice, push on towards a succession of courts. Ambition should be a passion of youth; not, as it generally is, of the end of life. What joy can it be to

govern the grandchildren of our cotemporaries? It is but being a more magnificent kind of schoolmaster. I was told that I should regret quitting my seat in Parliament; but I knew myself better than those prophets did. Four years are past; and I have done nothing but applaud my resolution. When I compare my situation with my former agitated and turbulent life, I wonder how I had spirits to go through the former, or how I can be charmed with the latter without having lost those spirits.

Arlington Street, 21st.

The town furnishes no more than the country, and is almost as empty. The wandering court is again at Calais; where the Prince has given a ball to the garrison. 'Tis piteous—ay, and too silly to talk of. Adieu!

1382. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1771.

The Duchess of Bedford alarmed me extremely, Madam, the night before last, by telling me both your Ladyship and Lord Ossory have been very ill. Happily, she added that the worst was over with both. I am, however, very anxious to hear more, especially as last night she knew nothing further. She said you had caught colds by going into your house before it was thoroughly aired; but at least I fear, Madam, you carried yours from Twickenham. I will not trouble your Ladyship with more at present; but must beg that at least you would be so good as to order some one of your servants to send me a line with an exact account, both of yourself and Lord Ossory.

1383. To the Earl of Upper Ossory.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1771.

As it is not agreeable to the principles of distributive justice (which ought to be a rule to great authors as well as

to magistrates) that Lady Ossory should monopolize all my nonsense, I take the liberty of addressing the following manuscript to your Lordship, drawn up for the use of your daughter[1]; and though I must confess a faint imitation, calculated, like Fénelon's *Telemachus*, to assist in the plan of her education, I had, indeed, another view in sending it to your Lordship:—There is rather more abstruse learning in it than might be agreeable to a lady's taste, especially in the allusions to the ancient wisdom of the Egyptians and the mystic doctrines of Zoroaster, without a little taste of which a modern young lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished. If Lady Anne should draw the least benefit from my instructions, under your Lordship's inspection, I should not despair of her being one day or other thought a proper bride for the Grand Duke of Russia, whose education under so wise a mother as the Czarina, assisted by all the philosophers of France, is reckoned the most complete that ever was bestowed on the heir of a crown. I am, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

HORACE TRISMEGISTUS.

P.S. I need not say that I think—that I trust, my dear Lord, you will not let this foolery go out of your own hands.

THE PEACH IN BRANDY,

A MILESIAN TALE,

FOR THE USE OF THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ANNE FITZPATRICK.

Fitz-Scanlan Mac Giollal'hadnug, King of Kilkenny, the thousand and fifty-seventh descendant in a right line from Milesius, King of Spain, had an only daughter, called Great A, and by corruption, Grata, who being arrived at years of discretion, and perfectly initiated by her royal parents in the arts of government, the fond monarch determined to

LETTER 1383.—[1] Lady Anne Fitzpatrick; d. unmarried, 1841.

resign his crown to her. Having accordingly assembled the senate, he declared his resolution to them; and having delivered his sceptre into the Princess's hands, he obliged her to ascend the throne; and, to set the example, was the first to kiss her hand and vow eternal obedience to her. The senators were ready to stifle the new Queen with panegyrics and addresses; the people, though they adored the old King, were transported with having a new sovereign; and the University, according to custom immemorial, presented her Majesty, three months after everybody had forgotten the event, with testimonials of the excessive sorrow and excessive joy they felt in losing one monarch and getting another.

Her Majesty was now in the fifth year of her age, and a prodigy of sense and goodness. In her first speech to the senate, which she lisped with inimitable grace, she assured them that her heart was entirely Irish, and that she did not intend any longer to go in leading-strings; as a proof of which she immediately declared her nurse Prime Minister. The senate applauded this sage choice with even greater encomiums than the last, and voted a free gift to the Queen of a million of sugar-plums, and to the favourite of twenty thousand bottles of usquebaugh. Her Majesty then jumping from her throne, declared it was her royal pleasure to play at blindman's buff—but such a hubbub arose from the senators pushing and squeezing and punching one another, to endeavour to be the first blinded, that in the scuffle her Majesty was thrown down, and got a bump upon her forehead as big as a pigeon's egg, which set her a squalling, that you might have heard her to Tipperary. The old King flew into a rage, and snatching up the mace, knocked out the Chancellor's brains, who at that time happened not to have any [vide the Minutes], and the Queen-mother, who sat in a tribune above to see the ceremony, fell into a fit and miscarried of twins, who were killed by her Majesty's fright; but the Earl of Bull-a-boo, great butler of the crown, happening to stand next to the Queen, snatched up one of the dead children, and perceiving it was a male, ran down to the King and wished him joy of the birth of a son and heir. The King, who had now recovered his sweet temper, called him fool and blunderer: upon which Mr. Phelim O'Torture, a zealous courtier, started up with great presence

of mind and accused the Earl of Bull-a-boo of high treason, for having asserted that his late Majesty had had any other heir than their present most lawful and most religious sovereign Queen Grata. An impeachment was voted by a large majority, though not without warm opposition, particularly from a celebrated Kilkennian orator, whose name is unfortunately not come down to us, it being erased out of the journals afterwards, as the Irish author whom I copy says, when he became First Lord of the Treasury, as he was during the whole reign of Queen Grata's succession. The argument of this Mr. Killmorachill, says my author, whose name is lost, was, that her Majesty, the Queen-mother, having conceived a son before the King's resignation, that son was indubitably heir to the crown, and consequently the resignation void, it not signifying an iota whether the child was born dead or alive. It was alive, said he, when it was conceived—here he was called to order by Dr. O'Flaharty, the Queen-mother's man-midwife, and member for the borough of Corbelly, who entered into a learned dissertation on embryos; but he was interrupted by the young Queen's crying for her supper, the previous question for which was carried without a negative—and then the House being resumed the debate was cut short by the impatience of the majority to go and drink her Majesty's health. This seeming violence gave occasion to a long protest, drawn up by Sir Archee Mac Sarcasm, in which he contrived to state the claim of the departed *fœtus* so artfully, that it produced a civil war, and gave rise to those bloody ravages and massacres which so long laid waste the ancient kingdom of Kilkenny; and which were at last terminated by a lucky accident, well known, says my author, to everybody, but which he thinks it his duty to relate for the sake of those who never may have heard of it. These are his words:—

'It happened that the Archbishop of Tuum (anciently called Meum by the Catholic clergy), the great wit of those days, was in the Queen-mother's closet, who had the young Queen in her lap. His Grace was suddenly seized with a violent fit of the colic, which made him make such wry faces, that the Queen-mother thought he was going to die, and ran out of the room to send for a physician, for she was a pattern of goodness and void of pride. Whilst she was

stepping into the servants' hall to call somebody, according to the simplicity of those times, the Archbishop's pains increased, when, perceiving something on the mantelpiece, which he took for a peach in brandy, he gulped it all down at once without saying grace, God forgive him! and found great comfort from it. He had not done licking his lips before the Queen-mother returned, when Queen Grata cried out, "Mamma, Mamma, the gentleman has eat my little brother!" This fortunate event put an end to the contest, the male line entirely failing in the person of the devoured Prince. The Archbishop, however, who became Pope by the name of Innocent III, having afterwards a son by his own sister, named the child Fitzpatrick, as having some of the royal blood in its veins; and from him are descended all the younger branches of the Fitzpatricks of our time. Now the rest of the acts of Queen Grata, and all that she did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the Kings of Kilkenny?'

1384. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 4, 1771.

Though the account your Ladyship gives me of yourself is so bad, I cannot but feel my obligations to you for taking so much trouble. There are few, I believe, Madam, more interested than I am in your recovery; and were sacrifices or masses in fashion, Venus, or the Virgin Mary, would have a great deal of my custom. You must not indeed stay in the country, but come to town, where your house is dry and warm. Our climate requires to be roasted and boiled as much as our meat. Why do you think we have more coal-mines than all the rest of the world, but because we have more fogs, damps, and rains? You must not tell me that you keep good fires at Ampthill. You cannot make an atmosphere of smoke there; and for air, its great excellence is being changed. You will conclude, Madam, that half what I say is for my own sake; so it certainly is:

it is my interest that you should be well, and I am persuaded London will restore you sooner than the country. I speak very little for myself in any other respect, for I am chiefly here, and shall be so till after Christmas. I am glad you have the comfort of seeing Lord Ossory recovered: it must have been very melancholy to want each other's company and assistance. I wish I could send you or tell you anything that would divert you; but whether it is the world's fault, or mine, I know nothing. The newspapers have already told you, Madam, that the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are come to Windsor. That he is privately forbidden the court is certain, for of *she* there is no question; and that Lord Hertford is ordered to tell everybody, as a secret, which they are desired to tell everybody, that there is no road from Windsor or Cumberland House to St. James's. There is a good-natured exception for the Duke's own servants, who having been placed by the King, and having had no hand in the wedding, are allowed to go backwards and forwards. Princess Amelie, where I played the night before last, and whom by the by I do not intend to marry, we having, as the Duke of Norfolk said to the Duchess when she proposed her niece for his nephew, married one another enough, told us that Lady Holdernesse had begged her Royal Highness to contradict the report of an intended match between the Lady Amelie[1] and the Prince of Mecklenburg. I don't know whether your Ladyship will understand all this, and whether I have not made such a confusion of Lady Amelies and Princess Amelies, and nephews and nieces, and matches and princes, that my letter will be as difficult to unravel as one of Lord Chatham's long motions in the House of Lords.

I have the satisfaction of announcing to you the arrival of two great personages from France; one is, Mademoiselle

Letter 1384.—[1] Lady Amelia D'Arcy, only child of Lord Holdernesse.

Heinel, the famous dancer; the other, King Francis the First. In short, the armour of the latter is actually here, and in its niche, which I have had made for it on the staircase; and a very little stretch of the imagination will give it all the visionary dignity of the gigantic hand in armour that I dreamt of seeing on the balustrade of the staircase at Otranto. If this is not realizing one's dreams, I don't know what is. The two play-houses have been doing the reverse; they have converted the real Installation[2] into a vision, especially at Covent Garden, where nymphs and satyrs appear in St. George's Chapel, and behave like good Christians as they are.

The weather is so fine, that forgetting it was December, and that I am not in the spring of my age. I went a birds'-nesting this morning: I cannot say I had any sport; Rosette put up one robin-redbreast; but we did not kill. The first rat or mouse, or such small deer that she runs down, I will take the liberty of sending your Ladyship some venison.

1385. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Dec. 11, 1771.

Lady Strafford tells me I ought to write to your Ladyship. I obey, though I am not quite clear that she is in the right. Can you care for hearing from anybody in England, Madam, when you are indifferent whether you see them or not? I could say a great deal upon this subject, but I will not, only do not be surprised that I have got a new passion. Ancient paladins, I know, were bound to maintain constancy, though they travelled all over

[2] An Installation of Knights of the Garter took place on July 25, 1771.

Letter 1385. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iv. p. 2, n. 7.

the world; but no act of the Parliament of Love was ever passed enjoining fidelity to knights, when it was their ladies that took to travelling. Indeed, if your Ladyship had made a vow to wander till you had obliged every fair dame in Europe to confess how much handsomer I am than their lovers, something might be said; but as you have sent no conquered Amazon to kiss my hand, and to acknowledge my claim, I am not bound to believe that you are travelling to assert my glory; and therefore, regarding you as a truant, I have thrown my handkerchief to another lady, and declare by these presents that I renounce your Ladyship's allegiance. It will be in vain to mount your milk-white palfrey and amble home directly; the die is cast—and Heaven knows whether matrimony itself may not ensue. I shall always retain a sincere friendship for you, but really there was no end of having one's heart jolted about from one country to another, and of having it lugged once a year to Vienna. A heart torn to pieces, like flags torn in battle, is very becoming; but a heart black and blue is horrible, and I can tell you, your Ladyship does not look the better for it, though you have endeavoured to conceal its bruises by embroidering it all over with spread eagles[1]. But here I drop the subject: you are now your own mistress, Madam, and may seek what adventures you please, undisturbed by me. I shall be sorry to see you return even with two black eyes, but shall bear it with all the philosophy of friendship; and as friends always do, shall content myself with telling you that it was your own fault, and with recommending the best eye-water I know. Can a friend go farther, except in whispering to everybody, that if you would have taken my advice, you would have stayed at home?

The best news I can send you, Madam, is that I never

[1] An allusion to Lady Mary Coke's *penchant* for the Austrian Imperial family.

saw Lady Strafford look in better health. The town is a desert: grass grows in the pit at the Opera. The Princess of Brunswick is coming: the Princess Dowager is going. There is the devil to pay I don't know where[2]; and the Duke of Chandos is dead to the great joy of that noble family. All the fine ladies are in love with Prince Poniatowski[3], and some of them win his money at loo—that they may have something to keep for his sake. England is in profound peace. Ireland in a hubbub. December, which is indeed no news to you, is warmer than June, and which is still less news

I am
Your Ladyship's
Most devoted
(though inconstant)
Humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1386. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 14, 1771.

I am not a little impatient, Madam, to hear of your perfect recovery, of which I am anxiously in doubt, for I think you know too well what pleasure it would give me, not to have confirmed it to me, if you were quite well again. Had you been worse, I think I should have heard it from others, as I have been in town all this week, and returned but to-day. I shall go thither again on Monday to see that greatest of curiosities, a fine dancer at the Opera. Mademoiselle Heinel is to appear on Tuesday, and all the fine gentlemen pay her a compliment they used only to pay to the Speaker, of leaving their hunting to see her. I hope

[2] In Denmark, where the position of the Queen and Struensee was most critical.

[3] Probably Prince Andrew Poniatowski, brother of the King of Poland.

this will re-establish our Albemarle Street Club and Almack's, which have both been in a very languishing way; the first from the absence of Miss Loyd and Mrs. Fitzroy, who has got another daughter to comfort her for the loss of her mother; and the second, because it is not so *easy to borrow a Jew*, now so many are hanged[1] or run away.

The Princess of Brunswick was expected to-day; but they say will find her mother much better. The restitution of Falkland's Island came the beginning of the week. If all these prosperities do not cure you, Madam, you must be a very disloyal politician. I do not think any other news I can tell you will do you much good. There is a new tragedy at Covent Garden called *Zobeide*, which I am told is very indifferent, though written by a country gentleman[2]; and there is a new *Timon of Athens*, altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it. Lord Lyttelton has published the rest of his *Henry the Second*, but I doubt has executed it a little carelessly, for he has not been above ten years about it. I began it, but, I don't know how, I was tired. It is so crowded with clouds of words, and they are so uninteresting, that I think one may dispute, as metaphysicians do, whether all the space is a plenum or a vacuum. Lady Sackville[3] told me t'other day of a new discovery, which, I suppose, is metaphysical too—that there is no such colour as grey, but that what we call so is green or blue. I am rejoiced at it, and have some thoughts of going without powder, and insisting that my hair is green.

Letter 1386.—[1] Four Jews were hanged for murder on Dec. 9, 1771.

[2] Joseph Cradock (1742-1826), of Gumley, Leicestershire.

[3] Probably Hon. Frances Leveson-Gower (d. 1788), daughter of second Baron (afterwards first Earl) Gower; m. (1743) Lord John Philip Sackville (d. 1765), son of first Duke of Dorset.

Lady Holdernesse swears on her Bible that there is no truth in the supposed match of her daughter and the Prince of Mecklenburg—and there ends my Gazette. In the Strawberry Courant there is not a syllable of news. If Lord Ossory has a mind to enrich Ampthill, Mr. Hamilton has brought over a charming Correggio, and a collection of Tuscan vases, idols, amulets, javelins and casques of bronze, necklaces and ear-rings of gold from Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Sicily, sacrificing instruments, dice of amber, ivory, agate, &c.; in short, enough antiquity to fill your whole gallery at least. Your Lord must make haste, or those learned patrons of taste, the Czarina, Lord Clive, or some nabob, will give 50,000*l.* for the collection, though the picture may as yet be had for 3,000*l.*, and the antiquities for 8,000*l.* They are a little dear, but the first is delightful, and the latter most entertaining. Adieu! my Lord and Lady, tell me you are both well, and I will not plague you again soon.

THE SEQUEL TO GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

The two nations of the giants and the fairies had long been mortal enemies, and most cruel wars had happened between them. At last, in the year 2,000,096, Oberon the Four hundred and Thirteenth had an only daughter, who was called Illipip, which signified the Corking-pin, from her prodigious stature, she being full eighteen inches high, which the fairies said was an inch taller than Eve, the first fairy. Gob, the Emperor of the giants, had an only son, who was as great a miracle for his diminutiveness; for, at fifteen, he was but seven-and-thirty feet high, and though he was fed with the milk of sixteen elephants every day, and took three hogshead of jelly of lions between every meal, he was the most puny child that ever was seen, and nobody expected that he would ever be reared to man's estate. However, as it was indispensably necessary to marry him, that the imperial family might not be extinct, and

as an opportunity offered of terminating the long wars between the two nations by an union of the hostile houses; ambassadors were sent to demand the Princess of the fairies for the Prince of the giants, who, I forgot to say, was called the Delicate Mountain. The Queen of the fairies, who was a woman of violent passions, was extremely offended at the proposal, and vowed that so hopeful a girl as Corking-pin should not be thrown away upon a dwarf; however, as Oberon was a very sage monarch, and loved his people, he overruled his wife's impetuosity, and granted his daughter. Still the Queen had been so indiscreet as to drop hints of her dissatisfaction before the Princess, and Corking-pin set out with a sovereign contempt for her husband, whom she said she supposed she should be forced to keep in her toothpick-case for fear of losing him. The witticism was so applauded by all the court of fairy, that it reached the ears of Emperor Gob, and had like to have broken off the match.

On the frontiers of the two kingdoms the Princess was met by the Emperor's carriages. A litter of crimson velvet, embroidered with seed pearls as big as ostriches' eggs, and a little larger than a cathedral, was destined for the Princess, and was drawn by twelve dromedaries. At the first stage she found the bridegroom, who, for fear of catching cold, had come in a close sedan, which was but six-and-forty feet high. He had six under-waistcoats of bear-skin, and a white handkerchief about his neck twenty yards long. He had the misfortune of having weak eyes, and when the Princess descended from her litter to meet him, he could not distinguish her. She was wonderfully shocked at his not saluting her, but when his governor whispered him which was she, he spit upon his finger and stretched out his hand to bring her nearer to his eye, but unluckily fixed upon the great mistress of the Queen's household, and lifted her up in the air in a very unseemly attitude, to the great diversion of all the young fairy lords. The lady squalled dreadfully, thinking the Prince was going to devour her. As misfortunes would have it, notwithstanding all the Empress's precaution, the Prince had taken cold, and happening at that very instant to sneeze, he blew the old lady ten leagues off, into a mill-pond, where it was forty to one

but she had been drowned. The whole cavalcade of the fairies was put into great disorder likewise by this untoward accident, and the cabinet councillors deliberated whether they should not carry back the Princess immediately to her father, but Corking-pin, it seems, had not found the Prince so disagreeable as she expected, and declared that she would not submit to the disgrace of returning without a husband. Nay, she said, to prevent any more mistakes, she would have the marriage solemnized that night. The nuptial ceremony was accordingly performed by the Archbishop of St. Promentory, but the governor declared that he had the Empress's express injunctions not to let them live together for two years, in consideration of the Prince's youth and tender constitution. The Princess was in such a rage that she swore and stamped like a mad woman, and spit in the Archbishop's face. Nothing could equal the confusion occasioned by this outrage. By the laws of Giantland, it was death to spit in a priest's face. The Princess was immediately made close prisoner, and couriers were dispatched to the two courts, to inform them of what had happened. By good fortune, the chief of the law, who did not love the Archbishop, recollected an old law, which said that no woman could be put to death for any crime committed on her wedding-day. This discovery split the whole nation of giants into two parties, and occasioned a civil war, which lasted till the whole nation of giants was exterminated; and as the fairies, from a factious spirit, took part with the one side or other, they were all trampled to death, and not a giant or fairy remained to carry on either race.

1387. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 15, 1771.

I am vexed that you have not had perfect contentment about your Pisan Palace; yet I am persuaded that no incivility was meant, for the Prince[1] is naturally obliging: but I will say no more on this subject. The other brother[2]

Letter 1387.—[1] The Duke of Gloucester.
[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

is returned with his wife; has been privately forbidden the court; and it has been intimated, as a general secret which everybody is expected to know, that the same persons must not go to St. James's and to the new-married couple. The Princess Dowager is said to be much better.

A *public* brother of yours is going to be your brother in another sense: the Duke of Chandos's red riband is to be given to Mr. Hamilton, *from Naples*, and Sir Francis Delaval's to Sir Charles Hotham[3]: yet I don't believe the Installation will be advanced. Your *real* brother says not a word of your nephew; I don't know whether he is more communicative to you.

The ministers are in great joy: news of the restoration of Falkland's Island to us is arrived. It ought to be general joy, for it secures peace. There have been endeavours to persuade both us and Spain that we were out of humour with one another, but neither country would take the hint. Thus all our storms are blown over, except in Ireland, and that does not seem to threaten much, for the money bills are passed, and, consequently, the opposition are at the King's mercy, as he might now prorogue their Parliament without inconvenience to himself. What ten years of vexation might have been avoided if folks would have adhered to my father's maxim of *Quieta non movere*!

What do you say to the rape and almost murder of the King of Poland[4]? I should think it must alarm King Louis's old wound, which is very apt to quiver. I hear he says that he would not for a great deal play so deep a game as his Chancellor does. The other assassinated monarch's[5] Prime Minister has been in danger too—Oeyras.

[3] Sir Charles Hotham-Thompson, eighth Baronet (d. 1794).

[4] On Nov. 3, 1771, four of the Confederates of Barr kidnapped King Stanislaus, but he escaped from their hands.

[5] Of Portugal. *Walpole.*

There is no harm if such tyrants as Oeyras and Maupeou are frightened a little.

Dec. 17.

I was in hopes of thanking you for the receipt of the pictures and iris roots, for the ships are arrived, but I have not got the things from the Custom House. However, there is no being too premature with gratitude, and I do thank you very much *d'avance*.

By a more authentic account that Princess Amelia gave me last night, there seems to be small chance of another Princess's[6] recovery.

We are so much accustomed to politics, that people do not know how to behave under the present cessation. We can go into the City without being mobbed, and through Brentford without 'No. 45' on one's coach-door. Wilkes is almost as dead as Sacheverell, though sheriff. You will not be sorry that I have no more to tell you, and consequently will excuse the shortness of this, but one cannot make letters without political straw.

1388. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 28, 1771.

I THIS minute receive yours of the 9th, from Pisa, and am much concerned at the account you give of the Duke's[1] alarming situation. Though I have not the honour of knowing him, it is impossible not to feel for his danger, as it is impossible not to respect his character. I thought, as the physical folks here did too, that the great discharge would relieve both his breast and the humour that occasioned his illness, but I now doubt it very much. He certainly apprehends his own danger, and has, I suppose, other

[6] The Princess Dowager of Wales. *Walpole.*

LETTER 1388. — [1] The Duke of Gloucester.

reasons to add to his low spirits; but I cannot believe, as you think, that he is ignorant of what has happened[2]: that history, for many reasons, is more likely to have added to his unhappiness. You, my dear Sir, I fear, for I seem to perceive, though you do not express it, are not without difficulties.

Pray assure Lord Cholmondeley how very kindly I take his messages, and how pleased I shall always be with any marks of his affection. The great difference of our ages prevents my flattering myself that his should be great, and it is to avoid being importunate that I do not trouble him much with marks of mine; but he may be sure of it, whenever he thinks it worth his while to seek it. I wish you would read this paragraph to him without telling him I desired you to do so. It is for his sake, between you and me, that I wish him to cultivate me a little more than he does. At the same time, I own to you that I do not esteem him the less for his not paying court to me; and should he become more attentive on your hints, I should still make allowance for that, as I have seen that his nature is not interested. I have lived too long to expect more than natural good disposition. It is not flattery I want, but so much intimacy with him as might give me opportunities of knowing him better; for though he is the relation on whom it would suit me best to fix my views, I cannot place them on an almost stranger, nor would think of it without another point that I wish could be brought about too. You will oblige me, therefore, my dear Sir, extremely, if, after reading to him the passage above, you were to hint to him, that it would be prudent in him to make me his friend.

This must absolutely be from yourself, for I would not for the world enter into any engagements to him which

[2] The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland.

I might afterwards disappoint, though from his own fault. Be so kind to us both as to sound him on his thoughts of marriage, and whether rank, beauty, or fortune, is his object. I have a person in my eye who has both the former, and who has had the best education, and has the most charming character, with uncommon sense and prudence. Fortune he will not want when the General[3] dies: but his consent must be fully granted, and therefore before I attempt any overture, I wish to know my nephew's mind, and then I would sound the General. You will see the extreme delicacy of all this, and I leave it totally to your discretion.

With regard to your own affair, I like your idea about the want of knighthood in the person who has applied to be your proxy; but for that very reason, I would be silent on it till the time is fixed, that he may not acquire it in the interim; and therefore I will not deliver your message to the Earl[4] till then. For Sir William Boothby, I should not think he would accept it; but he would be very proper. I would advise you to write to Mr. Crofts to know what answer your nephew has given, or whether any.

I have received Mr. Patch's pictures, and like them very well, but I think they are a little hard. I speak plainly, that he may correct. Thank you much for them; I should like to pay for them, if I thought you would allow me. The engravings from Fra Bartolomeo disappoint me: I see none of the great ideas I thought I remembered in him: at least he is far below the amazing Masaccio. They are well engraved, except wanting a little more strength. The iris roots are still performing quarantine; but there is no haste.

[3] General James Cholmondeley, great-uncle of Lord Cholmondeley. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Rochford had recommended a person to Sir Horace Mann for his proxy. *Walpole.*

News we have none, except from Ireland, where the opposition gain frequent victories by the absurdity of Lord Townshend [5].

The Princess Dowager is much better, and it is thought in no immediate danger.

The Swiss [6] are at last taken from the Duc de Choiseul, who resigned them handsomely, without haggling. It has softened his fall extremely. They give him three hundred thousand livres down, sixty more for life, and thirty to Madame de Choiseul, if she survives him. It is the exit of an English minister, rather than of a French one.

Little Sorbe, the Genoese minister at Paris, where he was born when his father was in the same character, is dead suddenly. It was a dirty, intriguing, sensible creature. I mention him because he was the vermin that instigated Choiseul to invade Corsica; and therefore his death, if sudden, was, at least, not early enough. Europe, Asia, and America do not furnish me with another paragraph, though we have such magnificent fields for our correspondence. Good night, therefore, from one end of the world to the other! Yours *ubique*.

1389. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Jan. 5, 1772.

Nothing but disasters, Madam, since my last. Poor Mr. Fitzherbert [1] hanged himself on Wednesday. He went to see the convicts executed that morning; and from thence, in his boots, to his son, having sent his groom out of the way. At three, his son said, 'Sir, you are to dine at Mr. Buller's; it is time for you to go home and dress.' He went to his own stable and hanged himself with a bridle.

[5] The Lord Lieutenant. *Walpole.*

[6] The command of the Swiss Guards. *Walpole.*

Letter 1389.—[1] William Fitzherbert, M.P. for Derby.

They say his circumstances were in great disorder. There have been deep doings at Almack's, but nobody has retired into a stable. This paragraph, possibly, may be as old when you receive it, as if it was in the magazine, for my letter will not set out till Thursday, as I cannot yet tell you the whole of a tragedy that happened to myself this very morning—don't be frightened, Madam, I am not wind-bound on the banks of Styx, and waiting to send back my letter by Charon.

I was waked very early this morning, by half an hour after nine (I mean this for flattery, for Mr. Crauford says your Ladyship does not rise till one); by the way I was in the middle of a charming dream. I thought I was in the King's Library in Paris, and in a gallery full of books of prints, containing nothing but fêtes and decorations of scenery. I took down a long roll, on which was painted, on vellum, all the ceremonies of the present reign; there was the young King walking to his coronation; the Regent before, who I thought was alive. I said to him, 'Your Royal Highness has a great air'; he seemed extremely flattered, when the house shook as if the devil were come for him. I had scarce recovered my vexation at being so disturbed, when the door of my room shook so violently that I thought somebody was breaking it open, though I knew it was not locked. It was broad daylight, but I did not know that housebreaking might not be still improving. I cried out, 'Who is there?' Nobody answered. In less than another minute, the door rattled and shook still more robberaceously. I called again—no reply. I rung: the housemaid ran in as pale as white ashes, if you ever saw such, and cried, 'Lud! Sir, I am frightened out of my wits: there has been an earthquake!' Oh, I believed her immediately. Philip[2] came in, and, being a Swiss

[2] Philip Colomb, Horace Walpole's valet.

philosopher, insisted it was only the wind. I sent him down to collect opinions in the street. He returned, and owned everybody in this and the neighbouring streets were persuaded their houses had been breaking open; or had ran out of them, thinking there was an earthquake. Alas! it was much worse; for you know, Madam, our earthquakes are as harmless as a new-born child. At one, came in a courier from Margaret to tell me that five powder-mills had been blown up at Hounslow, at half an hour after nine this morning, had almost shook Mrs. Clive, and had broken parts or all of eight of my painted windows, besides other damage. This is a cruel misfortune: I don't know how I shall repair it! I shall go down to-morrow, and on Thursday will finish my report.

Wednesday, 8th.

Well! Madam, I am returned from my poor shattered castle, and never did it look so Gothic in its born days. You would swear it had been besieged by the Presbyterians in the Civil Wars, and that, finding it impregnable, they had vented their holy malice on the painted glass. As this gunpowder-army passed on, it demolished Mr. Hindley's[3] fine bow-window of ancient Scripture histories; and only because your Ladyship is my ally, broke the large window over your door, and wrenched off a lock in your kitchen. Margaret sits by the waters of Babylon, and weeps over Jerusalem. I shall pity those she shows the house to next summer, for her story is as long and deplorable as a chapter of casualties in Baker's *Chronicle*; yet she was not taken quite unprepared, for one of the bantam hens crowed on Sunday morning, and the chandler's wife told her three weeks ago, when the barn was blown down, that ill-luck

[3] John Atherton Hindley, who lived at Twickenham in a house left to him by the last Earl of Radnor of the Robarts family, to whom he had been steward.

never comes single. She is, however, very thankful that the china room has escaped, and says God has always been the best creature in the world to her. I dare not tell her how many churches I propose to rob, to repair my losses.

As my calamity has brought the Gunpowder plot into my head, I will transcribe some lines on that occasion, made at Oxford several years ago, which I think will divert Lord Ossory from their great simplicity, and the natural tumble in the last verse:

Guy Vulpes ardere domum vult Parliamenti:
Lanterna caeca conditus ignis erat.
Lord Mounteagle venit, et narrat Salsburiensi;
Salsburiens Regi narrat, et ille aliis.

Many thanks, Lord and Lady, for your last letters; yet I wish our correspondence at an end, and that you would come to town. Have you heard, my Lord, of Colonel Luttrell's repentance[4]? He intends to do penance in the House of Commons, and acknowledge his sin in representing Middlesex at the instigation of the devil and Lord Bute—and then vacate his seat. I dare say there will be more joy over him in Middlesex than over ninety and nine just persons that have been duly elected—if so many there be.

George Selwyn has just been here, and told me twenty more dismal stories. Poor Lady Di Beauclerc is given over at Blenheim from a black vomit. Little Cashiobury was attacked the night before last while he and Lord March were at the great house. The thieves were disappointed, and then invaded a lawyer's house in the neighbourhood, but the master fired a blunderbuss and dispersed them. Some of their brethren were more successful last night in town. Lord Ilchester had sent up *all* his plate by the waggon. It arrived, and there were two of his servants

[4] Colonel Luttrell spoke of resigning his seat, but did not do so.

in the house, but this morning not so much as a silver spoon was left! Robbed if one lives in London! blown up in the country! One must really go to the Indies to enjoy one's fortune in safety and quiet. Adieu! Madam; I fear this journal is too long.

P.S. I have just reflected antiquarianly that *pale as ashes* must be one of our most ancient proverbs, and in use before coals were invented; as the ashes of the latter only are black, of wood, grey or pale.

THE SPECTATOR,

NO. NONE.

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1772.

Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.—JUV.

One of the greatest advantages of human reason is that it can assimilate everything to its own nature. To use words less philosophic, man can give an appearance of reason to everything he says. He can lend falsehood the semblance of truth; he can establish false principles, draw false conclusions, form false hypotheses, and yet continue to seem a rational being. One cause of these deceptions is the mysterious and fugitive nature of truth; we have so little real knowledge, and so much is left to guess, that it is no wonder men deceive both themselves and others. Plausible systems were the first great effort of the human understanding. Their seeming possibility established their credit, it being requisite that a greater portion of sense, or a course of long experience, should concur to their destruction. But the slow progress of experience not keeping pace with the alacrity of wit and invention, new systems, equally false, displaced the old, and succeeded to the character of reason, till time and accident demolished the new fabric, as they had done the former. Yet all this

while did reason seem to govern,—a circumstance that may suggest some apprehension whether reason itself be not an *ignis fatuus*. It is allowed that there is much the same portion of sense in every age; we have had a longer series of experience than the ancients, but it is certain that our parts, capacities, understandings, are not superior to theirs. Now, if whole ages rolled away in dreaming, why should we suppose that we possess more reason than they did? To believe that our own age is wiser than the preceding, is exactly such an arbitrary assumption, as that of adhering to any religion because it is the religion of our own country,—a compliment paid to self, and no proof either of our faith or our wisdom.

From this deduction I think it clearly follows that any system, or the reverse of any system, is equally true. Now, as the present age is singularly philosophic, but not endowed with much invention, almost all the new philosophy being little more than a revival of ancient exploded systems, dressed up in phrases borrowed from experimental process, I would recommend to any man who is ambitious of founding a new sect, to take any obsolete system, to build a new one by reversing it totally; it will supply his want of imagination, and probably hang together better than any theory he could spin out of his own conception or memory.

But as all primitive inventions are naturally simple, it may be difficult, if recourse is had to very ancient systems, to find sufficient matter for contradiction. The opposition, too, may be too obvious. In such case I would recommend the compounding of two ancient theories, which may be contradicted, or so melted together as to contradict one another, with various other combinations, at the discretion of the author. As an instance is the best method of illustration, let us try what may be done. One of the most ancient doctrines handed down to us is the *transmigration of souls into other bodies*. Another, but far more recent, is the *immortality of the soul*, which, according to Bishop Warburton, was never known to the man who preached it; or which is the same thing, was never preached by the man who knew it, except by his never mentioning it—a pretended new method of induction, but though set forth in five ample volumes, by that learned prelate, solely and singly built on

that great aphorism, *Silence gives consent*; a kind of demonstration by which anything may be proved to be in a book from its not being there. Nor, by the way, ought we to give the total honour of this application of the aphorism to the Reverend Bishop. It was practised, not two centuries ago I think, on the works of Jansenius by the Church of Rome, who found the famous five propositions which she condemned in his book, though nobody could ever discover them there, either in words or in sense. But to return to my new method of system-making. Pythagoras, or whoever he learned it from, held that souls, after the decease of the bodies to which they had been annexed, wandered into and successively informed other bodies; a very simple doctrine, but the very reverse of which would be equally sensible. I would therefore (after adopting the converse of the other proposition I mentioned above, viz. *immortality of the soul*, which I would affirm is mortal) assert, that several souls pass successively into the same body; and that when one soul dies, another immediately takes its place,—a system that, give me leave to say, would account for the various contradictions we observe in mankind much more satisfactorily than the received notice of marriage between one soul and one body, indissoluble but by the death of the latter. It is a far more simple system, and consequently more agreeable to the operations of Nature, who always prefers the easiest and least complex march. My system annihilates that involved system of the passions, which are supposed to occasion the various caprices, follies, crimes that enter into the human composition, which, if they existed together and at once, would form madmen instead of rational beings, by drawing the man different ways at the same time, and not leaving him tranquil enough to make an option. On the contrary, if we suppose the soul dies, as it probably does, and that a new one immediately succeeds to its place, a total alteration may naturally ensue; and the man may become as different from his former self, as a new body is that is informed by an old soul which had passed through other bodies. For example, there have been instances of young men handsome, strong, well-made and vigorous, who have passed through the dangerous age of temptation with as much modesty, as much continence, as the most blushing

virgin of a northern climate. The same men arrived at years of decrepitude have hurried headlong into the lowest excesses of debauchery, and flung themselves into the arms of common prostitutes, practising all the tricks of enfeebled desire, and purchasing infamy without acquiring pleasure. As on one side such conduct cannot be the effect of passion, so is it impossible to suppose on the other that it could be the result of the union of the same soul and the same body. But as we are sure the body is the body of the same man, we are reduced to believe that that body is inhabited by another soul. The former is dead, and some lewd old soul has entered into the body, and transported it to actions totally inconsistent with its former behaviour.

Instances, more familiar to us in this country, happen every day. A young man is inflamed with the love of his country; Cato, Leonidas, Epaminondas, fire his imagination, and inspire imitation. Liberty charms him; he is jealous of her; he would risk his life for her safety. He speaks, writes, moves, and drinks for her. He searches records, draws remonstrances, fears prerogative, hopes for public misfortunes, that she may escape in the confusion. A Secretary of the Treasury waits on him in the evening; he appears next morning at a minister's levee; he goes to court, is captivated by the King's affability, moves an address, drops a censure on the liberty of the press, kisses hands for a place, bespeaks a Birthday coat, votes against Magna Charta, builds a house in town, lays his farms into pleasure-grounds under the inspection of Mr. Brown, pays nobody, games, is undone, asks a reversion for three lives, is refused, finds the constitution in danger, and becomes a Patriot once more.

Now can any one believe that the soul, that pure ethereal incorruptible essence, that immortal portion of divinity, given to us for the direction of our lives, that one sole noble, as we are told, of all our actions, can be capable of such and so many other inconsistencies? Undoubtedly not. A soul must be a mortal temporary spirit, which informs our bodies for more or less time, and is far more liable to destruction than the body. It is obnoxious to various accidents; and perhaps may be affected by many outward impressions. It may be like the sensitive-plant; the approach of another person's hand, or that person's

breath, may be fatal to it. For instance, the hand of a Secretary of the Treasury, or that person's breath, may kill a soul, though it does good to the annexed body. His breath may be poison to it. Other souls may be of a stronger texture, and, though liable to be soiled, may survive the noxious touch or effluvia. I am persuaded that when a man, hitherto virtuous, becomes vicious, his first soul is departed, and has made room for another of stronger element, which can resist everything but disgust and disappointment.

I will not multiply examples, but any man's meditation will suggest to him how extensive this theory may prove. It will tell him how many systems may be composed only by inverting every proposition. Mr. Asgill acquired a name by denying the necessity of dying. I do not expect less renown for establishing a plurality or succession of souls, in one and the same body. The uncertainty of everything makes everything possible.

The fallibility of sense has persuaded several modern philosophers that nonsense may be capable of demonstrating truth. Hence have they given power to a nonentity, and design, and contrivance, and execution to what is only acted upon; how else came chance and matter to be erected into the dictators of creation? *A word is enough to the wise*, says a silly old dictum. Let it give place to this improvement, *words satisfy fools*; and with more truth, for what word ever satisfied a wise man? What did a wise man ever learn that did not excite a thirst in him of knowing more? He finds all his knowledge bounded; and can he then be satisfied, when the impediments themselves prove there is something still beyond? As he cannot advance, were it not the best way to go backwards? Nonsense is unlimited; and the capital defect of all philosophers, past and present, is, that they have not pursued their researches far enough. Truth, like the pedigree of a noble family, is carried on only in the right line. Falsehood takes in collaterals, and the genealogy is endless. Its branches people the earth; and the descendants of the cursed Cain found and possess empires, while the race of the beloved David is poor, despised, and unknown.

1390. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Late Strawberry Hill, Jan. 7, 1772.

You have read of my calamity without knowing it, and will pity me when you do. I have been blown up; my castle is blown up; Guy Fawkes has been about my house; and the 5th of November has fallen on the 6th of January! In short, nine thousand powder-mills broke loose yesterday morning on Hounslow Heath; a whole squadron of them came hither, and have broken eight of my painted-glass windows; and the north side of the castle looks as if it had stood a siege. The two saints in the hall have suffered martyrdom! they have had their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads. The two next great sufferers are indeed two of the least valuable, being the passage windows to the library and great parlour—a fine pane is demolished in the round room; and the window by the gallery is damaged. Those in the cabinet, and Holbein room, and gallery, and blue room, and green closet, &c., have escaped. As the storm came from the north-west, the china closet was not touched, nor a cup fell down. The bow-window of brave old coloured glass, at Mr. Hindley's, is massacred; and all the north sides of Twickenham and Brentford are shattered. At London it was proclaimed an earthquake, and half the inhabitants ran into the street.

As Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, I must beseech you to give strict orders that no more powder-mills may blow up. My aunt, Mrs. Kerwood, reading one day in the papers that a distiller's had been burnt by the head of the still flying off, said she wondered they did not make an Act of Parliament against the heads of stills flying off. Now, I hold it much easier for you to do a body this service, and would recommend to your consideration, whether it would not be prudent to have all magazines of powder kept under

water till they are wanted for service. In the meantime, I expect a pension to make me amends for what I have suffered under the Government. Adieu!

Yours, all that remains of me,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1391. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1772.

I SEE with great uneasiness, my dear Sir, the disagreeable position you are in from the absurdity of your inmates[1]. When *your* patience drops a hint, I know how bad it must be. The principal is to be pitied, who has such wretched followers—I attribute to his low state that with regard to you he does not remedy neglects—but if fools could be cured, they would not be fools. You will, I doubt, be delivered ere long by a melancholy conclusion. The fate of the mother is now very near—and very extraordinary—she can swallow no *liquids*, only *solids*. Do not think I misplace the two words: the case has been known. She is forced to go out in her coach every day to shake the numbness of her legs, but can speak only at moments and with great difficulty. It is a dreadful conclusion, and much to be compassionated.

I shall write to your brother to-day to press your nephew's decision, and if he declines, to desire your brother will find a proper person, for surely the one recommended is little so.

Sir Charles Hotham and Mr. Hamilton are to receive their ribands to-morrow, but certainly no Installation will follow soon.

Do not be concerned at your nephew's want of attention

LETTER 1391. — [1] The Duke of Gloucester and his suite were at this time residing in Mann's house. The Duke's attendants treated Mann with great rudeness and insolence.

to me: I am too old and too indifferent to everything that does not disturb my tranquillity, which has long ceased to depend on the actions of others. One's mind suffers only when one is young, and while one is ignorant of the world. When one has lived some time, one learns that the young think too little, and the old too much, and one grows careless about both. I at least have contracted an ease in my temper, which diverts itself with most things, and takes few to heart. I think of my own nephew and yours with the same composure, as you saw by a letter I wrote to you lately. The friend[2] the former has got is far from a proper one; I know a horrible story of him in his own family; but as I do not believe much in the duration of friendships. theirs will probably die away like others. For the fashionable discourse of young people, it is the nonsense of the moment. What is called *bon ton* is generally the tone of people that have not yet got into good company, because an affected tone is never used by really good company. Young men of sense lose it soon; young men that have not sense keep it even after it has ceased to be anybody's tone. Indeed, what is fashion? Is not it a persuasion that nothing was ever right till the present moment, and that the present moment will immediately be as wrong as all its predecessors? And can such a system be but absurd? And what notice does absurdity deserve more than being laughed at for an instant?

The current of time hurries everything along with it, and if we have the patience to sit still and see it pass, it is sure of washing away our vexations as well as our pleasures; and both being dreams are not worth remembrance. I have attained so much habitual philosophy (for I believe in no other) that events which would formerly have distressed me exceedingly, do not now put me out of temper; as

[2] A Mr. Lee.

I experienced last week. A dozen powder-mills within two miles of Twickenham blew up last week, and almost levelled my castle as low as Troy. This is far from true; but the explosion really demolished four of my windows of painted glass, and broke as many more. I neither stomached it like a Stoic, nor damned the undertaker of the mills like a Christian. I shall set about mending them with the patience of Penelope, though with the prospect of having them ruined again, for, as Mr. Bentley said, in this country *abuses are freeholds*, and I do not believe the neighbourhood will get the mills removed. The Duke of Northumberland[3], to raise his rent a trifle, obtained an Act of Parliament for this nuisance; indeed, he got the consent of the gentlemen within the circuit, by promising they should be corn-mills; but the Act was no sooner passed, than lo, they became powder-mills! and have torn the whole county to pieces!

The Parliament meets next week. There will, I think, be little to do, unless an attempt to set aside the subscription of the clergy to the Thirty-nine Articles[4] should stir up a storm. Religious disputes are serious; and yet, can one care about shades of nonsense? Adieu!

1392. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 21, 1772.

I MUST set you right, my dear Sir, in an error into which I innocently led you; and am glad to be able to do it, as I am happy to find that a son of your *dear* brother is not always in the wrong. In general, I agree with you that it is melancholy to be interested for either children or

[3] Sir Hugh Smithson, who on marrying the heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, who was son of the heiress of the Earls of Northumberland, was created Earl and then Duke of Northumberland. *Walpole.*

[4] A petition against subscription to the Articles was presented on Feb. 6, 1772, by Sir William Meredith, but was rejected by 217 to 71.

nephews, they are so often disappointing: in short, your brother Edward had never yet mentioned the proxyhood to Horace: but tells me he had disliked his nephew being knighted *yet*—that is, would have had him wait till it came to him regularly. This totally disculpates Horace, who on your brother's writing to him, as he has now done, has in a very civil letter to me handsomely and cheerfully accepted the office. I shall write him as obliging an answer as I can. As I love to do justice, especially to folks I am a little out of humour with, I must tell you that your brother has, as handsomely, taken upon himself the refusal to Mr. A., who applied to him; telling A. that you having left the nomination of a proxy to him, he chose it should be one of your own family. Thus I think all difficulties are obviated. I will see your nephew when he comes to town, and manage the whole, or as much as I can, myself. This is the best I have to say on the chapter of nephews.

I doubt Lord Chatham has given you no reason to make a panegyric on him. The ghost of old Horace[1] would chuckle at the little regard I meet with from my nephews and nieces. Yet, will that not put us on a foot? The endeavours of my life have been to make them happy, rich and great, to save them from ruin and distress; not to cheat them of heiresses, and defraud them of estates entailed on them.

I am more wounded at the neglect shown to *you*; nor can I account for it. It is out of character, and cruel. If I can guess at all at the person on whom your suspicion lights, it is a titular at Leghorn; but why not fathom it? One should be as much afraid of suspecting a friend wrongfully, as of finding him in the wrong. I know nothing of the man, but the zeal he showed about your riband: nor can I conceive how he should have influence enough to hurt you. It is a mystery I cannot unravel.

LETTER 1392.—[1] His uncle, the late Lord Walpole of Wolterton.

I wish you were not exposed to these *désagrémens*! It has been my wonder how you could support the pertness and folly of all the youths that debark at Florence, and of all that govern them. Your fortune, I know, and am grieved, my dear Sir, to know, is very moderate; but sure, as you are not young, tranquillity is the best riches. What are rank and fortune, if they do not secure content?

I was born at the top of the world; I have long been nobody, and am charmed to be so. I see the insolence of superiors; but how does it hurt me? They can neither frighten me, nor deprive me of any enjoyment. I laugh at their dignity, which I generally see built or leaning on meanness and slavery; and which is best founded, their contempt or mine? To be determined to be content with little, is to be determined that one's happiness shall depend on no one but oneself; but, if consideration is one's point, I do not see why one should be satisfied without being emperor of the world. One superior would mortify me more than a thousand inferiors homaging me would contribute to my satisfaction; but when one is emperor of one's self all is harmony and sunshine. And depend upon it, a moderate fortune is more capable of bestowing and ensuring that reign, than any position of grandeur. Were I rich, my nephews and nieces would be attentive and sincere enough; I like better to know their hearts.

We have no news; but to-day is the birthday of news: the Parliament meets; indeed, with a quiet aspect. Old Northington[2] is dead, as he lived, cursing and swearing. He had taken an aversion to his son[3], and ordered the trees in the park to be cut down. The gardener, trusting to the proximity of his death, demurred. He perceived it, and turned him away: repeated his orders, but found that

[2] Robert Henley, first Earl of Northington.

[3] Robert Henley (1747-1786), second Earl of Northington.

a dying lawyer could not quicken other people, more than other people can quicken a living lawyer. His servants went so slowly to work that only five oaks attended his funeral.

Some of the English at Pisa, Florence, or Leghorn, have sent home Lord L.'s[4] story, and it has appeared in the newspapers. Methinks the public have nothing to do with every boy's amours—but it seems the public thinks otherwise. I must go write to your nephew, so good-morrow!

1393. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1772.

It is long indeed, dear Sir, since we corresponded. I should not have been silent if I had anything worth telling you in your way—but I grow such an antiquity myself, that I think I am less fond of what remains of our predecessors.

I thank you for Bannerman's proposal I mean, for taking the trouble to send it, for I am not at all disposed to subscribe. I thank you more for the notes on King Edward; I mean, too, for your friendship in thinking of me. Of Dean Milles I cannot trouble myself to think any more. His piece is at Strawberry; perhaps I may look at it for the sake of your note. The bad weather keeps me in town, and a good deal at home, which I find very comfortable, literally practising what so many persons pretend they intend, being quiet and enjoying my fireside in my elderly days.

Mr. Mason has shown me the relics of poor Mr. Gray. I am sadly disappointed at finding them so very inconsiderable. He always persisted, when I inquired about his

[4] Lord Lincoln, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle. He had fallen into the hands of card-sharpers, who had won large sums from him.

writings, that he had nothing by him. I own I doubted. I am grieved he was so very near exact—I speak of my own satisfaction; as to his genius, what he published during his life will establish his fame as long as our language lasts, and there is a man of genius left. There is a silly fellow, I do not know who, that has published a volume of Letters on the English Nation, with characters of our modern authors. He has talked such nonsense on Mr. Gray, that I have no patience with the compliments he has paid me. He must have an excellent taste! and gives me a woful opinion of my own trifles, when he likes them, and cannot see the beauties of a poet that ought to be ranked in the first line.

I am more humbled by any applause in the present age, than by hosts of such critics as Dean Milles. Is not Garrick reckoned a tolerable, though he has proved how little sense is necessary to form a great, actor? His *Cymon*, his prologues and epilogues, and forty such pieces of trash, are below mediocrity, and yet delight the mob in the boxes as well as in the footman's gallery. I do not mention the things written in his praise, because he writes most of them himself. But you know any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted—t'other replied, 'Squints!—well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint.' For my part, I can see how extremely well Garrick acts, without thinking him six feet high. It is said Shakespeare was a bad actor; why do not his divine plays make our wise judges conclude that he was a good one? They have not a proof of the contrary, as they have in Garrick's works—but what is it to you or me what he is? We may see him act with pleasure, and nothing obliges us to read his writings. Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

1394. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1772.

Your reproofs, my dear Madam, are so kindly tempered, that, though undeserved, I cannot be quite sorry to have received them. I thank you much for giving me an opportunity of defending myself: and you must allow me to distinguish between the two accusations, as they affect me very differently; what you think you have observed yourself would hurt me very seriously, if well founded; what has passed through another, Madam, you ought only to have smiled at, if you will allow me to say so. Your Ladyship says that you have observed an alteration in my behaviour to you. I should be very culpable indeed if there was any. It would be most ungrateful after all your goodness to me; and it would be a capital contradiction to all I feel. I am not of an age to plead giddiness and thoughtlessness: and yet most assuredly inattention can be all my crime, because there is certainly no change in my regard and esteem. I respect your virtues, Madam, and the thousand good qualities I know of you; and as you have lost none of them I must have lost my senses if I did not honour them as much as ever, which I swear to you I do.

I beg your pardon if any negligence can be imputed to me; and I refer you to my future behaviour for my sincerity. For what your Ladyship calls a message in ridicule, and which was nothing but a very inoffensive joke, if no more was delivered than I uttered, and even in which you should consider how much the alteration but of an accent may affect the substance, all I can remember is, that meeting Lady G.[1] at Lady Blandford's, I said

Letter 1394. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iv. p. 29, n. 1.

[1] Lady Greenwich, sister of Lady Mary Coke.

something, I protest I do not know what, of supposing your Ladyship's next jaunt would be to China. I should have said it to yourself without fear of displeasing you—and to say the truth, if this was aggravated into a serious message, I must conclude it was done with a good intention, as your friends cannot but grieve at your frequent and long eclipses; and may like to cover what they wish to say to you under another person's name. Nobody can be absurd enough to suppose your Ladyship has any interested view in visiting the Empress Queen, or in courting any other person. Can the Duke of Argyle's daughter desire to be higher than she is, and would not paying court be lowering her? Would it not infer that she does not think herself great enough? Great birth is your own; favour must be conferred and can only come from a superior, and they who confer favours always think so highly of themselves that they seem to undervalue those whom they fancy they honour. In short, Madam, not to be too serious, nor to enter into the Empress's merits, which shall be as great as you please, let me beg you to return to your own empire; come and reign over those hearts you dispose of, and do not leave them because somebody or other has offended you. Contempt and indifference are our best weapons or shield. Life is not long enough to attend to resentments. It is easy to be happy, if one does not care much about the world, but takes it as it comes. I have practised what I preach, and am sure of my nostrum's success. If one does not love often, one cannot hate often: now both love and hatred are troublesome inmates. I will give your Ladyship more lectures upon my philosophy when you return; but I shall not set them down in writing, for the profane are not to be initiated. You shall hear me with patience—nay, and if you do not, I will not mind it, but preach on. I had rather make you angry with

reason, than be again accused of neglect. I will make use of all the impertinent privileges of a friend, which I confess are shocking, rather than let you suspect me of lukewarmness—but never a *verbal* message more! I condole with you, Madam, on the death of the Princess of Hesse[2]. Princess Amelia, though expecting it, was much shocked. I tell you no news, for I know Lady Strafford sends you bushels, wet and dry. If she does not tell you that the Pantheon is more beautiful than the Temple of the Sun, read no more of her letters. I acknowledge with the utmost gratitude, dear Lady Mary, the repetition of your friendship, and am firmly persuaded that mine will never alter on the condition you mark for its duration: and if [it] does, the fault must then be in

Your Ladyship's
Most faithful
Humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

Jan. 30th. We learnt last night the revolution[3] in Denmark, and the disgrace of the Queen, &c.

1395. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 3, 1772.

YOUR representative Majesty will be shocked to find how frequently your *family*[1] furnishes Europe with very unpleasant conversation. We are all gazing on what has happened in Denmark, where the Queen and her medical

[2] Mary, Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, and fourth daughter of George II.

[3] In the night of Jan. 16–17, 1772, the Prime Minister Struensee and six of his adherents were arrested at a court ball. On the same night the Queen was taken prisoner by Count Rantzau, and placed under guard in the castle of Kronborg.

LETTER 1395.—[1] Meaning the English royal family, which Sir Horace Mann represented at Florence. *Walpole.*

Prime Minister[2] has been seized; the former imprisoned, and the latter loaded with irons. It is certain that fame has been busy with their amours for these two years—it is as certain that nothing is weaker than the little King; yet, as I look on revolutions as I do on private quarrels, in which both sides are generally in the wrong, I do not doubt but that it will come out that her Majesty's *gallantry* has been amply balanced by ambition and treachery[3]. The Queen Dowager[4] and her son[5], who have been brought forward, are both said not to excel the King in capacity; and if so, are only phantoms to decorate the conspiracy: but little is known yet, nor could I tell you much more than you will see in the public papers.

This tempest has clouded the halcyon calm that accompanies the opening of the session, where the voice of opposition is no longer heard. In truth, the calamities of the royal family are much to be pitied, and the conclusion of the Princess's[6] life is very melancholy. I have heard nothing of her this morning, but yesterday she was thought near her end. We every day expect like news from Naples[7]. The news of Princess Mary's[8] death came a week ago. She had long been ill, and never happy, though a most gentle and amiable being. There remains only Princess Amelia now of all the late King's children.

Mr. Chute desires I will recommend to you a Mr. Musgrave, a young lawyer, whom you will see some time hence at Florence. I know him a little too, and can add my

[2] Struensee, the king's physician. *Walpole.*

[3] The chief mover in the intrigue was Rantzau, who secured the approval of the Queen Dowager by producing forged evidence of a plot formed by Queen Caroline Matilda and Struensee against the King.

[4] Juliana Maria of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, second wife of the late King Frederick V.

[5] Prince Frederick of Denmark (d. 1805).

[6] The Princess Dowager of Wales. *Walpole.*

[7] Of the Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[8] Landgravine of Hesse, fourth daughter of George II. *Walpole.*

testimonial to his character. There will come with him a Mr. Graves, whom I do not know, but of whom I have heard much good; and if he is like Mr. Musgrave, neither of them will want your congenial good nature to be warmed in their favour. You will therefore be kind to the Mus-graves.

Friday, 7th.

I was ashamed to send away such a scrap, and therefore stayed till to-day's post to recruit it. The last accounts from Naples speak of the Duke of Gloucester as better; but for the Princess of Wales, I do not know at this moment whether she is not dead[9]. She was last night at the extremity, and this morning the King forbade his levee. Her end has been expected these ten days; yet her courage was so great that she went out to take the air on Monday or Tuesday.

No more news yet from Denmark, which is extraordinary; but one should think, therefore, that nothing tragic has happened, or Mr. Keith[10] would have dispatched messengers faster. You may imagine the impatience of everybody to hear more of this strange revolution.

Yesterday there was a long debate, for *this* session, in the House of Commons. A petition was offered from two hundred and fifty divines, for abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles, that summary of impertinent folly. It was rejected at eleven at night by a large majority; so much more difficult is it to expel nonsense than sense—for sense makes few martyrs. Will not the Jesuits think it hard upon them, that we are more absurd than France, or even than Spain? I begin to think that folly is matter, and cannot be annihilated. Destroy its form, it takes another. The reformation was only a re-formation. It is happy

[9] She died on Feb. 8, 1772.

[10] Robert Murray Keith (afterwards K.B.), British minister at Copenhagen.

when attempts to serve or enlighten mankind do not produce more prejudice to them. What are the consequences of the writings of the philosophers, and of the struggles of the Parliaments in France? Despotism! Lawyers have been found to support it, and priests will not be wanting. Methinks it would be a good text for the gallows, 'Upon this hang all the law and the prophets.'

The Czarina has sent Lord Chesterfield a box of her own turning, *ornée*, says she vulgarly, *de son portrait.* It is in return for some compliments he paid her to her Ambassador. What miserable thirst of pedantic vainglory! How sorry one should be to be obliged to answer civilly! What pains people take to have everything but common sense!

1396. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1772.

I CANNOT express my surprise at the jumble your brother has made, by writing to your nephew to be your proxy, and at the same time advising you to apply to Sir W. Boothby. Mr. Croft brought me your letter to Sir William, but I begged him not to deliver it, but to go to your brother at Richmond first, and settle it with him. As your nephew has accepted the proposal so handsomely, and is by so much the most proper person, I should, and I think you would, be sorry to have that arrangement altered, especially as it is an unanswerable excuse to Lord Rochford. I question much too whether Sir William would accept it—should he decline it, your nephew might refuse, after being dismissed —and then how should we avoid Mr. A.? I will do all I can to settle it for Horace, as most proper, and as what I am sure you would like best. This will go on Friday; but as Mr. Croft cannot go to Richmond till Saturday or Sunday, you must have patience for the definitive answer till Tuesday's post.

I am much obliged to you for the plan you have undertaken about my nephew, though as it must be conveyed by letter, I should rather not have it executed, as I doubt he will see too clearly into my project—but as I conclude your letter is gone, there is no remedy.

The Princess Dowager died on Saturday morning. Nothing ever equalled her resolution. She took the air till within four or five days of her death, and never indicated having the least idea of her danger, even to the Princess of Brunswick, though she had sent for her. Although she had convulsions the day before she expired, she rose and dressed to receive the King and Queen, and kept them four hours in indifferent conversation, though almost inarticulate herself; said nothing on her situation, took no leave of them, and expired at six in the morning without a groan. She could not be unapprised of her approaching fate, for she had existed upon cordials alone for ten days, from the time she had received the fatal news from Denmark; and died before she could hear again of her daughter.

The courier arrived in the evening; the new governing powers, whoever they are, whether the conspirators under the name of the Queen Dowager, or whether that woman herself, have determined to manage the young Queen's honour as much as possible, but to press home the charge on Struensee for intending to drug the King's understanding in order to draw from him a cession of the Regency to that physician-minister—a plan that, affecting decency, establishes the outrage—a plan, too, very difficult to believe; unless both the Queen and physician had taken drugs to intoxicate themselves first. Count Ostein[1], your late neighbour at Naples, is said to be deep in the revolution, as

LETTER 1396.—[1] A former Danish minister at Naples.

Sir William Hamilton told me he was sure it would appear; nay, on his first coming over, he mentioned this man to me as the genius of intrigue.

Our halcyon days are already clouded: the tempest has again risen in Ireland. Yesterday's letters from thence say their Parliament is outrageous on a new Board erected there: they talk of sending a deputation of twenty-one members of the Commons to remonstrate to the King against it. Lord Townshend has occasioned all these troubles by the most extravagant behaviour. He lives with a carpenter and two more low fellows, and has written a satiric ballad on the chief men there, a mark of contempt that even money will not wipe out. The East Indies are going to be another spot of contention. Such a scene of tyranny and plunder has been opened as makes one shudder! *The heaven-born hero*[2], Lord Clive, seems to be Plutus, the dæmon who does not give, but engrosses riches[3]. There is a letter from one of his associates to their Great Mogul, in which *our Christian* expresses himself with singular tenderness for the interests of the Mahometan religion! We are Spaniards in our lust for gold, and Dutch in our delicacy of obtaining it.

A terrible blow, which I have long foreseen, has fallen on Lord Hertford's family. His daughter-in-law[4], a most amiable and good young woman, is dead, and her husband half distracted for his loss. You will pity Lord Hertford's situation: his daughter, Lady Gertrude, was married to Lord Villiers on Monday morning, Lady Beauchamp died on Tuesday, and the Princess is to be buried on Saturday, for which, as Lord Chamberlain, he must give all the orders.

[2] Expression of Lord Chatham on Lord Clive. *Walpole.*

[3] Clive disposed of the greater part of the charges brought against him in a speech in the House of Lords.

[4] Daughter of Lord Windsor, and first wife of Lord Beauchamp. *Walpole.*

I cannot certainly refuse, when *you* ask it, to let Mr. Patch inscribe the designs[5] to me, and my repugnance is lessened, as dedications are quite out of fashion. The way now is only to write the person's names and titles—luckily I have none of the latter, and therefore the page will be so naked, that I think he had better pick out some young Lord Mæcenas, who will be fond of the compliment. If he insists on me, who had rather pass eldest, something in the manner of the enclosed card is all that is not only necessary, but all that I can admit.

I am not proud of being a favourer of the arts, but it is better than *Illustrissimos* and *Eccellenzas*. It is horrible to owe one's lustre only to an adjective; and I like *nobile Inglese*, because one may be a gentleman without being a lord, as many are lords without being gentlemen; so my humility, you see, is errant pride—yes, yes, we are pitiful creatures, and all impostors; always studying what the world will think of us, though hourly experience shows us how little it does think of us. Who will throw away a moment's reflection on a dedication to *me*? A mighty comfort truly to have the letters of one's name exist in a page that is turned over unread, in a hundred copies of a set of prints! Yet this is a farthing's-worth of fame that many men covet! Is there a clown who scratches his initials on the leads of a church, who does not say to himself, *Exegi monumentum aere perennius*? I laugh at the world, I laugh at myself, and you will laugh at me too for this long monologue: pray do. There is little intrinsic in me but my invariable attachment to you. It has lasted above thirty years, and I do not find that it breaks with age.

P.S. On reading over your letter again, I perceive that

[5] A series of etchings after works of Fra Bartolommeo.

you cannot have written to my nephew, and therefore it is better to omit it.

I must add a codicil, I find.

Codicil, Feb. 14, 1772.

Mr. Croft could not rest, but went to Richmond yesterday very good-naturedly, and has settled all with your brother. Horace is to remain your proxy, and to be another Sir Horace, the only way I could bear his being so. Mr. Croft will tell you all himself on Tuesday.

Wish me joy: I have changed all my Roman medals of great brass, some of which were very fine, particularly a medaliuncino of Alexander Severus, which is unique, for the *uniquest* thing in the world, a silver bell for an inkstand, made by Benvenuto Cellini. It makes one believe all the extravagant encomiums he bestows on himself: indeed so does his Perseus[6]. Well, *my* bell is in the finest taste, and is swarmed by caterpillars, lizards, grasshoppers, flies, and masques, that you would take it for one of the plagues of Egypt. They are all *in altissimo*, nay, *in outissimo relievo*, and yet almost invisible but with a glass. Such foliage, such fruitage! In short, it is fit to keep company with my eagle and *your* Caligula—can one say more?

1397. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 5, 1772.

I do not wonder you are impatient for Danish news, or that you mistake in what you say of their King. Absurd he has been enough; but in the late revolution he was as much a sacrifice as his Queen; and is in effect not less a prisoner. There is not only a dead silence observed here, but foreign courts are kept as much in the dark. All

[6] A statue in bronze in the *loggia* before the Old Palace at Florence. *Walpole.*

I can collect is, that a knot of offended nobility have operated the change, headed by Rantzau[1], and two others, whose names I forget, and who never quit sight of the King; Rantzau even lying in his room. He signs, is forced to sign, every paper they offer to him, and I suppose is as roundly lectured as Charles II was by the Kirk in Scotland before the battle of Worcester. The Queen Dowager, besides that she and her son are both fools, is said to be very ambitious; but whether they have real influence or not, I do not know. The poor little Prince Royal[2], of whose legitimacy there can be no doubt, whatever there is of his sister's[3], is never mentioned, and I suppose will be set aside as well as his father, when the junto have found, or pretended to find, sufficient grounds for deposition: such are the blessed effects of despotism, even to the despots! When no resource but despair is left, the oppressors make much quicker work than can be done by the help of laws. Fifty Grand Signors have lost their heads for one Charles I, and he might have kept his, if he had not sultanized.

The Queen of Denmark, I am told, is to be dispatched to Norway[4]. I pity *her*! Her youth and inexperience could not suppose that she might not do anything, when she was told that she might do everything. How many dismal hours will she have for fruitless reflections! How she will curse those who misled her, far more guilty than those who confine her! They are wise princes who sacrifice their ministers, that seldom deserve better. Mr. Keith's spirit in behalf of the Queen has been rewarded. The red riband has been sent to him, though there was no vacancy,

LETTER 1397. — [1] Shack Charles, Count of Rantzau-Ascheberg, who at first supported Struensee, and afterwards headed the conspiracy which overthrew him.

[2] Afterwards King as Frederick VI.

[3] Louisa Augusta, afterwards married to Duke Frederick Charles II of Augustenburg.

[4] This was a false report.

with orders to put it on directly himself, *as there is no sovereign in Denmark to invest him with it.*

We have another scene coming to light, of a black dye indeed. The groans of India have mounted to heaven, where *the heaven-born* General Lord Clive will certainly be disavowed. Oh, my dear Sir, we have outdone the Spaniards in Peru! They were at least butchers on a religious principle, however diabolical their zeal. We have murdered, deposed, plundered, usurped—nay, what think you of the famine in Bengal, in which three millions perished, being caused by a monopoly of the provisions, by the servants of the East India Company[5]? All this is come out, is coming out—unless the gold that inspired these horrors can quash them. Voltaire says, learning, arts, and philosophy have softened the manners of mankind: when tigers can read they may possibly grow tame—but man!

What shall I tell you to clear up your brow and make you smile again? Shall it be that Lord Chatham hunts and makes verses? He has written a copy to Garrick, in which he disclaims ambition. Recollect what I have said to you, that *this world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel*! This is the quintessence of all I have learnt in fifty years! Adieu!

1398. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1772.

The Royal Marriage Bill[1] is at last finished, after taking up near an hundred hours in the House of Commons.

[5] The accusations brought against Clive and the servants of the East India Company were greatly exaggerated.

Letter 1398. —[1] 'By that Bill every Prince or Princess, the descendant of George the Second, except only the issue of Princesses married abroad, was prohibited from marrying until the age of twenty-five without the King's consent. After the age of twenty-five, should the King's consent be refused, they might apply to the Privy Council,

It was near being wrecked at last, being carried but by a majority of eighteen, while ten more, who would have been against it, were accidentally shut out, not expecting a division so soon. This is a mighty tumble from the first day of the session, when the opposition had given up the game.

Never was a bill that gave more deep offence, and from mere speculation: the people did not interfere; nor was it a matter of popularity to oppose it. Lord Mansfield bears all the odium, and very deservedly, for no man else had a hand in drawing it, as ministers and lawyers declare. Lord North, though disliking the bill, supported it like a man; the rest treacherously condemning it, voting for it, and wishing it might miscarry.

Lord North is likely to have the Duke of Saxe-Gotha's[2] vacant Garter, the only one except my father's that has shone in the House of Commons since Queen Elizabeth's day.

If you want any more news, you must have it from Ireland, where there is a pretty substantial insurrection of four thousand men, calling themselves *Hearts of Steel*. Whatever their hearts are, their heads are of gunpowder. Poor souls! they have had thorough provocation; reduced to starve, to be shot, or to be hanged. They are tenants of Lord Donegal, driven off their lands because they could not pay hard fines for renewing their leases. Sixteen hundred horse and infantry are marched against them. We had better have wasted an hundred hours in redressing these misfortunes, than in framing acts against marriages!

and if within a year of such announcement both Houses of Parliament should not express their disapprobation of the intended marriage, it might then be lawfully solemnized.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. v. p. 311.)

[2] Frederick III, Duke of Saxe-Gotha; d. March 10, 1772.

It is confidently said that the Danish *Hearts of Steel* have assured *us* that the Queen's life shall not be touched,—and this they reckon a favour. Struensee and Brandt[3] are probably by this time no more.

We had last Sunday a most violent storm of thunder and lightning. The latter entered by the wire of the bell into Lady Mary Fox's[4] dressing-room in Cavendish Square, where she was with her husband, Lord Robert Spencer[5], and young Harry Conway. It melted the wire, fired the cornice, burned a chair, and damaged the floor. I cannot but think it was raised in a hot-house, by order of the Maccaronis, who *will* have everything before the season.

The House of Commons is going to tap the affairs of India, an endless labyrinth! We shall lose the East before we know half its history. It was easier to conquer it, than to know what to do with it. If you or the Pope can tell, pray give us your opinion.

1399. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 9, 1772.

It is uncommon for *me* to send *you* news of the Pretender. He has been married in Paris by proxy, to a Princess of Stolberg[1]. All I can learn of her is, that she is a niece to a Princess of Salm, whom I knew there, without knowing any more of her. The new Pretendress is said to be but sixteen, and a Lutheran: I doubt the latter; if the former

[3] Enevold von Brandt, formerly a royal page, and one of Struensee's associates. Brandt and Struensee were beheaded on April 28, 1772.

[4] Lady Mary Fitzpatrick (d. 1778), eldest daughter of first Earl of Upper Ossory (and sister-in-law of Horace Walpole's correspondent, Anne Liddell, Countess of Upper Ossory); m. (1766) Hon. Stephen Fox, eldest son of first Baron Holland, whom he succeeded in 1774.

[5] Third son of third Duke of Marlborough; d. 1831.

Letter 1399.—[1] Louisa Maximiliana, Princess of Stolberg (d. 1824), known after her marriage as Countess of Albany. She separated from her husband in 1780.

is true, I suppose they mean to carry on the breed in the way it began, by a spurious child. A Fitz-Pretender is an excellent continuation of the patriarchal line. Mr. Chute says, when the royal family are prevented from marrying, it is a right time for the Stuarts to marry. This event seems to explain the Pretender's disappearance last autumn; and though they sent him back from Paris, they may not dislike the propagation of thorns in our side.

I hear the credit of the French Chancellor declines. He had strongly taken up the clergy; and Sœur Louise, the King's Carmelite daughter, was the knot of the intrigue. The new Parliament has dared to remonstrate against a declaration obtained by the Chancellor for setting aside an *arrêt* of 1762, occasioned by the excommunication of Parma. The Spanish and Neapolitan ministers interposed, and pronounced the declaration an infringement of the family compact: the *arrêt* of 1762 has been confirmed to satisfy them, and the Pope's authority, and everything that comes from Rome, except what regards *the Penitential* (I do not know what that means), restrained. This is supported by D'Aiguillon and all the other ministers, who are labouring the reconciliation of the Princes of the blood, that the Chancellor may not have the honour of reconciling them. Perhaps the Princess of Stolberg sprung out of Sister Louise's cell. The King has demanded twelve millions of the clergy: they consent to give ten. We shall see whether Madame Louise, on her knees, or Madame du Barry, on her back, will fight the better fight. I should think the King's knees were more of an age for praying, than for fighting.

The House of Commons is embarked on the ocean of Indian affairs, and will probably make a long session. I went thither the other day to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never setting my foot there

again. It is strange how disuse makes one awkward; I felt a palpitation, as if I were going to speak there myself. The object answered: Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator, and his indefatigable application. His laboured orations are puerile in comparison with this boy's manly reason. We beat Rome in eloquence and extravagance, and Spain in avarice and cruelty; and, like both, we shall only serve to terrify schoolboys, and for lessons of morality! 'Here stood St. Stephen's Chapel; here young Catiline spoke; here was Lord Clive's diamond-house; this is Leadenhall Street, and this broken column was part of the palace of a company of merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal! They starved millions in India by monopolies and plunder, and almost raised a famine at home by the luxury occasioned by their opulence, and by that opulence raising the prices of everything, till the poor could not purchase bread!' Conquest, usurpation, wealth, luxury, famine—one knows how little farther the genealogy has to go! If you like it better in Scripture phrase, here it is: Lord Chatham begot the East India Company; the East India Company begot Lord Clive; Lord Clive begot the Maccaronis, and they begot poverty; all the race are still living; just as Clodius was born before the death of Julius Cæsar. There is nothing more like than two ages that are very like; which is all that Rousseau means by saying, 'give him an account of any great metropolis, and he will foretell its fate.' Adieu!

1400. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 21, 1772.

. . . [1] We have little news. Everybody is gone out of town, or to Newmarket, for the Easter holidays. The Parliament will sit late on Indian affairs. There is a select committee appointed to examine into those grievances: but I expect nothing from it. People will be very eager and very important at first. The criminals will puzzle and weary them; the idle will grow tired with the discussion; and the persevering will probably be bribed to drop or perplex the pursuit. Should you wonder if the most guilty, who are the most rich, should obtain a verdict of applause!

We have a strong fleet preparing [2], that has a formidable appearance. The world destines it against Copenhagen. I hope it will not sail. I believe a Prussian army would soon sail by land to Hanover, without waiting for a wind. We conclude Struensee and Brandt executed, and things seem to look but ill for the young Queen herself. There have been flying reports that she is dead, and to-day the papers say she is recovered of two fits of the colic—the colic sounds like a very political illness. It is certain that Baron Dieden, the Danish minister, behaved with great insolence to the King the other day at the levee, laughing indecently at the Prussian minister on the King's not speaking to him. His wife is just arrived, but has not been at court, nor is visited by the great ladies. All this looks serious.

Letter 1400.—[1] So in MS.

[2] A squadron which had been ordered to sail for Copenhagen on Sir Robert Keith's informing the English ministers of the Danish proposal to banish Queen Caroline Matilda (whose sentence of divorce from the King had been pronounced on April 6, 1772) to Aalborg in Jutland. Shortly before the day on which the squadron was to sail it was announced that the Queen was to be set at liberty.

The Pretender is certainly married to the Princess of Stolberg, whose youngest sister is the wife of the Marquis de la Jamaïque, son of the Duke of Berwick; but I do not believe she is a Protestant, though I have heard from one who should know, General Redmond, an Irish officer in the French service, that the Pretender himself abjured the Roman Catholic religion at Liège a few years ago; and that, on that account, the Irish Catholics no longer make him remittances. This would be some, and the only apology, but fear, for the Pope's refusing him the title of King. What say you to this Protestantism? At Paris they call his income twenty-five thousand pounds sterling a year. His bride has nothing, but many quarters. The Cardinal of York's answer last year to the question of *whither his brother was gone*? is now explained: you told me, he replied, 'Whither he should have gone a year sooner.'

I am just going to the Opera to hear Milico, who sings to-night for the first time. I do not believe he will draw such audiences as Mademoiselle Heinel has done. The town has an idle notion that she made so much impression on a very high heart, that it is thought prudent to keep it out of her way. She is the most graceful figure in the world, with charming eyes, bewitching mouth, and lovely countenance; yet I do not think we shall see a Dame du Barri on this side the Channel. Adieu!

P.S. I know Mr. Nicholls[3], and have a great regard for him. Pray tell him so, and show him so.

I have no reason to think my nephew[4] married.

[3] A correspondent of Mr. Gray. See Mason's edition of Gray's *Works*. *Walpole*. -Rev. Norton Nicholls (d 1809), Rector of Lound and Bradwell, in Suffolk.

[4] Probably Lord Cholmondeley.

1401. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, May 9, 1772.

I have given up to Mr. Stonhewer, as you desired, dear Sir, Mr. Gray's volume of MSS.[1], but shall be glad hereafter, if you do not dislike it, to print some of the most curious. He himself was to lend me the speech and letters of Sir Thomas Wyat. At a leisure hour, would not it be amusing to you to draw up a little account of that poet?

Dr. Brown has sent me a very civil letter of thanks for Gray's portrait. He speaks too of the book I intended for their college, and that he was to receive from you. I forget whether I troubled you with it or not.

I have selected for your use[2] such of Gray's letters as will be intelligible without many notes; but though all his early letters have both wit and humour, they are so local, or so confined to private persons and stories, that it would be difficult, even by the help of a comment, to make them interesting to the public. Some of the incidents alluded to have slipped out of my own memory; still there are about twenty of his juvenile letters that I think will please. I will bring them with me when I make you a visit in August. I have a great many more, to the very end of his life; but they are grave, and chiefly relative to questions in antiquity on which I consulted him, or begged him to consult the libraries at Cambridge; there are some criticisms on modern books and authors, either his own opinions or in answer to mine. These are certainly not proper for present publication: but I shall leave these and the rest behind me, and none of them will disgrace him; which ought to be our care, since it was so very much his own.

Letter 1401.—[1] Consisting of extracts from the Cotton MSS.

[2] For use in Mason's proposed Life of Gray.

Mr. Palgrave[3] is in town, and has promised to pass a day with me here, where I am continuing my immortal labours with those durable materials, painted glass, and carved wood and stone. The foundations of the chapel in the garden are to be dug on Monday. The state bedchamber advances rapidly, and will, I hope, be finished before my journey to Yorkshire. In short, this *old, old, very old castle*, as his prints called old Parr, is so near being perfect, that it will certainly be ready by the time I die to be improved with Indian paper; or to have the windows cut down to the ground by some travelled lady.

The newspapers tell me that Mr. Chambers, the architect, who has Sir-Williamized himself, by the desire as he says of the Knights of the Polar Star[4], his brethren, who were angry at his not assuming his proper title, is going to publish a treatise on Ornamental Gardening; that is, I suppose, considering a garden as a subject to be built upon. In that light it will not interfere with your verses[5] or my prose[6]; and we may both use the happiest expression in the world and

coldly declare him free.

In truth our climate is so bad, that instead of filling our gardens with buildings, we ought rather to fill our buildings with gardens, as the only way of enjoying the latter.

The dreaded East is all the wind that blows;

and yet I am afraid to rail at it, lest the rain should take advantage of my plaints, and come and drown us till the end of July. I was lamenting the weather to M. de Guines:

[3] Rev. William Palgrave (d. 1799), Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston, in Suffolk, and Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was a friend and correspondent of Gray.

[4] Chambers was created a Knight of the Polar Star by the King of Sweden in return for a gift of drawings.

[5] *The English Garden*, of which the first book appeared in this year.

[6] Probably the *Essay on Modern Gardening*, printed at Strawberry Hill in 1785.

the French Ambassador. He said, 'In England you talk of nothing but the bad weather; I wonder you are not used to it.' Yet one must have seen such a thing as spring, or one could not have invented the idea. I can swear to have formerly heard nightingales as I have been sitting in this very bow-window. If I was thirty years younger, I might fancy they are gone because *Phœbe is gone*; but I have certainly heard them long since my ballad-making days. I hope *your garden*, which is not exposed to wayward seasons, but

will always flourish in immortal youth,

advances a great pace; consider, you are to record what it was when fashion and great lords shall have brought back square enclosures, walls, terraces, and labyrinths, and shall be told by the Le Nautre[7] of the day, that *their Lordships have invented a new taste*; and will never know to the contrary; for though beautiful poems preserve themselves, it is not by being read and known. Works of genius are like the Hermetic philosophers; none but adepts are acquainted with their existence, yet certainly nothing is ever lost—as you may find in Mr. Wharton's[8] new Life of Sir Thomas Pope, which has resuscitated more nothings, and more nobodies, than Birch's Life of Tillotson or Louth's[9] William of Wykeham.

There has been a masquerade at the Pantheon, which was so glorious a vision that I thought I was in the old Pantheon, or in the Temples of Delphi or Ephesus, amidst a crowd of various nations, and that formerly

Panthoides Euphorbus eram,

and did but recollect what I had seen. All the friezes and

[7] André Le Nôtre (1613-1700), landscape gardener.

[8] Thomas Warton.

[9] Robert Lowth or Louth (1710-1787), Bishop of St. David's, 1766; Bishop of Oxford, 1766-77; Bishop of London, 1777-87.

niches were edged with alternate lamps of green and purple glass, that shed a most heathen light, and the dome was illuminated by a heaven of oiled paper well painted with gods and goddesses. Mr. Wyat[10], the architect, has so much taste, that I think he must be descended from Sir Thomas. Even Henry VIII had so much taste, that were he alive he would visit the Pantheon. Adieu! dear Sir. Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1402. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1772.

You will receive, I hope, by yesterday's post a letter from your nephew Horace. He promised me to write, and I knew it would give you pleasure. So it will to hear of my negotiation with him, and the content I have had in him. One of the heralds, whom I had charged to give me the earliest notice of an Installation, brought me word last week that it was fixed for June, and that as the King was to defray the expense on account of his son, it would be very magnificent. I immediately wrote to your brother, desiring he would take on himself to make your excuses to Lord Rochford, and I offered to wait on your brother and settle all with him; for though I have not seen him since what passed in the autumn, and though we are, as it were, reconciled, I did not stick at punctilios when your service was concerned. He sent in great haste for your nephew, and sent him as fast to me, to prevent my visit, as he has the gout; I was rejoiced at the exchange, especially as I found Horace a most amiable young man: civil, sensible, rational, and good-natured. He does not at all taste the present knighthood, but yields with the best grace in the world to accommodate you.

[10] James Wyatt; d. 1813.

As your brother is incapable of writing, he desired me to draw the letter to Lord Rochford, which I did; and took occasion (speaking in your brother's name) to call Horace *the hopes of the family.* I had vast inclination to call him *the heir of the family,* but I would not venture displeasing your brother, nor risk his refusing to adopt the expression. However, I talked to Horace on the subject, who does not conceive there is any doubt of the entail, which I am glad to tell you. The *hopes* passed very well with your brother. The letter was written out for him by his daughter; he signed it, and Lord Rochford received it with great politeness, and said he was perfectly satisfied before with your excuse. Still, as your brother disliked the person proposed so much, I thought it was right Lord Rochford should know the objection came from him, not from you.

This has turned out very agreeably to me. You are served in the best manner. I have been civil to your brother; I am again acquainted with dear Gal's son; find him infinitely better than he had been represented to me; see him rightly disposed towards you—and shall take care not to lose sight of him again. He has promised to bring Lady Lucy to dine with me at Strawberry Hill. She is now ready to lie in. They have only one girl; have lost two boys—I hope will have a third Horace.

I have little to say to you on my own Horace[1], who has left his name a single time at my door. My projects there, as well as in all my Horaces, are disappointed—and you may be quite satisfied that you are not the cause of any coldness from me—but one cannot petition anybody to be one's heir. I hinted at the marriage I mentioned to you to his uncle of his own name. It was received with so much indifference, not to say distaste, that I shall meddle with them no farther. The uncle is very fond of him, and can

LETTER 1402.—[1] The Earl of Cholmondeley.

do so much more than I can, that I shall not interfere, but let them please themselves.

We have nothing new, but what is no longer so, the Danish tragedy. It was on the point of being a very deep one. Had our fleet sailed, the North had been in arms. Luckily it did its business without stirring out of port. The Queen goes to Zell. Struensee is gone to David Rizzio!

May 14th.

I hear to-day that the destination is changed, and that the Danish Queen does not go to Zell, but to the Goerde, a hunting-seat near Hanover[2]. The yatch to convey her is to hoist the Danish flag as soon as she goes on board. I have heard from good authority too, that her husband has twice endeavoured to get to her. I do not wonder we maintain her royalty, for by what code can a divorce pass on a legal marriage without the consent of either party? Even your match-making and match-dissolving operator at Rome would not allow of such a sentence. Adieu[3]!

1403. To Viscount Nuneham.

My dear Lord, Thursday, May 14th, 1772.

I waited on you this morning, to learn your motions. There is an evil report of your thinking of the country—but sure you remember that I have a mortgage on you, and that you must pay it off before you can stir. I beg to know your plan, that I may obtain a day from you at Strawberry Hill before you go: and I cannot have the conscience, even for your sake and Strawberry's, to ask it before the east wind is rained away. As there is no *wind-bow* to ensure us

[2] The Queen went to the Göhrde till the castle of Celle was ready to receive her.

[3] At the end of this letter in the original MS. in Horace Walpole's handwriting is the following note: 'A letter here is omitted.'

that the world is not to be blown away, as there is to defend us against being drowned, it is impossible to tell when the weather-cock will change its mind; but, wet or dry, I must insist on your promise, and flatter myself that Lord and Lady Jersey[1] will do me the same honour.

1404. To Viscount Nuneham.

[Endorsed '1772.']

I am in such confusion, my dear Lord, that I do not know what to say, but the truth. I had read *Tuesday* on your Lordship's card instead of *Monday*, and never knew my mistake until this instant. My servant asked me what I would have for dinner! I replied, 'I dine at Lord Nuneham's.' He said, 'I beg your pardon, Lord Nuneham's card was for yesterday; I thought your Honour had disengaged yourself.' I dined alone at home yesterday, and am shocked to think that I probably made your Lordship, Lady Nuneham[1], and your company wait. You will possibly forgive me, but I can never see my own face again—nor will ever read a card again without spectacles. Consider what pleasure I have lost, and pity

Your mortified humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1405. To Sir Edward Walpole.

Dear Brother, Arlington Street, May 20, 1772.

I am much obliged to you for the mark you have given me of your friendship in acquainting me with Lady Walde-

Letter 1403.—[1] Frances, daughter and heiress of Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe; m. (1770) George Bussy Villiers, fourth Earl of Jersey; d. 1821.

Letter 1404.—[1] Hon. Elizabeth Vernon (d. 1826), daughter of first Baron Vernon; m. (1765) George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nuneham, eldest son of first Earl Harcourt, whom he succeeded in 1777.

Letter 1405.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Last Journals of Horace Walpole*, vol. i. pp. 98–9.

grave's marriage[1]; and I give you many thanks for the justice you do me in believing that I interest myself extremely in the welfare of all your children.

Though entirely out of the secret of the match, I never doubted it, from the long conviction I have had of Lady Waldegrave's strict virtue and many excellent qualities; since it is accomplished, I hope in God it will prove as great felicity to her as it is an honour to her and her family. When I have said this with the utmost truth, it would be below me to affect much zeal and joy for the attainment of an object which, at the beginning, I said all I could to dissuade her from pursuing, on the sincere belief that it was not likely to tend to her happiness. When I found I had no chance of prevailing, I desisted; and, having no right to question her, I forbore all mention of the subject. For her sake I did not approve the connection; for my own I could take no part in it, without being sure of the marriage. As both friendship for her and regard for my own honour dictated this conduct, I can neither repent it nor deny it. Your daughter, I think, has too nice a sense of honour herself to blame me; and the Duke of Gloucester, I hope, will not be sorry that his wife's relations (for it is justice to you to say that you have always been more anxious about her character than her fortune) were infinitely more afraid of any disgrace that might happen to her, than they were ambitious of an honour so much above their pretensions. It is not to make my court that I say this. I have no vanity to gratify; I have no wishes that were not satisfied before. I receive the honour done to the family with great respect for the royal person who confers it, but with no pride for myself, having never aspired above

[1] 'I have this moment received an express from Lady Waldegrave, with the Duke of Gloucester's permission, to acquaint me with their marriage, which was in 1766.' (Sir Edward Walpole to Horace Walpole, May 19, 1772, *Last Journals*, vol. i. p. 97.)

the privacy of my situation. To you and to your daughter I sincerely hope the event will prove a source of great happiness, and shall always be, with proper deference for her, and with cordial good wishes for her and you,

Dear brother,

Yours most affectionately,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1406. To the Duchess of Gloucester.

MY DEAR MADAM, Arlington Street, May 24, 1772.

It is very true what your father has told you, that I never was so struck with admiration of anything as I was with your letter to him. It shows the goodness of your heart, of your understanding, and of your conduct; and a greatness of mind that makes you worthy of your fortune. You will not think this flattery, for *you know* I am incapable of flattering you—and it cannot be designed as a compliment to your rank, when I approve, as I do exceedingly, your waiving it. The Duke of Gloucester has thence a satisfaction that few princes taste—the conviction that you married him from inclination, not from ambition. I do not ask your pardon for having opposed that inclination, because I did it from fearing it would not tend to your happiness. Nor can I repent my conduct and silence since; you cannot disesteem me for it, and his Royal Highness cannot be sorry to have found that his wife's relations had too much honour to be proud even of his favour to you till they were satisfied of your marriage. The Duke, I hear, is to have a levee on Thursday: as I would not dare to take any liberty, and certainly would as little omit any mark of veneration and gratitude to his Royal Highness after the honour he has done to the family, I went to your

LETTER 1406. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Last Journals of Horace Walpole*, vol. i. pp. 104–5.

father to consult him on what would be most proper for me to do. Having never had the honour of being presented to his Royal Highness or of kissing his hand, it would be presumption in me to approach him without that testimony of duty; but at the same time, as the motives of my past absence are well known, my going through that ceremony just now would be a positive declaration of my being assured of your marriage. Sir Edward is clear that such a step at this time would be the most improper imaginable, and very repugnant to that amiable and wise moderation you have adopted, and he bid me tell you how wrong he thinks it would be for me to go to the Duke's levee. Let me beg you therefore, dear Madam, to acquaint his Royal Highness with the reasons why I am not one of the first to express my zeal and gratitude, together with my joy for his recovery and return. I have the utmost respect and attachment to his person, the more sincere as I have no views, no ambition, no pride to gratify. My wishes are completely satisfied in your having acted as became the names you bore. The accession of dignity without your excellent qualities would never have made me, so much as I am, either in affection or respect

Your most obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1407. To the Rev. William Mason.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1772.

I have told Lord Hertford of the injurious manner in which your thoughts of resigning the chaplainship have been represented in the newspapers, and of the obliging expressions you have used towards him in offering to give it up. He is extremely sensible of your civility, and desired I would thank you from him in the handsomest

manner, and, as you permit him, will fill up your place, when you are willing to resign it. For myself, I assure you, dear Sir, that next to the pleasure I should have, if it was in my power to do you service, the greatest satisfaction I can enjoy is to assist in delivering you from attendance on a court: a station below your sentiments and merit. I have read Chambers's book[1]. It is more extravagant than the worst Chinese paper, and is written in wild revenge against Brown[2]; the only surprising consequence is, that it is laughed at, and it is not likely to be adopted, as I expected; for nothing is so tempting to fools, as advice to deprave taste.

Lord Carlisle has written and printed some copies of an Ode on Gray's death. There is a real spirit of poetry in it, but no invention; for it is only a description of Gray's descriptions. There are also two epitaphs on Lady Carlisle's dog, not bad, and a translation from Dante of the story of Count Ugolino, which I like the best of the four pieces. Mrs. Scott[3], sister of Mrs. Montagu, has written a life of Agrippa d'Aubigné,—no—she has not written it, she has extracted it from his own account, and no dentist at a fair could draw a tooth with less grace. It is only in a religious sense that she has made it a good book, for it seems she is very pious. There is a Mr. Jones[4] too, who has published imitations of Asiatic poets: but as Chambers's book was advertised by the title of *Ornamental* Gardening, instead of *Oriental*, I think Mr. Jones's is a blunder of *Oriental* for ornamental, for it is very flowery, and not at all Eastern.

LETTER 1407. —[1] *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening.*

[2] Lancelot Brown.

[3] Sarah (d. 1795), daughter of Matthew Robinson, of West Layton, Yorkshire; m. (1752) George Lewis Scott, sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III).

[4] William Jones (1746–1794), knighted in 1783; oriental scholar and Judge of the High Court at Calcutta, 1783–94. In 1772 he published *Poems consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic Languages.*

Somebody, I fancy Dr. Percy, has produced a dismal dull ballad, called *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, and given it for one of the Bristol poems, called Rowley's[5]—but it is a still worse counterfeit than those that were first sent to me; it grows a hard case on our ancestors, who have every day bastards laid to them, five hundred or a thousand years after they are dead. Indeed, Mr. Macpherson, &c., are so fair as to beget the fathers as well as the children. Adieu! dear Sir.

1408. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, June 9, 1772.

The preceding paper was given me by a gentleman, who has a better opinion of my bookhood than I deserve. I could give him no satisfaction, but told him I would get inquiry made at Cambridge for the pieces he wants[1]. If you can give me any assistance in this chase, I am sure you will; as it will be trouble enough, I will not make my letter longer.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1409. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 15, 1772.

Have not you felt very hot to-day: are not you a little fatigued? or have you no sympathy? While one Sir Horace Mann has been overwhelmed with ceremonies[1], was the other quite at his ease and insensible? In short, you have been installed to-day; and your representative is actually at this moment doing part of your honours to all

[5] It was written by Chatterton.

Letter 1408.—[1] He wished for information relative to the Order of Malta.

Letter 1409.—[1] At the Installation of Knights of the Bath. Sir Horace Mann the younger acted as his uncle's proxy.

the remaining town, at a magnificent ball that you and the knights your companions are giving at the Opera House. New Sir Horace has been quite kind to me, and pressed me to accept as many tickets as I pleased: but I could not bring myself to go into such a formal crowd in this warm weather, for it is the first summer we have had for years, and so I only took two tickets for younger performers. Pray, one Sir Horace, write very cordially to the other Sir Horace, for he has really done everything with the best grace in the world.

On Thursday there is to be a higher chapter, and Lord North is to receive the Garter.

Colonel Heywood[2] has sent me word of the box that is coming, so I conclude it will be taken care of.

The papers have told you what is indeed now very public, that the Duke of Gloucester, the very evening of his return, allowed my niece to acquaint her father that they have been married ever since September 1766. Lady Waldegrave, which I think very prudent, does not take the royal title, but her father has shown the letter[3] so much, that even copies of it have got about. For my own part, I have not at all changed my sentiments from the event, but still think her prudence to have been perfect. . . .[4] It is, however, a great satisfaction that her character is invulnerable: and it gives me much more pleasure that she has preserved the honour she had, than that she has obtained this great honour, which does not dazzle me at all.

As the Parliament is risen, and everybody gone or going out of town, you cannot expect news. It is a kind of vacation that my letters are forced to observe. Your friend Lord Cowper has done a noble act: he has given a pension of two hundred pounds a year to an old friend of

[2] Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[3] See *Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 100–1.

[4] Half a line obliterated in MS.

his aunt, Lady Frances Elliot, who had left her but a bare thousand pounds: you cannot imagine how I admire him for it. Generosity is not the extravagance in fashion. Adieu! my dear Sir.

1410. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1772.

You are a mine that answer beyond those of Peru. I have given the treasures you sent me to the gentleman from whom I had the queries. He is vastly obliged to you, and I am sure so am I, for the trouble you have given yourself—and *therefore* I am going to give you more. *King Edward's Letters* are printed; shall I keep them for you or send them, and how? I intend you four copies; shall you want more? Lord Ossory takes a hundred, and I have as many; but none will be sold.

I am out of materials for my press. I am thinking of printing some numbers of miscellaneous MSS. from my own and Mr. Gray's collections. If you have any among your stores that are historic, new, and curious, and like to have them printed, I shall be glad of them. Among Gray's are letters of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder. I am sure you must have a thousand hints about him. If you will send them to me, I will do you justice, as you will see I have in *King Edward's Letters*. Do you know anything of his son, the insurgent, in Queen Mary's reign?

I do not know whether it was not to Payne[1] the bookseller, but I am sure I gave somebody a very few notes to the British Typography. They are indeed of very little consequence.

I have got to-day, and am reading with entertainment, two vols. in octavo, the *Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Antony*

Letter 1410.—[1] Thomas Payne (1719–1799).

Wood. I do not know the author[2], but he is of Oxford. I think you should add that of your friend Browne Willis[3]. There is a queer piece on Freemasonry in one of the volumes, said to be written, on very slender authority, by Henry VI, with notes by Mr. Locke—a very odd conjunction! It says that arts were brought from the East by *Peter Gower.* As I am sure you will not find an account of this singular person in all your collections, be it known to you, that Peter Gower was commonly called Pythagoras. I remember our newspapers insisting, that Thomas Kouli Khan[4] was an Irishman, and that his true name was Thomas Callaghan.

On reading over my letter, I find I am no sceptic, having affirmed no less than four times that *I am sure.* Though this is extremely awkward, *I am sure* I will not write my letter over again: so pray excuse or burn my tautology.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I had like to have forgotten the most obliging, and to me the most interesting part of your letter, your kind offer of coming hither. I accept it most gladly; but, for reasons I will tell you, wish it may be deferred a little. I am going to Park Place, then to Ampthill, and then to Goodwood; and the beginning of August to Wentworth Castle, so that I shall not be at all settled here till the end of the latter month. But I have a stronger reason. By that time will be finished a delightful chapel I am building in my garden, to contain the shrine of Capoccio, and the window with Henry III and his Queen. My new bedchamber will be finished too, which is now all

[2] Rev. Thomas Huddesford (1732–1772).

[3] Browne Willis (1682–1760), antiquary.

[4] Tamasp Kouli Khan (known as Nadir Shah), King of Persia, 1736–1747.

in litter—and, besides, September is a quiet month; visits to make or receive are over, and the troublesome go to shoot partridges. If that time suits you, pray assure me I shall see you on the first of September.

1411. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, June 22, 1772.

It is lucky that I have had no dealings with Mr. Fordyce[1]; for, if he had ruined me, as he has half the world, I could not have *run* away. I tired myself with walking on Friday; the gout came on Saturday in my foot; yesterday I kept my bed till four o'clock, and my room all day—but, with wrapping myself all over with bootikins, I have scarce had any pain—my foot swelled immediately, and to-day I am descended into the blueth and greenth; and though you expect to find that I am paving the way to an excuse, I think I shall be able to be with you on Saturday. All I intend to excuse myself from is walking. I should certainly never have the gout, if I had lost the use of my feet. Cherubims that have no legs, and do nothing but stick their chins in a cloud and sing, are never out of order. Exercise is the worst thing in the world, and as bad an invention as gunpowder.

Apropos to Mr. Fordyce, here is a passage ridiculously applicable to him, that I met with yesterday in the Letters of Guy Patin[2]: 'Il n'y a pas long-temps qu'un auditeur des comptes nommé Mons. Nivelle fit banqueroute; et tout fraîchement, c'est-à-dire depuis trois jours, un trésorier des parties casuelles, nommé Sanson, en a fait autant; et

Letter 1411.—[1] Alexander Fordyce (d. 1789), partner in the firm of Neale, James, Fordyce, and Down. They stopped payment on June 10, 1772. Their failure was followed by that of many other firms, both in England and Scotland.

[2] Gui Patin (1601–1672), physician and author of poetical and literary *Letters* first published in 1718.

pour vous montrer qu'il est vrai que *res humanæ faciunt circulum*, comme il a été autrefois dit par Plato et par Aristote, celui-là s'en retourne d'où il vient. Il est fils d'un paysan; il a été laquais de son premier métier, et aujourd'hui il n'est plus rien, sinon qu'il lui reste une assez belle femme[3].'—I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Aristotle, though he wrote about everything, a parallel case to Charles Fox: there are advertised to be sold more annuities of his and his society, to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds a year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has sold the estates of all his friends!

I have been reading the most delightful book in the world, the *Lives of Leland, Tom Hearne, and Antony Wood*. The last's diary makes a thick volume in octavo. One entry is, 'This day old Joan began to make my bed.' In the story of Leland is an examination of a Freemason, written by the hand of King Henry VI, with notes by Mr. Locke. Freemasonry, Henry VI, and Locke, make a strange heterogeneous olio; but that is not all. The respondent, who defends the mystery of masonry, says it was brought into Europe by the Venetians—he means the Phœnicians.—And who do you think propagated it? Why, one Peter Gore.—And who do you think that was?—One Pythagoras, Pythagore.—I do not know whether it is not still more extraordinary, that this and the rest of the nonsense in that account made Mr. Locke determine to be a Freemason: so would I too, if I could expect to hear of more Peter Gores.

Pray tell Lady Lyttelton that I say she will certainly kill herself if she lets Lady Ailesbury drag her twice a day to feed the pheasants, and you make her climb cliffs and

[3] Fordyce married in 1770 Lady Margaret Lindsay (d. 1814), second daughter of fifth Earl of Balcarres. She married secondly (in 1812) Sir James Bland-Burges.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

1413. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1772.

It is true, you had forgot the list of maps, but I have received them in your postscript to-day, and as I shall be in London to-morrow, I will give my bookseller orders about them.

I am very sorry you are so little pleased with your nephew. He certainly did not like the knighthood, but was very desirous of pleasing *you*; and the less he tasted it, the more I think you are obliged to him. I have already told you how much I was charmed with his behaviour; and to say the truth, if he had not been your brother's nephew too, I believe we both should have had little cause to be dissatisfied with him. Your brother and I just got upon the foot I could have wished: he takes all methods to avoid seeing me; but is otherwise very civil—and so it shall remain for me.

Will you believe, in Italy, that one rascally and extravagant banker had brought Britannia, Queen of the Indies, to the precipice of bankruptcy! It is very true, and Fordyce is the name of the caitiff. He has broke half the bankers, and was very willing to have added our friend Mr. Croft to the list; but he begged to be excused lending him a farthing. He went on the same errand to an old Quaker; who said, 'Friend Fordyce, I have known several persons ruined by *two dice*; but I will not be ruined by *Four dice*.'

As the fellow is a Scotchman, and as the Scots have given provocation even to the Bank of England, by circulating vast quantities of their own bank's notes, all the clamour against that country is revived, and the war is carried very far, at least in the newspapers. This uproar

has given spirits, too, to the popular party in the City, who are recovering some of the ground they had lost, and will beat the court in the election of sheriffs, which I think was to be decided this morning: but, to say the truth, I know little either of this matter, or of the history of the bankers. Nay, I am not more *au fait* of Poland, where, they say, their Imperial Russian and Prussian Majesties are going to make the royalty hereditary in the present King's person and family, by dividing his dominions amongst themselves. It is very kind, for as his relations were never born to crowns, they might, no more than he, know how to wear a very heavy one. But what do you say to the affronts offered to France, where this partition treaty was not even notified? How that formidable monarchy is fallen, debased! It gives *us* brave time for playing the fool.

And so all the Pope's subterfuges cannot save the Jesuits! Methinks I wish the King of Spain would insist on *our* dismissing our black militia too. The peace between the Russians and Turks seems to be made, but I have never thought of that war, since I found that Constantinople was not to be taken. You know I do not love piddling politics. Nothing but a vast revolution could revive my taste for them. Indeed, Denmark is pretty well: Poland pretty well,—but can one care whether some thousand acres of Tartary, more or less, belong to the Grand Signior or the Czarina? Good night.

3rd.

Four more bankers are broken; and two men ruined by these failures (which are computed to amount to four millions) shot themselves the day before yesterday! It is now thought that Fordyce only advanced the crash, and that it would have happened without his interference, for the Scotch bankers have been pursuing so deep a game by remitting bills and drawing cash from hence, that the

Bank of England has been alarmed, and was not sorry to seize this opportunity of putting an end to so pernicious a traffic. In short, it has given a great shock to credit, and it will require some time to re-establish it.

1414. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, July 6, 1772.

It is with great pleasure, dear Sir, I see the time approach of making you my visit. The first of August I shall begin my progress, or very near that day: but, as I do not travel on maccaronic-wings, it is uncertain how long I shall be before I reach Aston; but you shall know before, that I may not keep you waiting. You must be so good as to tell me my road, and if there is anything in my way worth stopping to see—I mean literally to *see*—for I do not love *guessing* whether a bump in the ground is Danish, British, or Saxon. Give me leave to consult you too on the rest of my journey. From you I shall go to Lord Strafford, and thence wish to make excursions to York, Beverly, Castle Howard, and Mr. Aislabie's[1]. Will you draw me a map, and mark the distances? Consider I am lazy, and not young; and do not weigh what can be done, but what I can do.

Mr. Stonhewer has not returned me the book, and unwilling to hurry him, I have forborne to send for it; if you write to him, will you mention it? I have printed *King Edward's Letters*, and will bring you a copy. I have since begun a kind of *Desiderata Curiosa*[2], and intend to publish it in numbers, as I get materials; it is to be an Hospital of Foundlings; and though I shall not take in all that offer,

Letter 1414.—[1] Studley Royal, near Ripon, the seat of William Aislabie (d. 1781), M.P. for Ripon.

[2] Published under the title of *Miscellaneous Antiquities*. Only two numbers appeared.

there will be no inquiry into the nobility of the parents; nor shall I care how heterogeneous the brats are.

Mr. Cole tells me Dr. Brown has given him a print of Mr. Gray, and that it is very like, which rejoices me, and makes me more impatient for one.

I have a visitor just come in; you will lose nothing by it, for I do not know a syllable worth telling you,

And am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1415. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1772.

I sent you last week by the Cambridge Fly, that puts up in Gray's Inn Lane, six copies of *K. Edward's Letters*, but fear I forgot to direct their being left at Mr. Bentham's, by which neglect perhaps you have not yet got them; so that I have been very blamable, while I thought I was very expeditious; and it was not till reading your letter again just now that I discovered my carelessness. I have not heard of Dr. Glynn and Co.: but the housekeeper has orders to receive them.

I thank you a thousand times for the Maltese notes, which I have given to the gentleman; and for the Wyattiana: I am going to work on the latter.

I have not yet seen Mr. Gray's print, but I am glad it is so like. I expected Mr. Mason would have sent me one early; but I suppose he keeps it for me, as I shall call on him in my way to Lord Strafford's.

Mr. West[1], one of our brother antiquaries, is dead. He had a very curious collection of old pictures, English coins,

LETTER 1415.—[1] James West, M.P. for Boroughbridge, sometime Secretary to the Treasury.

English prints, and MSS., but he was so rich, that I take for granted nothing will be sold. I could wish for his family-pictures of Henry V and Henry VIII.

Foote, in his new comedy of *The Nabob*, has lashed Master Doctor Milles and our Society [2] very deservedly for the nonsensical discussion they had this winter about Whittington and his cat—I am not sorry for it: few of them are fit for anything better than such researches.

Poor Mr. Granger has been very ill, but is almost recovered; I intend to invite him to meet you in September. It is a party I shall be very impatient for; you know how sincerely I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. Pray tell me who the *Cardinal* was. whose lectures. Ant. Wood says, Sir T. Wyat went to Oxford to hear. In my edition the column is 56; not 51, as in your letter. I have not Hearne's Langtoft: if there is any fact in Hearne's notes relating to Sir Thomas, be so good as to transcribe it.

1416. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1772.

I answer your letter, as you bid me, the moment I receive it, though I can scarce write for laughing at Alma Mater and her nurslings. I thank you a thousand times for so inestimable a present: I do not know where Lord R.[1] could

[2] The Society of Antiquaries.

Letter 1416.—[1] The Marquis of Rockingham, from whom Horace Walpole acquired the silver bell by Benvenuto Cellini.

get another bell that would purchase it. It makes me very impatient to see the new poem that is cast in the same mint.

You have chalked me out a noble route, but I have not courage to undertake so mighty a compass at once. I must besides be at Lord Strafford's earlier than such a tour would allow. I shall, therefore, set out on the third, go directly to him, and wait on you afterwards, which will be soon after your return from York. A bad inn terrifies me more than any antiquity of art or nature can invite me, and I have no taste for crossing washes and rivers: one should look so silly to be drowned at my age, and to be asked by Charon, *Qu'avois-tu à faire dans cette galère?* I can pick up a few sights in a detached manner from Lord Strafford's, and the remainder I will consult with you at Aston.

Thank you for the account of the picture painted by Lambert[2]. The print of Mr. Gray is the print of Mr. Mason, that is, either Mr. Cole named one for the other, or I misunderstood him; one of those you was so good as to give me is framed, and installed in the chamber where I am writing; it is the blue room, where hang Mad. du Deffand, Grammont, and Hamilton, company that will tell you the value I set on your portrait.

I shall bring you a copy of *King Edward's Letters*, and I hope my edition of Grammont[3], if I can get Hamilton's print from the engraver; by that time too I shall have the first number of my *Miscellaneous Antiquities* ready. The first essay is only a republication of some tilts and tournaments. I have been at work on Sir Thomas Wyat's life, to prefix to his speech and letters, but it is not yet finished,

[2] Perhaps George Lambert (1710–1765), a landscape and scene painter.

[3] The *Mémoires de Grammont*, printed at Strawberry Hill in 1772; dedicated to Madame du Deffand, with notes by Horace Walpole.

so if you know anything more about him than is in Gray's papers, and in Leland, and our old biographers, I shall have ample room for it. Would it not be a pity to have so industrious a Caxton drowned? Mr. Cole has told me of somebody else, I forgot who it is, that is going to republish old historians *à la* Hearne. This taste of digging up antiquated relics flourishes abundantly, unless Foote's last new piece blows us up. He has introduced the Learned Society in Chancery Lane, sitting, as they really did, on Whittington and his cat; and as I do not love to be answerable for any fooleries but my own, I think I shall scratch my name out of their books. Oxford has lately contributed to the mass the *Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood.* In the latter's journal one of the most important entries is, 'This day old Joan began to make my bed.' What a figure will this our Augustan age make; Garrick's prologues, epilogues, and verses, Sir W. Chambers's *Gardening*, Dr. Nowel's[4] sermon, Whittington and his cat, Sir John Dalrymple's[5] History, and the life of Henry II[6]! What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! ungrateful Shebbear! indolent Smollett! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences are encouraged and rewarded. Guthrie buried his mighty genius in a review, and Mallet died of the first effusions of

[4] Dr. Thomas Nowell (1730–1801), Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford. On Jan. 30, 1772 (the anniversary of the execution of Charles I), Dr. Nowell preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster, before the Speaker and several members of the House of Commons. In the sermon 'George III was compared to Charles I, the existing House was likened to the opponents of Charles, and the grievances of the subjects of both monarchs were declared illusory' (*D.N.B.*). A vote of thanks to the preacher passed on Jan. 31. On Feb. 21, however, Thomas Townshend suggested that the sermon should be burned by the hangman, and on Feb. 25 the entry of thanks was expunged without a division.

[5] Sir John Dalrymple (1726–1810) fourth Baronet; in 1771 he published *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland from the Dissolution of the last Parliament of Charles II until the Sea Battle of La Hogue.*

[6] By Lord Lyttelton.

his loyalty. The retrospect makes one melancholy, but *Ossian* has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an epic poem. Adieu ! dear Sir.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1417. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1772.

I ought, I know, to have acknowledged sooner a letter of yours with very particular and kind advice, but I have waited to tell you that I have received the *cassolette* of Benvenuto Cellini, and in hopes of having something to fill a letter; but Benvenuto is still performing quarantine, and nothing has happened worth repeating; so, lest the delay should make you apprehend for the safety of your letter, I will no longer neglect to thank you for it, though I can no farther follow your advice than to be entirely a cipher in the affair. The part I have acted was dictated by the most scrupulous honour. I cannot repent it. I will not offer to atone for it. I may be hated, but I will not deserve to be despised. Honours I never sought; money I never valued; and if I did, I have what to my moderate wishes will always seem riches; and, what is more than all, I am fifty-five; is that an age to care for favour, or fear frowns?

I have executed your commission, but not at all in a way to satisfy me. The size of the maps you have fixed on is too small: there are none good that are not larger. I should be ashamed to send those I have got. For accounts of them, I do not know what to say more than maps say of themselves. Still I begged Mr. Conway, who is a great geographer, to assist me. He knows a General Loyd, still more an adept, and wrote to him for his assistance, but this person is out of town; so I will wait for farther directions. As to the price, unless the commission is

extended, the maps that answer the orders will come but to a parcel of shillings. Let me know farther, and you shall be punctually obeyed—but foreigners not understanding this country give strange commissions. Everything is to be had here for money; but Italians have little idea how dearly, and therefore I would not exceed without particular allowance. I shall give you, my dear Sir, some commissions in my turn. I want a print of the Pretender's new wife, if there is one, and of him, if a recent one. I much want Patch's caricatures that were added to his Masaccio, and a book of 150 views by one Mr. Stephens. I saw them at Lord Ossory's lately, who says the man is mad, and was much at your house. It is chiefly his head prefixed to them that I wish for, as I am indefatigable in collecting English portraits.

On reading your letter over again, I must say one word more in answer to it. I did make a very proper excuse for my absence, and have rather reason to think it was not disapproved. It remains no longer with me—nor is it come to my turn, while another, who has a much stronger right, has received no attention. No, my dear Sir, you must allow me to sit with my arms folded and my mouth shut.

We have had the only perfect summer I ever remember; hot, fine, and still very warm, without a drop of rain. Our verdure suffers, and so do the poor cows, but I have fretted over so many deluges, that I cannot help enjoying these halcyon days. They are indeed, in all senses, halcyon. Not a cloud even in the political sky, except a caprice of Lord Hillsborough, who is to quit his American Seals, because he will not reconcile himself to a plan of settlement on the Ohio[1], which all the world approves; but I should

LETTER 1417. — [1] A number of gentlemen, headed by Thomas Walpole (first cousin of Horace Walpole), wished to purchase and develop Crown lands on the Ohio.

think this exit will terminate in a single alteration, and that Lord Weymouth will return to the Cabinet.

I am going for a fortnight or three weeks into Yorkshire, and hope by my return to find your positive directions about the maps, and Benvenuto in Arlington Street.

1418. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1772.

I am anew obliged to you, as I am perpetually, for the notice you give me of another intended publication against me in the *Archæologia*, or Old Women's Logic. By your account, the author will add much credit to their Society! For my part, I shall take no notice of any of his *handicrafts*. However, as there seems to be a willingness to carp at me, and as gnats may on a sudden provoke one to give a slap, I choose to be at liberty to say what I think of the learned Society, and therefore have taken leave of them, having so good an occasion presented as their council on Whittington and his cat, and the ridicule that Foote has thrown on them. They are welcome to say anything on my writings, but that they are the works of a Fellow of so foolish a Society.

I am at work on the Life of Sir Thomas Wyat, but it does not please me, nor will it be entertaining, though you have contributed so many materials towards it. You must take one trouble more: it is to inquire and search for a book that I want extremely to see. It is called *The Pilgrim*, was written by William Thomas[1], who was executed in Q. Mary's time, but the book was printed under, and dedicated to, Edward VI. I have only an imperfect

Letter 1418.—[1] William Thomas (beheaded for treason in 1554), Clerk of the Council to Edward VI, and compiler of an Italian grammar and dictionary. *The Pilgrim*, which consists of a defence of Henry VIII, was published abroad in Italian in 1552.

memorandum of it, and cannot possibly recall to mind from whence I made it. All I think I remember is, that the book was in the King's library. I have sent to the Museum to inquire after it: but I cannot find it mentioned in Ames's *History of English Printers*. Be so good as to ask all your antiquarian friends if they know such a work.

Amidst all your kindness, you have added one very disagreeable paragraph—I mean, your doubt about coming hither in September. Fear of a sore throat would be a reason for your never coming. It is one of the distempers in the world the least to be foreseen, and September, a dry month, one of the least likely months to bring it. I do not like your recurring to so very ill-founded an excuse, and positively will not accept it, unless you wish I should not be so much as I am,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1419. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Saturday, 8 in the evening of your public day.

Solitude of solitudes! all is solitude. I am justly punished, Madam, for leaving the most agreeable place in the world [1], and two and a half persons for whom I have the greatest regard, to come to a place where grass would grow in the streets, if this summer it would grow anywhere. Even Lady Hertford is gone, and I suppose my Lady Townshend is on the wing. The former, I conclude, is at Wakefield races, for she does not return till Monday. In

Letter 1419.—Misplaced by C. amongst letters of January 1777. (See *Notes and Queries*, July 7, 1900.)

[1] Ampthill.

short, I have repacked up my nightcap, and am hurrying to Strawberry, only staying to do you justice on myself, and sign my confession. I was as unlucky at Luton; I sent in a memorial, begging only to see the chapel – the lord was not at home, and admittance was denied.

As I do not take the *St. James's Evening Post*, nor think my own works worth twopence, pray send me, if there appears, any answer to Jocasta.

On my table I found a deprecation from the Secretary of the Antiquaries[2], but I intend to be obdurate. Having antiquarian follies enough of my own, I cannot participate of Whittington and his cat.

You may believe, Madam, that I cannot have heard any news, having seen no soul but my maid Mary. A million of thanks for all your goodness to me; I do not deserve it, and I would blush at it, if that was not too common a sacrifice with me to merit being laid on your altar.

NOBLE JEFFERY,

A POEM IN THE PRIMITIVE STYLE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE LADY ANNE, COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,

BY THOMAS TRUEMAN, GENT.

Jeffery was a noble wight,
I will tell you all his story;
It may chance to please you much,
If it happens not to bore ye.

He was not extremely rich,
Though his birth was very great;
Yet he did for nothing want,
When he got a good estate.

[2] Horace Walpole had recently left the Society. See letter to Cole of July 28, 1772.

Of good manners he the pink was,
And so humble with the great,
That he always stood uncover'd
But when he put on his hat.

To his servants he was gentle,
After his good father's fashion,
And was never known to scold
But when he was in a passion.

Bacchus was our hero's idol;
And, my Lady, would you think it?
He, to show his taste in wine,
Thought the best way was to drink it.

Galen's sons he seldom dealt with,
Having neither gout nor phthisic,
Nor evacuations used
But when he had taken physic.

More for pastime than for lucre
Cards and dice would Jeffery use;
Nor at either was unlucky,
Unless it was his chance to lose.

A beautiful and virtuous lady
Crown'd the bliss of Jeffery's life;
And when he became her spouse,
She also became his wife.

Five short years with her he pass'd:
Had it been as much again,
As she brought him children five,
Perhaps she might have brought him ten.

Jeffery was extremely comely,
Made exactly to a T;
And no doubt had had no equal,
Had there been no men but he.

Great and various were his talents;
He could speak and could compose;
And in verse had often written,
But that he always wrote in prose.

In music few excell'd our Jeffery;
No man had a lighter finger;
And if he had but had a voice,
He would have made a charming singer.

In optics Jeffery had great knowledge,
And could prove as clear as light
That all diseases of the eyes
Are very hurtful to the sight.

Jeffery's nurse had told his fortune;
And it happen'd, as said she,
That he would expire at land,
If he did not die at sea.

At land he died the very day
On which deceas'd his loving wife:
And more I know, the day he died
Was the last day of all his life.

JEFFERY'S EPITAPH.

Here Jeffery lies, who all the dead surviv'd,
And ne'er had died if he had never liv'd.

1420. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 3, 1772.

Can I help writing to you, my dear Sir, though I wrote but the other day? Benvenuto Cellini[1] is this moment arrived, but so fine, so beautiful, so Raffaelesque, that I am charmed and ashamed; all gratitude and confusion. Is this what you called an old battered *meuble*? It is in perfect preservation, and every god and goddess as celestial as if just dropped from heaven. You are too good and too magnificent: all I can do is to dedicate your offering in the chapel at Strawberry, which, by the way, is full of your

Letter 1420. — [1] 'A fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, the top from Raphael's Judgement of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe; a present from Sir Horace Mann.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill*, p. 499.)

presents. Your Caligula, your Castiglione[2], your Bianca Capello, your &c., &c. I wonder I have not a red face with blushing—and then when I reflect that you have been mortified on my account[3]!—but at least I was innocent of the guilt, and resent it as much as possible. I cannot say more without being understood by others; but knowing my unalterable friendship for you, you may be sure I shall never forget what happened.

I chanced to be in town to-day, as I set out to-morrow to make a visit to Lord Strafford in Yorkshire, a very old friend too; for my old friends must give me great provocation before I change. To say the truth, I had almost despaired of Benvenuto—however, he was brought by a chairman from the Hôtel de ——. *Et voilà tout.* So much the better.

The most ancient of our acquaintance is dead at last, the Princess Craon. She has been sitting ready-dressed for death for some years. I mean, she was always full-dressed, and did nothing, nor saw anybody; but now and then one of her old children or grandchildren.

The crack in credit is not stopped: two more persons broke last week; the lesser for two hundred and forty thousand pounds. There are some great Scotch lords in violent danger of becoming *de très petits seigneurs.*

In Denmark there seems to be another scene to come. Rantzau, the active and ostensible chief of the revolution, is sent away with a pension. The principal governors are not known, which implies insecurity, unless, as I believe, the Prussian is the soul of the conspiracy. The Queen enjoys herself in Hanover: her sister of Brunswick has made her a visit. Shall you wonder if the Queen reappears in Copenhagen?

[2] 'Tobit burying the Dead,' a picture by Benedetto Castiglione.

[3] 'Nor was I pleased with the Duke of Gloucester, who had recently mortified my particular friend, Sir Horace Mann, Resident at Florence, by unmerited slights.' (*Last Journals*, May 1772, vol. i. p. 98.)

We have had and have the *summerest* summer that I have known these hundred years. We had really begun to fancy that some comet had brushed us a little out of the sun's way.

Once more accept my thanks: I never can give you enough, and yet I can never be more than I always have been, yours most affectionately.

1421. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear George, York, Aug. 12, 1772.

I love to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commending Castle Howard[1]? for though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpledy horn, that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack's grandfather built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious woods, and Lord Strafford alone had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody, no, not *votre partialite*, as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, Vanbrugh

Letter 1421.—Collated with copy of original in possession of Mr. R. B. Adam.

[1] George Selwyn had a great regard for the fifth Lord Carlisle, the then owner of Castle Howard.

has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully remitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and, except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonized with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall, I must beg, when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phaeton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half-way back hither:

> Carlisle, expunge the form of Phaeton:
> Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
> For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son.

Oh, George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almack's; be admitted, *ad eundem*, among the Muses; and save every doit to lay out in making a Helicon, and finishing my palace.

I found *my* Lord Northampton[2]: his name is on his picture, though they showed me his nephew Suffolk's[3] portrait, who was much fatter, for his. There is a delicious whole-length of Queen Mary, with all her folly in her face and her hand, and a thousand other things, which I long to talk over with you. When you write to Spa, pray thank Lord Carlisle for the great civilities I received there. The housekeeper showed me and told me everything, and even was so kind as to fetch Rosette a bason of water, which completed the conquest of my heart. Wine I was offered, and fruit was heaped on me, and even dinner was tendered; in short, I never passed a day more to my content. I only wanted you, and I should have been as happy as I was at

[2] Henry Howard (1540-1614), Earl of Northampton.

[3] Thomas Howard (1561–1626), first Earl of Suffolk.

Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle
From a painting by George Romney

Sceaux[4]; you know my ecstasies when I am really pleased. By the end of next week I shall be in town, and hope to find you there, that I may satisfy both ourselves with larger details.

When I mentioned the attentions paid to me, I am ungrateful to forget the sun, who was complaisance itself, shone all day, gilt an hundred haycocks that were spread over the great lawn, and illuminated the mausoleum during my dinner. And now, will you tell me that Lord Carlisle is not nearer related to him than some folks thought? Let me tell you, this is much better authenticated than his Lordship's priority to Howard of Corbie, in which you are mistaken, and so good night.

Yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1422. To the Rev. William Mason.

Aug. 24, 1772.

I should be very ungrateful, dear Sir, after all your goodness to me, particularly for your kind request in asking an account of my journey, if I did not immediately thank you for all your favours. My journey was as agreeable as it could be after leaving so pleasant a place and such good company, and was attended by no accident, except an escape from being drowned in a torrent of whores and apprentices at Barnet races. I passed through Clumber and Thoresby Parks, and saw no one temptation to stop in either. Strawberry I found parched to the bone. It has rained for three days since, which has only brought down bushels of dead leaves, and advanced autumn without its change of hues. To make me amends, I found my new bedchamber finished,

[4] See letter to Mme. du Deffand of Jan. 27, 1775, where Walpole's delight on visiting the château of Sceaux (the former residence of the Duchesse du Maine) is mentioned.

and it is so charming that I have lost all envy of Castle Howard. The bed would become Cleopatra on the Cydnus, or Venus if she was not past Cupid-bearing. In truth, I fear I must call it Sardanapalus's, who Margaret may, without breach of veracity, assure strangers lived still longer ago than the Goths.

Pray remember what I am going to tell you against you find yourself *en chapitre*. Your church of York enjoys an estate given by Queen Philippa on the burial of her son William of Hatfield, and yet you have the conscience to let the poor Prince's tomb be tossed about without a yard of earth it can call its own[1]! My compliments to Mr. Alderson, to *Argentile and Curan*[2], &c.; nay, to the old woman's picture if you insist upon it.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

Arlington Street.

I happened to come hither to-day on business, and find Dr. Brown has called twice, and left me in his own and your names a Goa-stone[3] and a blood-stone seal, which both belonged to Mr. Gray. You know how really I shall value them, and I thank you very much, but I am greatly distressed how to thank Dr. Brown. He has not left a direction where he lodges, and I am impatient to express how much I am obliged, of which I will beg you, dear Sir, to bear witness: I certainly would not neglect waiting on him directly, if I knew where to find him. If I do not, I will write to Cambridge.

Letter 1422.—[1] Prince William of Hatfield (d. 1344), second son of Edward III. His effigy appears to have been placed in its present position in the north aisle of York Minster through the exertions of Mason and Walpole.

[2] A play, of which the story is given in Percy's *Reliques*.

[3] 'A fever-medicine . . . consisting of various drugs made up in the form of a hard ball, from which a portion was scraped as required.' (*N.E.D.*)

1423. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1772.

I thank you for your notices, dear Sir, and will deliver you from the trouble of any further pursuit of the *Peleryne* of Thomas: I have discovered him among the Cottonian MSS. in the Museum, and am to see him.

If Dr. Brown is returned to Cambridge, may I beg you to give him a thousand thanks for a present he left for me at my house, a Goa-stone and a seal, that belonged to Mr. Gray? I shall lay them up in my cabinet at Strawberry among my most valuables. Dr. Brown, however, was not quite kind to me, for he left no direction where I might find him in town, so that I could not wait on him, nor invite him to Strawberry Hill, as I much wished to do.

Do not these words *invite him to Strawberry* make your ears tingle? September is at hand, and you must have no sore throat. The new chapel in the garden is almost finished, and you must come to the dedication.

I have seen Lincoln and York, and, to say the truth, prefer the former in some respects. In truth, I was scandalized in the latter. William of Hatfield's tomb and figure is thrown aside into a hole; and yet the Chapter possess an estate that his mother gave them. I have charged Mr. Mason with my anathema, unless they do justice. I saw Roche Abbey[1], too, which is hid in such a venerable chasm, that you might lie concealed there even from a 'squire-parson of the parish. Lord Scarborough, to whom it belongs, and who lives at next door, neglects it as much as if he was afraid of ghosts. I believe Montesino's cave lay in just such a solemn thicket, which is now so overgrown that, when one finds the spot, one can scarce find the ruins.

Letter 1423.—[1] Near Rotherham, in Yorkshire.

I forgot to tell you that in the screen of York Minster there are most curious statues of the kings of England, from the Conqueror to Henry VI, very singular, evidently by two different hands, the one better than the other, and most of them, I am persuaded, very authentic; Richard II, Henry III, and Henry V, I am sure are; and Henry IV, though unlike the common portrait at Hampton Court[2], in Herefordshire, the most singular and villainous countenance I ever saw. I intend to try to get them well engraved. That old fool, James I, is crowded in, in the place of Henry 6th, that was taken away to make room for this piece of flattery—for the Chapter did not slight live princes.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1424. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 28, 1772.

Your repentance is much more agreeable than your sin, and will cancel it whenever you please. Still I have a fellow-feeling for the indolence of age, and have myself been writing an excuse this instant for not accepting an invitation above threescore miles off. One's limbs, when they grow old, will not go anywhere when they do not like it. If yours should find themselves in a more pliant humour, you are always sure of being welcome here, let the fit of motion come when it will.

Pray what is become of that figure you mention of Henry VII[1], which the destroyers, not the builders, have rejected? and which the antiquaries, who know a man by

[2] Near Leominster, in Herefordshire, formerly the seat of the Coningsbys, and at this time in possession of their representative, Lady Frances Hanbury-Williams.

Letter 1424.—[1] A statuette found in one of the chapels of Ely Cathedral. Cole and other experts came to the conclusion that it represented Henry VII, but the Society of Antiquaries disagreed with them.

his crown better than by his face, have rejected likewise? The latter put me in mind of characters in comedies, in which a woman disguised in a man's habit, and whose features her very lover does not know, is immediately acknowledged by pulling off her hat, and letting down her hair, which her lover had never seen before. I should be glad to ask Dr. Milles if he thinks the crown of England was always made, like a quart pot, by Winchester measure? If Mr. Tyson has made a print from that little statue, I trust he will give me one; and if he, or Mr. Essex, or both, will accompany you hither, I shall be glad to see them.

At Buckden, in the Bishop's palace, I saw a print of Mrs. Newcome[2], I suppose the late mistress of St. John's. Can you tell me where I can procure one? Mind, I insist that you do not serve me as you have often done, and send me your own, if you have one—I seriously will not accept it, nor ever trust you again. On the staircase, in the same palace, there is a picture of two young men, in the manner of Vandyck, not at all ill done; do you know who they are, or does anybody? There is a worse picture in a large room, of some lads, which, too, the housemaid did not know[3]. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1425. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1772.

Your letter arrived just time enough, my dear Sir, for me to deliver the maps I had got to Sir William Hamilton, who

[2] The wife of John Newcome, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Dean of Rochester. She wrote *An Enquiry into the Evidences of the Christian Religion.*

[3] 'The picture on the staircase of two young men, after the manner of Vandyck, is of a Duke of Florence and his Secretary. The other, in a large room, of some lads, and damaged, belongs to the family of Howard, Earl of Stafford, the popish family.' (Cole to Walpole, Oct. 3, 1772.)

is on the point of returning to Naples, and as you do not expect soon the person they are designed for, they will arrive early enough. Some of them are not in excellent condition, but they are the best I could get of the size prescribed.

How can you speak so slightly of the fine chest of Benvenuto? It is most beautiful, and fitted up in the prettiest manner; nor do I at all perceive ill usage in it. Mr. Chute, who is here, is delighted with it; and the more, in that the top is copied from a most scarce print after Raphael, by Marc Antonio, which Stosch procured for him, and which is different from three others. The chest is deposited in a new glazed closet in a sumptuous state bedchamber, which was finished but to-day, and which completes my house. I must terminate it, for I have at last exhausted all my hoards and collections: and such a quantity of things were scarce ever amassed together!

It has been said in our newspapers that the Cardinal of York was dead; but your silence makes me conclude it is not true, which is probable too by its being in our papers, for they are absolutely nothing but magazines of lies, blunders, scandal, virulence, and absurdity. Of true news we have none at all at present. This very brief epistle must, therefore, set out, ill provided as it is. Wars in Poland are out of our reach, and the Turkish war or peace is like a Chancery suit, of which one just hears once in a term, and then it goes to sleep again. Common, small events, like fine ornaments at a great height, will not do for so great a distance as we stand at.

1426. To the Duchess of Gloucester.

Having long known, Madam, that your understanding is as good as your heart is excellent, I must believe that you have not changed a plan of conduct which I thought so right[1] without having still stronger reasons for what you have done. I am very happy to hear that, though forced to act impartially, his Majesty has softened his justice with kindness. It must be my prayer, as well as expectation, that your virtues will reconcile the King to you and ease his Royal Highness's mind of the only pang which, I flatter myself, you will ever occasion to him.

My wish is to pay my duty to you, Madam, immediately, and to the Duke, if I might be allowed that honour; but as I think that would be too great a liberty to take without his Royal Highness's permission, I must hope that the kind familiarity which you still show me, Madam, and which I burn to return, but restrain from a proper respect, will prescribe the conduct to me which his Royal Highness and you choose I should observe, and which may best express the regard with which I am his and your

Royal Highness's
Most faithful and most obedient
Humble servant,
Horace Walpole.

1427. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1772.

I am ashamed of having been so awkward about the direction, but in good truth I did not think it was necessary

Letter 1426. — Not in C.; reprinted from Horace Walpole's *Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 135-6.

[1] The Duke of Gloucester formally notified his marriage to the King on Sept. 16, 1772—the day preceding that on which this letter was written.

to specify what market-town of Parnassus you lived near. For the future, I will remember that a letter to Governor Macdregs at Muxaduvad would in this age find its way better than to Virgil, if he was living at Hampstead. I shall go to town next week, and will consign Gray's letters, as you order, to Mr. Fraser[1]. I need not say that there are several things you will find it necessary to omit, and indeed, though to any one that knew him and me they would be charming, I question whether you will find more than a very few proper for the public taste. That same public taste is the taste of the public, and it is a prodigious quantity of no tastes, generally governed by some very bad taste, that goes to the composition of a public: and it is much better to give them nothing, than what they do not comprehend and which they consequently misunderstand, because they will think they comprehend, and which, therefore, must mistake. I do not know whether it is not best that good writings should appear very late, for they who by being nearest in time are nearest to understanding them, are also nearest to misapprehending. At a distant period such writings are totally dark to most, but are clear to the only few that one should wish to enjoy them. It must be a comfort to great authors to reflect that in time they will be little read but by good judges.

Thank you for the new couplet. I have repeated it to myself forty times, and laughed as often; it is at least as good as any of the rest. The papers, alas! will tell you that I am doomed to sojourn in Egypt, and must call cousins with Colonel Luttrell, who thinks it

> The sweetest of all earthly things,
> To live with princes and to talk of kings[2]!

LETTER 1427.—[1] Under-Secretary of State for the Northern Province.

[2] Alluding to the marriage of

Not that I am removing to the palace neither. No, I hear the Five Mile Act is drawing up against us too[3], but I have a strange sang-froid, and bear my honours and disgraces with equal temper: yet the former are showered upon me. But this very day, Mr. Garrick, who had dropped me these three years, has been here by his own request, and told Mr. Raftor how happy he was at the reconciliation. I did not know we had quarrelled, and so omitted being happy too. He would not have been so much diverted as I was the other day, I believe. Mr. Granger lent me a book, called *Sketches and Characters of the most Eminent and Singular Persons now Living*, printed a year or two ago. My brother is mentioned, and said to be the only *surviving* son of a late great minister. I was charmed with finding that though I have so often played the fool, I am still so fortunate as to be thought dead and gone. I will take care not to undeceive the kind person, who scorns to disturb my ashes. Apropos to Mr. Granger, he is dying to have your print, and swears as much as he loves a print of anybody only because it is a print of somebody, that he shall value yours for your own sake, and because he admires you infinitely. He has promised me an unique print, in return, of King Charles the First's chimney-sweeper, and I am sure you will not prevent my collection from being enriched with such a curiosity.

You are perfectly indifferent I hope about the revolution in Sweden[4], and do not care whether the poor people are to be slaves to the King or House of Lords.

I intend to make a list of all that are going to shun me in public and squeeze my hand in private, assuring me how

Colonel Luttrell's sister to the Duke of Cumberland.

[3] The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were forbidden to appear at court, and Horace Walpole chose to stay away also.

[4] Gustavus III of Sweden had taken the whole administrative power, including that of taxation, into his own hands.

excessively glad they are of my niece's good fortune; and of all that will *not* squeeze my hand till they see me at St. James's again, and then pinch half my fingers off with protestations of their joy. I have gone through all this farce in the former part of my life, therefore the repetition will divert me the more. When my father fell, the good Bishop of Carlisle [5], my old friend, came to condole with me, and to express his fears that we should all go to the Tower, though he could scarce contain his button-mouth from smiling. Even then I had the happy carelessness to be indifferent to what was passing, and it grievously offended Sir John Barnard. I was sitting under him in the House of Commons: somebody asked me if I would go to Vauxhall one day in the next week—'Vauxhall,' said I, 'bless me—*we* are all going to Siberia.' Well! one can't help it if one's niece Dolgoruchi marries the Czar, but at least one is not liable to have the knout, if there is a change of decoration. I am not at all desirous that Kirgate [6] my printer should, as no doubt he would, say like Caxton of Earl Tiptoft (I had rather it had been Earl Rivers for the royal marriage sake [7]), 'O good blessed Lord God! what grete losse was it of that noble, vertuous, and well disposed Lord! The axe then did at one blow cut off more learning, than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility.'—I hope he would except my Lord Chancellor [8], my Lord Rochford, and the Bishop of London [9].

[5] Charles Lyttelton; d. 1768.

[6] Thomas Kirgate, Horace Walpole's printer and secretary.

[7] Rivers was brother of Elizabeth Wydvill, wife of Edward IV.

[8] Henry Bathurst, Lord Apsley.

[9] Richard Terrick.

1428. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1772.

There is an end of palliating, suppressing, or disbelieving: the marriage (my niece's marriage) is formally notified to the King by the Duke of Gloucester. Many symptoms had convinced me of late that so it would be. Last Wednesday night I received a letter signed *Maria Gloucester*, acquainting me the declaration had been made, and been received by his Majesty with grief, tenderness, and justice. I say justice, *tout oncle* as I am, for it would have been very unjust to the Duke of Cumberland to have made any other distinction between two brothers equally in fault, than what affection without overt acts cannot help making. This implies that the Duke of Gloucester must undergo the same prohibition as his brother did, which I am told is to be the case, though the step is not yet taken.

Having acted so rigorously while I could have any doubt of any sort left, it was but decent now to show that respect, nay gratitude, for so great an honour done to the family, which was due to the Prince, and still more to his honour and justice. I accordingly begged the Duchess to ask leave for me to kiss his Royal Highness's hand, which was immediately granted. I went directly to the Pavilions at Hampton Court, where they were, and the Duke received me with great goodness, even drawing an arm-chair for me himself when I refused to continue sitting by the Duchess, or even to sit at all. He entered into the detail of his reasons for declaring the marriage, which he knew, by a former letter to the Duchess, I had approved their not publishing so far as her taking the title; and by something that dropped apropos to the title, I am persuaded that my having obstinately avoided all connection with him, had

been a principal cause of his anger, though I do not doubt but some who were averse to the marriage had said everything they could to the disadvantage of the family; and as I had shown most disapprobation of the connection, impressions against me naturally took the easiest root. Well, here ends my part of this history; I neither shall be, nor seek to be a favourite, and as little a counsellor. Were I to advise, it should be to submit themselves entirely to the King. A Prince of the blood, especially of a character so esteemed, may give great trouble, but whom do they hurt but their own family? The Duke of Cumberland was slighted by the opposition, because he married the sister of the man in England[1] the most obnoxious to them. To them the Duke of Gloucester is a very different case, and they are not likely not to make the distinction; but I shall think the Duchess very ill-advised, if she does not dissuade everything that can displease the King. Her temper is warm, but she has an admirable understanding and a thousand virtues. You will be charmed, I am sure, with an instance of her modesty and humility[2]. She asked me if I did not approve her signing herself *Maria Gloucester*, and not simply *Maria*, in the royal style. 'I thought,' said she, 'it was . . . to assume it, but . . . I recollected that Maria was once all the name I had any right to. I thought this . . .' We have another instance in our family, and I set it down as the most honourable alliance in the pedigree. The Dowager Lady Walpole[3], you know, was a French stay-

LETTER 1428.—[1] Colonel Luttrell.

[2] A passage in the MS. is here cancelled by a later hand. This sentence and the next can, however, still be read, besides the detached expressions printed above, which show that Walpole here related to Mann what is recorded in his *Last Journals*, vol. i. p. 136, under date of Sept. 16, 1772 (four days before the date of this letter):—The Duchess 'asked me if I did not approve her signing *Maria Gloucester*, instead of simply *Maria*, in the royal style; for, said she, modestly, "there was a time when I had no right to any name but Maria."' The Duchess was a natural daughter.

[3] Mary Magdalen Lombard, wife of Horatio, first Lord Walpole, and

maker's daughter. When Ambassadress in France, the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a French woman. 'Française!' replied the Queen. 'Vous, Française, Madame! et de quelle famille?'—'D'aucune, Madame,' answered my aunt. Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* or . . .[4] families, which is not necessary, to be a Howard.

Don't trouble yourself any more about the head of Stephens; I have got one here. I will subscribe for anything of Mr. Patch's, but have very little taste for those gates[5]; though the originals are fine. Jesses seem to me still less agreeable. Zoffany[6] is delightful in his real way, and introduces the furniture of a room with great propriety; but his talent is neither for rooms simply, nor portraits. He makes wretched pictures when he is serious. His talent is, to draw scenes in comedy, and there he beats the Flemish painters in their own way of detail. Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, might as well be employed to describe a solemn funeral, in which there was nothing ridiculous. This[7], however, is better than his going to draw naked savages, and be scalped, with that wild man Banks[8], who is poaching in every ocean for the fry of little islands that escaped the drag-net of Spain.

So they do not think at Rome that the Pretender is worthy to have his face engraved! And yet they wonder the King of Spain is not a bigot, when even the Pope himself does not pretend to be so. It is well for the world when there is a grain of honesty amongst the great umpires

brother of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[4] Word erased in MS.

[5] The gates of the Baptistery at Florence, of which Patch, assisted by F. Gregory, published a set of etchings in 1774.

[6] Johann Zoffany (1735–1810).

[7] Zoffani went to Florence to paint a view of the Tribune. *Walpole.*

[8] Sir Joseph Banks. *Walpole.*

of the earth. The King of Sweden is not quite so frank; he is taking oaths on the Bible that he means to keep the oath he is breaking! Truly, between him and the nobility, I am very neutral. Nobility harassed Poland, till they see it parcelled out as if a company of brokers had bought it at an auction; the brokers, however, would have paid the purchase-money; three or four righteous sovereigns are above such mechanic dealings! Oh, by how much is the only rational being[9] in the world the worst! Pious Maria Theresa! Humane Joseph, the father and the idol of his people! Catherine, the legislatress! Well, I vow I think Frederick of Prussia, who never pretended to a single virtue, is the best of the set. He never had the impudence to deny that there is nothing he would not do. He quarters Poland, deposes the Queen of Denmark, inspires the nobility to enslave their King, and prompts the King of Sweden to enslave nobility and people; and yet one must say for him that he does not go to church, and invite God to be of the plot. A highwayman is an honest fellow compared to a priest that poisons you in the Sacrament. Bless us! bless us! who would not tremble to have power!

1429. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1772.

I doubt you will have thought me very inattentive to your orders, but, alas! it is far from being my fault. I have been in my bed this fortnight with the gout in every limb, and have not the use of either hand or foot.

Were I at liberty, I fear I could be but of little use to your friend[1]. The acquaintance I had in the Parliament

[9] Man. *Walpole.*

Letter 1429.—[1] Francis Ferrand Moore Foljambe (d. 1814), of Aldwarke, near Rotherham. Mason had asked for letters of introduction for him to some of Horace Walpole's French friends.

have left Paris, and are retired into the provinces. I have left off and had not seen in my three last journeys the philosophers and litterati; the house of Choiseul is dispersed. The Président Hénault, where I used to sup frequently, is dead and the house broke up. In short, I have no connection left at Paris but with my old blind friend and her society, which would not at all suit a young man of three-and-twenty. The best person to whom I could have recommended him, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, mother of the Duke, is lately dead, and I have no more friends at court. If the young gentleman goes into Italy I can be useful to him at Florence and Naples, and will give him letters thither very willingly. I don't know whether anybody had had a curiosity about your last letter but one, but I did not receive it till six days after it was dated.

I will not say any more, because I have no more to say, but about my own sufferings, with which I do not wish to grieve anybody.

I am, &c.

1430. To the Duchess of Gloucester.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1772.

I thank you extremely, my dear Madam, for your answer to my letter, and for the permission of concealing what is passed from the two persons in question[1], who, I am sure, would suffer as much as I have done; but I had rather bear anything from my friends, and for my friends, than give them the pain, and the world the pleasure, of knowing it.

Letter 1430. — Not in C.; reprinted from Horace Walpole's *Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 158-9.

[1] The Earl of Hertford and General Conway. The Duchess imagined that the first had influenced the King in his decision to forbid the court to those who visited her husband and herself. The second (on Horace Walpole's advice) had refrained from visiting the Duchess.

I wish I had strength to add a few more explanations, Madam, that would be for your satisfaction, or was able to send you a letter, which, as far as my confused head can recollect, would be a better justification of the *elder* than all I have said; but I am not capable yet of searching for it, nor can employ anybody to look for it. I must, therefore, wait till I am better.

Indeed I am now so low and faint to-day that I must stop; and will take advantage, my dear Madam, of your late reproof for my too abundant ceremony, though nothing can ever make me forget the respect I owe to the Duke of Gloucester's wife—no, not even the kindness of my niece.

I am, &c.

1431. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1772.

It is so very long since I heard a word of you, my dear Sir, that I can almost fancy you have been laid up with the gout, as I have been. Yes, to-day commences the sixth week of my confinement, close confinement, almost to my bed, and strictly to my bedchamber. I have had this terrible illness in every limb and every joint; and it is but to-day that I can say every symptom is mending; but how the comfort of recovery is abated by the reflection on the returns I must expect of the same complaint! To what satisfaction can one look forward, when one sees the gout peeping over happiness's shoulder, and threatening one with being of the party? This thought puts an end to all views; I resign myself to age and its proper nurse, retirement; and only propose to be so reasonable as neither to wish to live or die.

Being in a perfect solitude here, and incapable, from

weakness and languor, to see even my friends, you may conceive I can have nothing to tell you. The papers, my only informers, will have given you the whole history of Wilkes, of which I know not one tittle more. He was on the point of being Lord Mayor; and it would have been a phenomenon!

I have been told, I know not how truly, that there has been a revolution not only in the Czarina's Cabinet, but bedchamber; and that while her favourite Orloff[1] was making and breaking the peace with the Turks, a new Adonis or Hercules has supplanted him at St. Petersburgh. I have an opinion, that when violent systems once begin to be deranged, they do not last long; the present scene in the North is throughout so violent and unjust, that no reflecting being can be sorry for any catastrophe that befalls any of the principal actors.

The iniquities of our East India Company and its crew of monsters seem to be drawing towards a conclusion, at least to be falling on their own heads. They have involved themselves in such difficulties, that the Parliament is forced to meet earlier than was intended, in order to assist or correct them. Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra should correct them!

Are Lord Huntingdon and Mr. Nicholls still at Florence? You never say a word to me of the latter, who I thought likely to please you. Consider, we have not so many people left that we both know, that you need be sparing of naming those we can talk about. I am often going to ask you what remains there are of my Florentine acquaintance; but you never indulge my curiosity that way, though it would amuse me. Well.—Adieu.

LETTER 1431.—[1] Gregory Orloff (1734-1783), Russian plenipotentiary at the Congress of the Turks and Russians held at Fokchani or Foczani in the summer of 1772. In spite of reports to the contrary his favour with the Empress continued.

P.S. If Mr. Nicholls has not left you, he might bring me a parcel of my letters.

1432. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1772.

I did receive the print of Mrs. Newcome, for which I am extremely obliged to you, with a thousand other favours; and should certainly have thanked you for it long ago, but I was then, and am now, confined to my bed with the gout in every limb, and in almost every joint. I have not been out of my bedchamber these five weeks to-day, and last night the pain returned violently into one of my feet, so that I am now writing to you in a most uneasy posture, which will oblige me to be very short.

Your letter, which I suppose Mr. Essex left at my house in Arlington Street, was brought to me this morning. I am exceedingly sorry for his disappointment, and for his coming without writing first, in which case I might have prevented his journey. I do not know, even, whither to send to him, to tell him how impossible it is for me just now, in my present painful and helpless situation, to be of any use to him. I am so weak and faint, that I do not see even my nearest relations, and God knows how long it will be before I am able to bear company, much less application. I have some thoughts, as soon as I am able, of removing to Bath; so that I cannot guess when it will be in my power to consider duly Mr. Essex's plan with him. I shall undoubtedly, if ever I am capable of it, be ready to give him my advice, such as it is, or to look over his papers, and even to correct them, if his modesty thinks me more able to polish them than he is himself. At the same time, I must own, I think he will run too great a risk by the expense. The engravers in London are now arrived at such a pitch of exorbitant

imposition, that, for my own part, I have laid aside all thoughts of having a single plate more done.

Dear Sir, pray tell Mr. Essex how concerned I am for this mischance, and for the total impossibility I am under of seeing him now. I can write no more, but shall be glad to hear from you on his return to Cambridge; and, when I am recovered, you may be assured how glad I shall be to talk his plan over with him. I am his and

Your
Obliged humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1433. To the Earl of Hardwicke.

[Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1772.]

Mr. Walpole has received Lord Hardwicke's commands and has in town what his mother always kept as the best picture of Sir R. Walpole, done when about forty. It is painted by Richardson in a green frock and hat, and the dogs and landscape by Wootton. The most like print, which is in the Garter robes, was taken from this. At Rainham is a very good one by Sir Godfrey Kneller. If Lord Hardwicke chooses that in Arlington Street to be copied, it is very much at his Lordship's service.

Mr. W. begs pardon for writing so ill, but is in bed with the gout.

1434. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 10, 1772.

Having from the shipwreck of all my limbs recovered the use of three fingers, I cannot employ them better than in thanking you for your kind letter and inquiry. Six weeks

Letter 1433. — Not in C.; now first printed from original in British Museum.

finish to-morrow, and I have not been yet out of my bed-chamber, and little out of my bed, till lately, and in the middle of the day. The amendment is so slow, and so dispiriting, that I find it almost as difficult to recover of the recovery, as of the gout; but I will not talk of it, though *I pay it off with thinking.*

You will oblige me much with that print of Mr. Gray[1]. You may guess how much I have thought of him lately, and how I have been weighing a shorter life against pain!

I see nobody: I know nothing: I cannot amuse you, and will not tire you. The most pleasing thing that you could tell me, would be, that you had some thoughts of London. Adieu!

1435. To the Duchess of Gloucester.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 15, 1772.

That you have many enemies, my dear Madam, I do not doubt; your merit and fortune will raise you numbers of such in those who have not the former, and are given up to the pursuit of the latter. Lies will be the consequence, as your very merit will prevent them from hurting you, were they to speak nothing but truth. All I take the liberty to beseech of you is, not to let your own honest warmth and sincerity add to the number. At least wait till you can make your resentment felt as well as known—or, what is more like you, till it will be noble to forgive. You are now in a position in which your every word will be weighed and, if possible, misinterpreted. In this country nobody escapes; and you are capable of being hurt till the King and Duke are reconciled. I know how ready you are to bear anything for the Duke's sake, therefore for his sake bear ill-nature;

Letter 1434.—[1] A proof of an unfinished print from Eckardt's portrait of Gray.

Letter 1435. — Not in C.; reprinted from Horace Walpole's *Last Journals*, vol. i. pp. 160–1.

and when your own virtue is so great as to be willing to waive the honours due to his wife rather than obstruct his Royal Highness's return to court, carry the sacrifice so much farther as not to let the malicious know you know them, since by that frankness you will whet their claws in this only moment in which they can hurt his Royal Highness by keeping him from the King.

You will say it is very fine in me to preach, who am warm and imprudent, like you and your father; but that is the very reason, my dear Madam, why I do preach. I have felt the inconvenience of incautious anger, and wish my experience may all turn to your service.

That lies swarm in plenty I know by ancient and recent personal experience too. I was told two days ago that a lady said I had been the cause of the last full publication of your marriage, and that the King believed so. I did not vouchsafe to make an answer. You know, Madam, better than anybody does or can, how true that assertion is. If the King has been told such a gross untruth, I shall certainly be one of the least proper persons in the world to convey to his Majesty what you wish he should be told of your self-denial; yet it does you so much honour, it is such just gratitude to his Royal Highness, and I am so indifferent about myself, that I shall certainly take care your declaration shall be made known to his Majesty—nor have I any doubt but Lord Hertford will be happy to be the messenger. He knows too well the King's affection for the Duke not to be sure he shall execute a welcome office by doing anything that may tend to a reconciliation between the royal brothers; and his letter, which I have already mentioned to you, Madam, and which I here enclose, will convince you Lord Hertford could not think for one moment that he should make his court to his Majesty by inflaming the difference between him and the Duke of Gloucester. The letter, I give you my

honour and oath in the most solemn manner, is the genuine identic letter that I received at the time; nor has Lord Hertford the most distant idea or suspicion of what he was accused, or of my sending you his letter. I do both, in justice to him and myself, to prove to you, my dear Madam, that I would not put your interests into his hands if I were not thoroughly convinced of his zeal to obey you. He is now in Suffolk, or shooting in Norfolk with my *excellent* nephew[1]. As soon as I am able to see him in town or here, which I have not yet done, I will not lose a moment. I will only beg you to return me his letter, because, though so strong a vindication of him, I am not sure he would like my showing it; but the goodness of my intention must justify me.

P.S. 21st. I wrote the above some days ago, but was in too much pain then, and for almost all the week since, to finish it; and as Lord Hertford was not in town, nor I able to go thither, there was no hurry. In my tedious and sleepless nights I have thought this matter over and over; and should the method you prescribe not succeed, I think there might be still more direct and more efficacious ways taken; but I know it does not become me to give advice, and therefore I can only show my zeal by implicit obedience, which you may always depend upon, my dear Madam, in

Your Royal Highness's most faithful humble servant,

H. W.

1436. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 26, 1772.

The papers, my only company at present, tell me that *Elfrida*[1] is brought upon the stage, and pleases exceedingly.

[1] The Earl of Orford.

Letter 1436. — [1] A tragedy by Mason, produced at Covent Garden Theatre (without the author's consent) on Nov. 21, 1772.

I am rejoiced, and want to go and see it; but as I am not near being in a situation of going to plays, I trust I shall only wait to see it more agreeably; for you cannot be so unnatural a parent as not to come and see Miss Mason in her glory, and then I flatter myself you will let me accompany you. Nothing could make me in cold blood expose myself to that fiery trial. Yours was not so, for Elfrida's character was established long ago, and you have had none of the plague and anxiety; but I own I scarce conceive a greater pleasure than to see a dramatic work of one's own crowned with success, and be witness to it, provided it were well acted. Come, come, you must come and see it; do not deny yourself so lawful a pleasure and that you deserve to enjoy. I mend so slowly, that it seems to me that it will be supreme enjoyment to walk 'cross my own room.

1437. To the Rev. William Cole.

[Dec. 15, 1772.]

I have had a relapse, and not been able to use my hand, or I should have lamented with you on the plunder of your prints by that Algerine hog[1]. I pity you, dear Sir, and feel for your awkwardness, that was struck dumb at his rapaciousness—the beast has no sort of taste neither—and in a twelvemonth will sell them again. I regret particularly one print, which I dare to say he seized, that I gave you, Gertrude More[2]; I thought I had another, and had not; and, as you liked it, I never told you so. This Muley Moloch used to

Letter 1437. — Undated; but Cole's note on it is as follows:—'No date, but postmark Dec. 15. I received it Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1772.'

[1] Joseph Gulston (1745–1786), print collector. Gulston came to see Cole's collection of prints, and on Cole's offering him such prints as he had not, carried away one hundred and eighty-seven of Cole's most valuable engravings.

[2] Helen (1606–1633), great-granddaughter of Sir Thomas More. In 1623 she took the name of Gertrude and entered a convent at Cambray.

buy books, and now sells them. He has hurt his fortune, and ruined himself, to have a collection, without any choice of what it should be composed. It is the most underbred swine I ever saw; but I did not know it was so ravenous—I wish you may get paid anyhow. You see by my writing how difficult it is to me, and therefore will excuse my being short.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1438. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 22, 1772.

Upon my honour I will pack up my house at Strawberry Hill, and send it you, if you send me any more presents. Why, it is full of them, and belongs more to you than to me. Have you no mercy? Do you take me for an East Indian governor, that you give me *lacks* of precious things, and suppose I have no conscience. Consider, how ill I have been, and that upon a sick bed at least one begins to have scruples. I could not look round me, without hearing a qualm whisper, *Restitution*! I cannot carry all your curiosities along with me, and to leave them behind will but add to my regrets. Well! but I will not die though, till I have seen Donatello[1]. After eleven weeks of suffering, I am come to town, and though rid of pain, cannot stir; consequently want amusement: Donatello will be a new plaything for an old child. Verily, I put myself in mind of Gay's sick fox, who, after preaching to his young kin against *pullicide*, cries,

> But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks:
> Go—but be moderate in your food—
> A chicken, too, might do *me* good.

Letter 1438.—[1] A bas-relief of St. John by Donatello, which was placed in the chapel of Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

I am sorry to hear you know more of the gout than by what you have seen in your own family, and from my relation. The muscular pain in your breast came from cold that mixed with your disorder; I had it so violently for twenty-four hours, that I could only sit up double in bed. Three spoonfuls of Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, known by the learned name of *Confectio Raleana*, took it entirely away, and a coughing with it, that exhausted me more than my gout, in this very fit. Why will you not have the bootikins? Not that I think the gout in your feet, when it begins so late, will do you anything but good, and prolong your life. What physician have you had since poor Cocchi? Not that I think any physician will do you more good than the gout will do you harm. The consolation in this terrible disorder is, that it does not want a physician; and, if it did!

I am sorry you saw no more of Mrs. Pitt[2]. She is the most amiable of beings, and the most to be pitied; her brutal half-mad husband, with whom she is still not out of love, and who has heaped on her every possible cruelty and provoking outrage, will not suffer her to see, or even hear from, one of her children. Of Lady Ligonier[3] she has heard too much. Then, all her beauties and good nature are poisoned by deafness and danger of blindness. I cannot profess, ungrateful as I am, equal admiration for the other lady[4], *my ingenious friend*, as you call her; a title I did not even know I was honoured with, and which I believe was assumed solely to make court to you. I will not call them pretensions, for there is a mixture of humility, but I own

[2] Penelope, only sister of Richard Atkins, and wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. She is mentioned in Mr. Walpole's Epistle to Eckardt, the painter, on the Beauties. *Walpole.*

[3] Eldest daughter of George Pitt, divorced for adultery. *Walpole.*

[4] Mrs. Ann Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham, and Privy Purse to Augusta, Princess of Wales. *Walpole.*

I think there is little more in that dame than an ambition of having pretensions. What do you think of physicians, when they prescribe the air of Rome?

We have no public news, but new horrors coming out every day against our East India Company and their servants. The latter laid a tax on our Indian subjects, without the knowledge of the former. One article was twenty-four thousand pounds a year—yes—to Mr. Sykes for his table—yes, yes,—and this appeared at the bar of the House of Commons from a witness he brought thither himself—*ex uno disce omnes.* Poor Indians! I fear they will be *disaffected.* Would you believe, I read that epithet the other day in a Portuguese relation of a mutiny among their negroes in the Brazils. Hacked, hewed, lamed, maimed, tortured, worked to death, poor Africans do not *love* their masters! Oh, Tyranny, thy name should henceforth be Impudence! I am sick of all northern profligacy, of the Czarina's murders or amours; nor care whether she poisons Emperors or enriches her discarded lovers with provinces. I pity the Duchess of Parma [5], who is not allowed to choose her own little creatures; and yet I forgive the King of Spain for persisting in rooting out the Jesuits, though he does not know why. A whirlwind brushes the air and clears it. I do not know whether the honours of Mantua will console Lord H.[6] for those he idly forfeited here.

My niece of Gloucester's pregnancy has been declared here. I am as little clear whether that will be of any advantage to her.

The Prince of Condé has made his peace. The Duke of Orléans is supposed to have a hankering the same way, but is retained by his son. The Chancellor and d'Aiguillon

[5] Maria Amelia, Archduchess of Austria, wife of Ferdinand, Duke of Parma.

[6] Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, Groom of the Stole to George III, from which he was dismissed. *Walpole.*

are sworn foes; the mistress omnipotent. Some truth there was, I am assured by a person just returned from France, in the Prince of Conti's story. M. de Sartine, *lieutenant de police*, went with his officers to the Temple to search for libels: the Prince immediately stripped stark, and showed he had not a rag of paper about him. He told M. de Sartine that, knowing *him* for a man of honour, he would dispense with his stripping; he believed the other gentlemen were also men of honour, but not being acquainted with them, and having heard of officers of justice, who, being sent to houses of obnoxious persons to search for libels, had contrived to find libels which they had brought with them on purpose, he insisted on their stripping to the skin likewise, and when they had done so, he bade them go and search wherever they pleased. For my part, I did not expect so much cleverness from his Highness.

Adieu! my dear Signor *Donat*ello! It is a title I am sure you have purchased dearly. I shall grow afraid of Danaos et *Dona*ferentes: and the more you give me, the less I will be, yours ever.

P.S. I think I have received but one of the two letters you mention. I hope your new commissioner will be regular; but I must not complain when it is three months since I wrote myself. I never was so guilty—but the gout!

1439. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1772.

Indeed, Madam, I want you and Mr. Conway in town. Christmas has dispersed all my company, and left nothing but a loo-party or two. If all the fine days were not gone out of town, too, I should take the air in a morning; but

Letter 1439.—Wrongly dated by C. Dec. 20.

I am not yet nimble enough, like old Mrs. Nugent, to jump out of a postchaise into an assembly.

You have a woful taste, my Lady, not to like Lord Gower's *bon mot*. I am almost too indignant to tell you of a most amusing book in six volumes, called *Histoire Philosophique et Politique du Commerce des Deux Indes*[1]. It tells one everything in the world;—how to make conquests, invasions, blunders, settlements, bankruptcies, fortunes, &c.; tells you the natural and historical history of all nations; talks commerce, navigation, tea, coffee, china, mines, salt, spices; of the Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Arabs, caravans, Persians, Indians; of Louis XIV and the King of Prussia; of La Bourdonnais, Dupleix, and Admiral Saunders; of rice, and women that dance naked; of camels, ginghams, and muslin; of millions of millions of livres, pounds, rupees, and cowries; of iron cables and Circassian women; of law and the Mississippi; and against all governments and religions. This and everything else is in the two first volumes. I cannot conceive what is left for the four others. And all is so mixed, that you learn forty new trades, and fifty new histories, in a single chapter. There is spirit, wit, and clearness—and, if there were but less avoirdupois weight in it, it would be the richest book in the world in materials—but figures to me are so many ciphers, and only put me in mind of children that say an hundred hundred hundred millions. However, it has made me learned enough to talk about Mr. Sykes[2] and the secret committee[3], which is all that anybody talks of at present, and yet Mademoiselle Heinel is

[1] By the Abbé Guillaume Thomas François Raynal (d. 1796).

[2] Francis Sykes (d. 1804), M.P. for Shaftesbury, created a Baronet in 1781. He made a large fortune in India as a servant of the East India Company. His methods and those of his colleagues had recently been the subject of inquiries in the House of Commons.

[3] Upon East Indian affairs. *Walpole.*

arrived. This is all I know, and a great deal, too, considering I know nothing—and yet, were there either truth or lies, I should know them; for one hears everything in a sick-room. Good night both!

1440. To Viscount Nuneham.

Don't think you shall be kind to me every day, my dear Lord, and that I will never be grateful. I must thank you in detail, for the debt would otherwise be enormous. The print is valuable, your own etchings are more, your company most so. I have another little pain in one foot, so you see even my gratitude is interested,—but if you corrupt me is my venality quite criminal?

Yours most faithfully,

H. Walpole.

1441. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Jan. 8, 1773.

In return to your very kind inquiries, dear Sir, I can let you know, that I am quite free from pain, and walk a little about my room, even without a stick; nay, have been four times to take the air in the Park. Indeed, after fourteen weeks, this is not saying much—but it is a worse reflection, that when one is subject to the gout, and far from young, one's worst account will probably be better than that after the next fit. I neither flatter myself on one hand, nor am impatient on the other—for will either do one any good? One must bear one's lot whatever it be.

I rejoice Mr. G.[1] has justice, though he had no bowels.

Letter 1440. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Harcourt Papers*, vol. viii. p. 95.

Letter 1441.—[1] Mr. Gulston, who had pillaged Cole's prints, had sent Cole a present of books.

How Gertrude More escaped him I do not guess. It will be wrong to rob you of her, after she has come to you through so many hazards—nor would I hear of it either, if you have a mind to keep her, or have not given up all thoughts of a collection since you have been visited by a Visigoth.

I am much more impatient to see Mr. Gray's print, than Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's[2] answer to my *Historic Doubts*. He may have made himself very angry, but I doubt whether he will make me at all so. I love antiquities: but I scarce ever knew an antiquary who knew how to write upon them. Their understandings seem as much in ruins as the things they describe. For the Antiquarian Society, I shall leave them in peace with Whittington and his cat. As my contempt for them has not, however, made me disgusted with what they do not understand, antiquities, I have published two numbers of *Miscellanies*, and they are very welcome to mumble them with their toothless gums. I want to send you these—not their gums, but my pieces, and a Grammont, of which I have printed only an hundred copies, and which will be extremely scarce, for twenty-five copies are gone to France. Tell me how I shall convey them safely.

Another thing you must tell me, if you can, is, if you know anything ancient of the Freemasons. Governor Pownall[3], a Whittingtonian, has a mind they should have been a corporation erected by the popes. As you see what a good creature I am, and return good for evil, I am engaged to pick up what I can for him, to support this system, in which I believe no more than in the Pope; and the work is to appear in a volume of the Society's pieces. I am very willing to oblige him; and turn my cheek, that they may

[2] Robert Masters; his *Remarks* were printed in the *Archaeologia*.

[3] Thomas Pownall (1722–1805), M.P. for Tregony; Governor of Massachusetts, 1757–59; of South Carolina, 1759–60. He belonged to the Society of Antiquaries.

smite that also—Lord help them! I am sorry they are such numpsculls, that they make me almost think myself something!—but there are great authors enough to bring me to my senses again. Posterity, I fear, will class me with the writers of this age, or forget me with them, not rank me with any names that deserve remembrance. If I cannot survive the Milles's, the What-d'ye-call-him's, and the compilers of catalogues of topography, it would comfort me very little to confute them. I should be as little proud of success as if I had carried a contest for churchwarden.

Not being able to return to Strawberry Hill, where all my books and papers are, and my printer lying fallow, I want some short bits to print. Have you anything you wish printed? I can either print a few to amuse ourselves, or, if very curious, and not too dry, could make a third number of *Miscellaneous Antiquities*.

I am not in any eagerness to see Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's pamphlet against me; therefore pray give yourself no trouble to get it for me. The specimens I have seen of his writing take off all edge from curiosity. A print of Mr. Gray will be a real present. Would it not be dreadful to be commended by an age that had not taste enough to admire his *Odes*? Is not it too great a compliment to me to be abused, too? I am ashamed! Indeed our antiquaries ought to like me; I am but too much on a par with them. Does not Mr. Henshaw[4] come to London? Is he a professor, or only a lover of engraving? If the former, and he were to settle in town, I would willingly lend him heads to copy.

Adieu! dear Sir. Believe me ever most faithfully yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] The son of a Cambridge gunsmith. By Horace Walpole's influence he was placed as a pupil with Bartolozzi. He died in 1776.

1442. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1773.

I want to send you my Grammont and two numbers of *Miscellaneous Antiquities*. How shall I convey them? The latter are published; of the other there are only a hundred copies printed, and as a quarter of the number is gone to France, you must take it as a great present. I do not say it was printed *for my friends*; who would have an hundred? all I meant was not to make my favourite book common. For the *Antiquities*, I care not whether the *Critical Review*, or Dr. Milles, dislikes them. There is, I heard yesterday, another man[1] who wrote about some college in Cambridge, that has printed a new pamphlet against my *Richard III*: it is to appear in the second volume of the Society's *discoveries*. I shall wait with patience to see it then or never.

I have been here about three weeks, but have not yet arrived at more than taking the air, when there is a morsel of sun. As I have been fifty-five years in town, I find it extremely tolerable to see nothing but Piccadilly as I go to Hyde Park: you may comfort yourself, dear Sir, in *your* way too. If Mr. Colman has violated *Elfrida*, Mr. Garrick has cut out the scene of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*. I hope he will be rewarded with a place in the French Academy. I was indeed surprised at that play being revived by so good a courtier.—*The adulterous Queen of Denmark* was certainly revived with great propriety just now. I suppose *grave-diggers* shock kings and queens more than the gallantries of their relations. O'Brien's[2] *Duel*, translated from the *Philosophe sans le sçavoir*[3], was damned the first night. I saw the original at Paris when it was first acted, and

Letter 1442.—[1] Robert Masters, author of the History of Corpus Christi (or Bene't) College, Cambridge.

[2] William O'Brien, the ex-actor.

[3] By Michel Jean Sedaine (1719–1797).

though excessively touched with it, wondered how the audience came to have sense enough to taste it. I thought then it would not have succeeded here, the touches are so simple and delicate and natural. Accordingly it did not. I have been reading the translation, and cried over it heartily.

From Cambridge I am told there is a very good print of Gray, done by one Henshaw, as a companion to yours. Is it for your account of him? How does that work advance? You have forgot, but pray remember to send me one of your own prints for my friend Mr. Granger.

Lord Nuneham is come to town, and has been so good to visit my invalidity twice. What a meritorious pilgrimage it would be if you would too! I am perfectly reliques; I have nothing but dry bones left. You shall be rewarded with a shin-bone, which is of as much use to anybody as to the owner.

H. W.

P.S. You know to be sure why I am exceedingly disappointed.

1443. To the Earl of Hardwicke.

My Lord,

I was in pain this morning and could not have the honour of answering your Lordship's letter. I am very sorry that it does not depend on me, without a breach of promise, to obey your Lordship's commands. You must allow me to explain the circumstances which prevent my indulging myself in the flattering pleasure of obedience when it would do me so much honour. There is an unfortunate page or two in my book, which would hurt a person now living,

Letter 1443. — Not in C.; now first printed from original in British Museum.

though I thought I had guarded with the utmost caution against any such case. My dread of offending even near relations of very indifferent artists has long obstructed the completion of the work, and has kept it back, though printed off for some time. The concern this accident has given me not only made me determine to suppress my book till a fitter period, but made me give my honour to a friend of the person interested, that I would not suffer a copy to go out of my hands till that time.

Indeed, when I am well enough, I intend to alter the article in question, and then your Lordship shall certainly command the first proof, which you see, at present, I am not at liberty to send you, though I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

Arlington Street, Jan. 21, 1773. HOR. WALPOLE.

1444. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 21, 1773.

I wish I had received your last a few days sooner, as it would have told you I was mending, though slowly, and had begun to take the air. It would have saved your hearing I have a little relapsed, and by the time you receive this I shall probably be airing again. I do not expect much more yet awhile: four months, which ended yesterday, shatter such a frame as mine dreadfully; a codicil of ten or twelve days throw it back a vast way. The gout is returned into both feet, and a little into one elbow: I could rise neither yesterday nor to-day; but I flatter myself it is already going off, and will carry away these dregs that have set up for themselves. This is very well

for the present; but what a prospect, if distemper, as they say, prolongs life, instead of shortening it! Your specimen, I trust, will have that effect, and that great torture is not a necessary ingredient of living.

To the latter part of my imprisonment I am very well reconciled: I have had a great deal of company. Fine young ladies, the finest and youngest, have made it the fashion to visit me; and, as old ladies never fail to go after the young, I have wanted neither sort, so that I have had a constant circle, without living in a crowd, as everybody else does. It suits my age, and the gravity I ought to have by this time, but which my spirits resist, as they have done my illness.

Though people that sit at home hear all current news, true or false, I have none to tell you. The Parliament has nothing to do, or does nothing, for want of an opposition; as if ministers acted out of contradiction, like their antagonists. There are, indeed, bankruptcies, that shake almost our foundations; there is an eastern empire to be settled, governed, or held *in commendam*; and there is a little war, and not a little tyranny, at St. Vincent's[1]; but none of them will give the Parliament a quarter of the trouble that a turnpike bill has often done. A few bankrupts have hanged themselves; we, I doubt, shall have hanged many more Caribbees; and we shall *not* hang the East India Company and their servants, who *richly* deserve it. So will end the lesson of this year, though it is but just begun.

Your brother knight and minister, Sir James Gray, is dead. He had a stroke of an apoplexy at court, was carried

LETTER 1444.—[1] The Caribs of St. Vincent refused either to acknowledge the sovereignty of Great Britain, or to give up their lands for the benefit of British planters. An expedition was sent for the purpose of subduing them, or if that proved impossible, of deporting them. The affair ended in a compromise, by which the Caribs took the oath of allegiance to Great Britain and ceded a tract of land to the Crown. On the English side, the deportation scheme was given up.

home, and died the next morning. You may see I want news, when I acquaint you with what the newspapers told you a fortnight ago. It is time to finish, lest I should inform you of some event in last year's historical register.

1445. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Jan. 25, 1773.

Proud I am indeed, Madam, when such lines as mine, like a coarse, ugly, bulbous root, can produce such flowers! Next to the honour of being your lover, what glory can be equal to that of being your Apollo? You have explained to me that old story of his turning his mistress into a laurel, and the devil is in it if I have not as good a title to a chaplet of it as he had. Well, methinks, it is ten times more creditable to wear a garland stripped from one's lady's own fingers, than to dress oneself up in honour of one's own self. Your verses are charming, delightful; write on, write on, Madam: you shall have two dozen bottles of Aganippe by the next coach. I am going to bespeak a side-saddle for Pegasus; and the moment I am able to dress, that is, undress, like a god, you may depend on my appearing to you in a dream, as like the Apollo Belvedere as two peas; so pray don't pretend to lay your next poem to Lord Ossory, for it will not be his.

Mr. Crawfurd came in and read your verses twice with great admiration. They are natural, easy, and genteel. I am charmed to be your Phaon, as well as your Phœbus, and sacrifice all my beauties to you, *tutte quante*. I do not think I should stoop *to* even an *affaire passagère* with Melpomene, but alas! I, to talk of beauties! who have not been out of my bed till to-day since Tuesday night last. The gout returned the Friday before into six places, and I have lain flowing through bootikins, and dissolving like a Jupiter Pluvius; but you shall not be tired, Madam, with

the details—especially as I doubt they would compose a considerable part of my poor remainder!

I flatter myself I shall see Lord Ossory to-morrow. If he carries you back any news, he must make it, for none grows here. There is a new opera that pretends to be liked, and consequently is crowded to excess. Lord Holdernesse gives his Telemachus[1] a ball on Wednesday, and the ladies give themselves another the same night at their club. This is all I, who hear everything by seeing everybody, can tell you. Who Fatima *la questionneuse* is, I do not guess. One of the few on whom I have not set eyes is Mr. Fitzpatrick; but, as he wrote my epitaph, he probably thinks I am dead.

I had forgotten—there is a book you will see, that makes and intends to make noise enough. It calls itself *Letters to Lord Mansfield.* It is no panegyric: it is not written by Wilkes. Lord Bristol could not behave to my Lord Chief Justice with more decorum; Mr. Dyson twist and turn, and torture him with more subtlety; nor the gentle Serjeant-Surgeon, Mr. Hawkins, soothe him to have his legs and arms cut off, or persuade him only to allow him to extract his heart, and rinse it and put it back, with more delicacy. This tender intercourse is penned by Mr. Andrew Stewart: it is not yet published, but the Duchess of Bedford, who had two copies, gave me one, and I have perused it with much edification: indeed it is admirable, and it must be confessed that a Scot dissects a Scot with ten times more address than Churchill and Junius. They know each other's sore places better than we do.

Tuesday, half an hour after three.

No news of Lord Ossory: at least, none for me. If he is arrived, he will dine with Maccaroons, and be hurried with the tide to Mademoiselle Heinel.

Letter 1445.—[1] The Prince of Wales, to whom Lord Holdernesse was Governor.

Well! there is no reason, because the husband does not come near me, that I should not thank the wife for her dear poetry. Can I have a better opportunity than when he is running after a dancer?

Let him be charmed with her *many-twinkling feet*. I declare I would erect a statue of your Ladyship, like a tenth Muse, if unfortunately you would not be obliged to be only the eleventh, for I hear Lord Bute has lately bricked up an old statue of one Mrs. Hutchins, a friend of Mr. Heron[2], which he found in the garden at Luton, and bedizened it with a coronet and emblems proper to one of the nine ladies, your predecessors, in honour of —— Oh! I do not guess whom — yes, yes, I do; to be sure, in memory of his mother-in-law, Lady Mary Wortley; but what a strange creature I am, to have forgot scolding for your not finishing your verses. I declare I will print my fragments of living authors. Pray don't let me be one of the points in which you resemble Sappho, if you have a mind that people should say so of me,

'Blest as the immortal Gods is he[3],' who has the
honour of being your Ladyship's devoted
PHAON THE SECOND.

P.S. Pray remember that, as King Rhoderic turned his harp into a harpsichord, you must convert your guitar into a lyre.

1446. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1773.

I have received and thank you much, dear Sir, for the print of Gray and the two Indian paintings. Pray tell me

[2] Francis Heron or Herne, from whom Lord Bute bought Luton Hoo.

[3] The first line of Ambrose Philips' translation of a fragment by Sappho. See *Spectator*, No. 229.

more about the latter: the Minerva is very curious, and both are prettily painted. I am sorry they are inseparable, like Indamora and Lindamira. You would have been thanked sooner, but I have had a relapse and kept my bed five days, nor can yet put on a shoe again. Mr. Garrick, who has had both stone and gout, is still Ranger[1], and dances a country dance! I do not envy his performances, but his *capabilities.*

I agree with you heartily about Lord Nuneham; nor know anything so comfortable as one that talks and thinks *just as one likes*; which I find a greater rarity than any print or picture in my collection, and to my sorrow I observe that the rareness increases every day; though, unlike other curiosities, they are *not to be bought.* Your Elfrida, Mrs. Hartley[2], I am told, is the most perfect beauty that was ever seen. I can neither go to see Mrs. Hartley, nor Elfrida; but as I can read, I long for any of Elfrida's relations.

Have you heard of Mr. Andrew Stewart's *Letters to Lord Mansfield*? They will inform you how abominable abuse is, and how you may tear a man limb from limb with the greatest good breeding. Alas! we are barbarians and know nothing of these refinements.

Yours ever.

1447. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Feb. 4, 1773.

This pretends to be at most but half a letter, and indeed is little more than a cover to Lauragais's epistle to Bottarelli, which your Ladyship ordered me to send; and replies to a few questions I omitted. Fashionable as I am,

Letter 1446.—[1] In Hoadley's *Suspicious Husband.* [2] Mrs. Elizabeth Hartley (1751–1824).

and *charming*, my attractions are not great enough to draw Miss Pelham hither. I should neither flatter her nor fret her, and anything is insipid to her that does not make her temper ferment. On the other hand, I keep such sober company, that I shall take care not to scandalize them with your Ladyship's profane conundrums. I have not even guessed. I have not seen Lady Craven's[1] poetry, nor anything of Lady Jane[2] and her Dutch[3]. I have seen Lord L.'s[4]—what shall I call it? in which he says he delivered Lord Townshend's message exactly, but hopes the public will be so good as to believe he delivered it wrong. Lord Charlemont, whom I have just seen, has great confidence in Lord Bellamont's[5] recovery, though they have not yet discovered where the ball is lodged. The accounts of my nephew[6] are much more favourable, and prove that he does not always want his reason. The weather is so bitter that I must not dare to recover,—indeed, I can scarce keep myself warm on the hearth where I sit, and my fingers beg to be dismissed.

LETTER 1447.—[1] Lady Elizabeth Berkeley (d. 1828), second daughter of fourth Earl of Berkeley; m. 1. (1767) William Craven, sixth Baron Craven (from whom she was separated in 1780, and who died in 1791); 2. (1791) Christian Charles Frederick Alexander, Margrave of Anspach, with whom she took up her abode during Lord Craven's lifetime. Lady Craven travelled, after her separation from Lord Craven, in eastern Europe, and published an account of a *Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople*. She also wrote plays. One of these, *The Sleep-walker*, adapted from the French, was printed at Strawberry Hill. She was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole.

[2] Lady Jane Scott.

[3] Madame and Mlle. de Grovestin, Dutch friends of Lady Jane. They are frequently mentioned in the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*; the latter was convinced that Mme. de Grovestin was carrying on an intrigue with the Duke of Gloucester.

[4] Lord Ligonier, by whom Lord Townshend had sent a message to the Earl of Bellamont, referring to his quarrel with the latter.

[5] Charles Coote (1738–1800), first Earl of Bellamont. He was wounded in a duel with Lord Townshend.

[6] The Earl of Orford, who had been attacked by insanity.

1448. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Feb. 11, 1773.

How can you write when the hands are numbed and the eyes put out? Alas! Madam, you would have wanted many a sheet of nonsense if I could not write like Buckinger, without hands, feet, and move without eyes. I have had a violent cold, that put out the latter, and has brought the gout, not only back into both feet, but into my cheek, which has kept me awake, and has now, as the gout could not make me leaner, made half of my face much fatter. In short, here I am, going into my twentieth week, and in pain from head to foot, though not more than is *amusing* —at least I bear it with so much tranquillity, that I cannot conceive why they make such a rout about Job's patience; but saints are so much flattered and cuddled, that a poor sinner with twenty more virtues cannot obtain a good word. I declare I have behaved with more good humour for these five months, than half the canting martyrs in the Rubric; and then comes my good Lady Ossory, and as provoking as Madam Job herself, tells me I am not so patient as herself. By Jove! as my Lord Hertford says, for fear of swearing, but no—nothing shall spoil my temper. Stay, stay, you talk of solitude: can solitude pet one like folks one is forced to let in?

If it had not been for a fit of laughing, I really should have lost my sang-froid t'other morning. My Phœnician, Irish, antiquarian friend kept me two hours with a new system of the Mosaic creation, which he has discovered to be the true meaning of the Book of Genesis. He told me this world had originally been all mud, and was inhabited by a set of animals proper to such a quagmire; that it was the natural progress of things, and that there were many

orbs round the sun now changing from water to earth. 'Lord!' said I, a little fired, 'why you talk as if there were several worlds hung out to dry.' Instead of being angry, he replied gravely, and glad to find I was so apt a disciple. *Just that,*—no, I own, I could then keep my countenance no longer, and so resumed the empire of my temper.

But, Madam.
To cut things short, let's come to Adam[1];

or rather to his descendants; and in the first place to that granddaughter of his that is always in my mind, your Ladyship. *You have to be dug up again, and have your ashes raked into.* You must not wonder; people will violate your dust, if they find verses mixed with it, as they did in Laura's tomb. I give Mrs. Fitzroy credit, and will never believe that your answer to my Shell-lines[2] were the first you ever wrote; unless, like Gray, you were a perfect poet at your first appearance. If harmony and ease are the rust you contract in retirement, you may send Lord Ossory to polish us, not to learn the newest varnish; but yes, let him come; he shall be taught to wear a black coat, red waistcoat, and red sash, and dance quadrilles with nymphs in white satin, trimmed with flowers: or, as there was a tredrille of quadrilles at the French Ambassador's, he may, if he chooses it, and the weather is cold enough, be dressed in brown silk with cherry waistcoat and breeches. One of the bands succeeded very ill, and as Swift makes the physician say to a lady in the old ballad on Quadrille, should have been told, *non debes quadrillare.* When your Lord has taken his degrees in these sports, he must then learn and teach your Ladyship a Cossack dance, and you must both dance it as well as the Prince and Princess Czartoriski.

LETTER 1448.—[1] Prior, *Alma*, ii. l. 374.

[2] *Lines addressed to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, when about five years old, with a Present of Shells.* (See *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. iv. p. 387.)

In the meantime I shall be exceedingly glad to have him first here. I trust he knows how happy he makes me by having so much goodness for me.

My nephew is not well yet, nor do I like the accounts of him: he is less recovered than I had been assured. Lord Bellamont is thought out of danger; yet Lady Greenwich (on Lord Townshend's account[3]) put off her assembly. His Lordship, full of sensibility too, wrote a buffoon letter to Mr. Foote the very night of the duel. Garrick, by the negotiation of a Secretary of State, has made peace with Foote, and by the secret article of the treaty is to be left out of the puppet-show. Colman has been half murdered by a divine[4] out of jealousy, who keeps Miss Miller; and apropos to puppets, there is a Mrs. Wright[5] arrived from America, to make figures in wax of Lord Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Aylesbury literally spoke to a waxen figure of a housemaid in the room, for the artistess has brought over a group, and Mrs. Fitzroy's aunt is one of them.

What shall I tell you more, my Lord and Lady, of equal dignity with balls, quadrilles, puppet-shows, duels, and waxworks? Oh, of the House of Commons. Lord North is turned into Wilkes; the English of which is, that he was beaten on Tuesday, on the half-pay for the navy[6], and had but the famous number 45 with him, against 154. You may imagine this event makes some folks stare, and others laugh; for my part, I am convinced Lord North was in the wrong, for the Patriot Sir Gilbert Elliot headed the

[3] He was her brother-in-law.

[4] The Rev. Richard Penneck, Keeper of the Reading Room at the British Museum.

[5] Mrs. Patience Wright (1725–1786), a native of New Jersey. She took up her residence in London, and acted as a spy on behalf of Franklin during the American War of Independence. She modelled the effigy of the Earl of Chatham which is still preserved in Westminster Abbey.

[6] A petition had been presented from naval captains, asking for an increase in their half-pay. Lord North opposed it on the score of expense.

opposition; and some say the K. himself will resign if his minister is so parsimonious.

Mr. Crawfurd intended to be with you to-day, but as yesterday was to be spent in reading papers, and examining witnesses, on the affairs of St. Vincent, the debate will not come on till to-morrow, and will keep him here.

The Duke of Northumberland lost 2,000*l.* at quinze, at the ball; the victorious name of Marlborough won most of it[7].

I this moment hear that Friday will again be passed in examination, and that the debate will not be till Monday.

1449. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 17, 1773.

Mr. Patch brought me last week, with his brother's engravings, the beautiful St. John of Donatello, and its as lovely and graceful pedestal. My dear Sir, how I thank you! and how pleasing is your remembrance of me! but you must send me no more. I not only cannot accept more presents from you, but it would be heaping them on my tomb. My health is gone; pain is my lot; and what are the fair things of this world to me any longer? I leave off making purchases, and put a stop to my collection: it were the hoarding of a miser to pile my house with curiosi-

[7] 'The present Duke of Marlborough has been always remarkably shy and reserved. Among other small talents that he possesses he plays *quinze* uncommonly well. He told Sir J. Reynolds one day, when speaking of the defect in himself already mentioned, of which he is very sensible, that having once made a master-stroke at that game by which he should have made a hundred pounds, he put his cards into the heap, and lost what he had set on them, knowing that if he had shown them, which it was necessary to do to win the money, all the company at the different tables would have come round him, and the fineness of the stroke have been their topic for half an hour. This he acknowledged he could not stand; adding however, "I am not so shy now." And yet to common observers he is still unaccountably so, considering his birth, education, and commerce with the world.' ('Maloniana' in Prior's *Life of Malone*, pp. 406–7.)

ties, when I shall enjoy them so little; and extravagance to buy, when my lease of life is running out very fast. It will be five months to-morrow that I have been a close and anguished prisoner: besides several relapses, a great cold has added a rheumatism in one side of my face; and when I shall be quit of my actual sufferings, what a shattered tenement will remain! How refit it before I am called upon to sustain another storm?

If I change this subject from my own person, I must not go out of the family: I have a melancholy tale to tell you of another branch of it, my Lord Orford. He had a cutaneous or some scorbutic eruption. By advice of his *groom*, he rubbed his body all over with an ointment of sulphur and hellebore. This poison struck in the disease. By as bad advice as his groom's, I mean his own, he took a violent antimonial medicine, which sweated him immoderately; and then he came to town, went to court, took James's pills, without telling him of the quack drops, sat up late, and, though ordered by James to keep at home, returned into the country the next day. The cold struck all his nostrums and ails into his head, and the consequence is—insanity! To complete the misfortune, he is in a public inn, on the great road to Newmarket and Norfolk. His mother, the only proper directress, is in Italy; I am in the state of pain and weakness you know; and my brother has so long shut himself up in his own house, that no consideration could draw him out of it. I need but tell you that his daughter, the Duchess[1], even in summer, could not prevail on him to wait on the Duke. It is an additional distress that Lord Orford has for so many years dropped all connection, all decency, with both my brother and me, that nothing but tenderness for his lamentable position could bear us out in assuming the least authority in what regards him. We

LETTER 1449.—[1] The Duchess of Gloucester.

have the precaution, however, not to take a single step but at the request of his physicians, or with the advice and approbation of his own most particular friends. His life, we are assured, is safe, and we have hopes given us of the recovery of his reason. His death would be the completion of the family's ruin: his continuance as he is, dreadful to himself and his friends: his total recovery liable to dismal moments for his own mind. His case is a heavy addition to my sufferings, and the anxiety I am under on every step I take in concert with my brother lest, one way or other, we should be censured, cannot accelerate my own recovery.

Let me turn, for your sake, from this gloomy scene to a little episode or two of politics. What do you think has been the first event of this halcyon or soporific session, in which the opposition had fairly retreated, confessing their impotence? Why, the first event of this calm was the shipwreck of the Prime Minister. Lord North was yesterday se'nnight beaten by 154 to 45, and on a question of revenue. Oh, so you suppose the opposition was lying in ambush at Knightsbridge, and attacked and defeated him by surprise. Well! you are totally mistaken in every part of your conjecture. The opposition may be still at Knightsbridge, for aught I know; or if on the field of battle, had no more share in the honour of the day than you or I. A friend made the fatal motion, a friend espoused it, friends supported and carried it. The outward and visible lines of this interlude were these; Lord Howe presented to the House of Commons a petition from the naval captains on half-pay for increase of allowance. Lord North had thought of taking no part, and had spoken to nobody against it; for, indeed, when all are on his side, how could he suspect that nobody would be with him? Sir Gilbert Elliot backed the petition; Lord North resisted; the consequence I have told you. The next day Lord North, angry with good reason, was on the point

of making the affair very serious, and was with difficulty kept from resigning. The world is large in its comments on this mystery, and somehow or other the commentators do not in general impute very pure motives to Sir Gilbert, though some make his conduct personal, others more cabalistic. I am no expounder of unrevealed revelations.

Yesterday the fortune of war was changed, and Lord North triumphed. It was on the affair of St. Vincent's, for the expedition to which administration was called to account. Caribs, black Caribs, have no representatives in Parliament; they have no agent but God, and he is seldom called to the bar of the House to defend their cause; 206 to 88 gave them up to the mercy of their persecutors; and as the Portuguese call *their* negroes, the Caribs are deemed *disaffected*. Alas! dare I complain of gout and rheumatism, when so much a bitterer cup is brewed for men as good as myself in every quarter of the globe! Can one be a man and not shudder at all our nature is capable of! I welcome pain: for it gives me sensibility, and punishes my pride. Donatello loses his grace when I reflect on the million of my fellow creatures that have no one happiness, no one comfort! Adieu!

1450. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1773.

The most agreeable ingredient of your last, dear Sir, is the paragraph that tells me you shall be in town in April, when I depend on the pleasure of seeing you; but, to be certain, wish you would give me a few days' law, and let me know, too, where you lodge. Pray bring your books: though the continuation of the *Miscellaneous Antiquities* is uncertain. I thought the affectation of loving veteran anecdotes was so vigorous, that I ventured to print five

hundred copies. One hundred and thirty only are sold—I cannot afford to make the town perpetual presents, though I find people exceedingly eager to obtain them when I do: and if they will not buy them, it is a sign of such indifference, that I shall neither bestow my time, nor my cost, to no purpose. All I desire is, to pay the expenses, which I can afford much less than my idle moments. Not but the operations of my press have often turned against myself in many shapes. I have told people many things they did not know, and from fashion they have bought a thousand things out of my hands, which they do not understand, and only love *en passant*. At Mr. West's sale I got literally nothing; his prints sold for the frantic sum of 1,495*l*. 10*s*. Your and my good friend Mr. Gulston threw away above 200*l*. there.

I am not sorry Mr. Lort has recourse to the fountain-head: Mr. Pownall's system of Freemasonry is so absurd and groundless that I am glad to be rid of intervention. I have seen the former once: he told me he was willing to sell his prints, as the value of them is so increased—for that very reason I did not want to purchase them.

Paul Sandby promised me ten days ago to show Mr. Henshaw's engravings (which I received from Dr. Ewin) to Bartolozzi, and ask his terms, thinking he would delight in so very promising a scholar; but I have heard nothing since, and therefore fear there is no success. Let me, however, see the young man when he comes, and I will try if there is any other way of serving him.

What shall I say to you, dear Sir, about Dr. Prescot[1]? or what shall I say to him? It hurts me not to be very civil, especially as any respect to my father's memory touches me much more than any attention to myself, which I cannot hold to be a quarter so well founded. Yet, how dare I write

Letter 1450.—[1] Kenrick Prescot (d. 1779), Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge.

to a poor man, who may do, as I have lately seen done by a Scotch woman[2] that wrote a play, and printed Lord Chesterfield's and Lord Lyttelton's letters to her, as *Testimonia Auctorum*. I will therefore *beg* you to make my compliments and thanks to the Master, and to make them as grateful as you please, provided I am dispensed with giving any certificate under my hand. You may plead my illness, which, though the fifth month ended yesterday, is far from being at an end. My relapses have been endless; I cannot yet walk a step; and a great cold has added an ague in my cheek for which I am just going to begin the bark. The prospect for the rest of my days is gloomy. The case of my poor nephew[3] still more deplorable: he arrived in town last night, and bore his journey tolerably—but his head is in much more danger of not recovering than his health, though they give us hopes of both. But the evils of life are not good subjects for letters—why afflict one's friends? Why make commonplace reflections? Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1451. To the Rev. William Mason.

March 2, 1773.

I am not surprised, my dear Sir, that satire should be bought off, when infamous scandals on the most virtuous characters are printed at the Louvre *in usum Delphini*. But shall the muse of retribution be silent? shall a *censeur royal* clip her eagle wings? shall she not dip her penfeather in the blood of Patriot martyrs, and write their *vindicias* in crimson hues? You to whom the noble quill is descended, must wield the weapon, and revenge Sidney and Russell;

[2] According to Cunningham, Mrs. Jane Marshall, author of *Sir Harry Gaylove, or Comedy in Embryo*.

[3] The Earl of Orford.

probably, deplore the sinking cause for which they fell in vain! Your writings will outlive the laws of England—I scorn to say of *Britain*, since it implies Scotland. *Her* laws will replace ours, though their most remarkable one is suspended in favour of him, whom you call *Sir* Andrew Stewart; I mean, that against *leasing-making*. You shall have the odious book[1], which is indeed as silly as it is detestable: nor does one know whether the man is more malignant or absurd. He has given such proofs of the villainy, folly, and infamous treachery of Charles II, James II, and Louis XIV, as would make any nature but a royal one shudder, nay, laugh, if indignation did not harrow up the muscles. Come, I will make *you* laugh even in your scornful mood. He justifies James II against Burnet's charge of thinking only of saving his dogs, when he was in danger of being shipwrecked. How does he defend him from the prelate's *lie*? (it is Sir John's own word)—why, by a Scot's letter which says the Duke of York insisted on preserving a trunk of papers of such consequence to himself and his brother, that he would as soon part with his life. The tenderness of a trunk's life is indeed superlative proof of humanity. The dear trunk filled at least, I suppose, the place of one or two drowned men! and what damning papers must that trunk have contained! Need I tell you at *whose* expense[2] these treasures were transcribed? Read the fond letters between their most religious and Christian Majesties Charles II and Louis XIV, and very few *mutatis mutandis* will suffice to open your ideas. Need I tell you that Sir John Dalrymple, the accuser of bribery, was turned out of his place of Solicitor of the Customs for taking bribes from brewers?—*sed Jove nondum barbato.*—I will only wash my hands and change the subject.

What shall I say? how shall I thank you for the kind

LETTER 1451.—[1] Dalrymple's *Memoirs*. [2] That of George III.

manner in which you submit your papers[3] to my correction? But if you are friendly I must be just: I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I must beg leave to sharpen your pen, and in that light only, with regard to myself, would make any alterations in your text. I am conscious, that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior. I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating; at the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it—he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible. After this confession, I fear you will think I fall far short of the justice I promised him, in the words which I should wish to have substituted to some of yours. If you think them inadequate to the state of the case, as I own they are,

[3] Mason submitted to Horace Walpole for revision those parts of his *Life of Gray* in which Walpole's name was mentioned.

preserve this letter, and let some future Sir John Dalrymple produce it to load my memory; but I own I do not desire that any ambiguity should aid his invention to forge an account for me. If you have no objection, I would propose your narrative should run thus, and contain no more, till a more proper time shall come for stating the truth, as I have related it to you. While I am living, it is not pleasant to read one's private quarrels discussed in magazines and newspapers.

In Section Second.

'But I must here add, in order to forewarn my readers of a disappointment, that this correspondence (viz. during his travels) is defective towards the end, and includes no description either of Venice or its territory, the last places which Mr. Gray visited. This defect was occasioned by an unfortunate disagreement between him and Mr. Walpole, which arising from the great difference of temper between the pensive, curious philosophy of the former, and the gay and youthful inconsideration of the latter, occasioned their separation at Reggio.'

Note to be added. 'In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend, Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel, confessing that more attention, complaisance, and deference on his part to a warm friendship and to a very superior understanding and judgement might have prevented a rupture, which gave much uneasiness to both, and a lasting concern to the survivor, though in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady, who wished well to them both.'

This note I think will specify all that is necessary, and though humiliating to me, it is due to my friend, and a vindication I owe him. It is also all that seems necessary either in section the second or fourth. As to section third,

it is far from accurate, and in one respect what I am sure you will have too much regard to me to mention, as it would hurt me in a very sensible part. You will I am sure sacrifice it to my entreaty, especially as it is to introduce nothing to the prejudice of Mr. Gray: nay, I think he would rather dislike the mention. I mean the place that I might have obtained for him from my father. That I should have tried for such emolument for him, there is no doubt; at least have proposed it to him, though I am far from being clear he would have accepted it. I know that till he did accept the Professorship from the Duke of Grafton, it was my constant belief that he would scorn any place. My inclination to be serviceable to him was so intense, that when we went abroad together, I left a will behind in which I gave him all I then possessed in the world—it was indeed a very trifling all!

With regard to what my father would have done, let me recall the period to you or tell it to you, if you do not know it. I came over[4] in the end of September; my father resigned in the beginning of the following February. Considering how unfavourable to him the new Parliament was, it would, I believe, with any partiality to me, have been impossible for him to have given away any place worth Gray's acceptance, but to a member of Parliament during those four critical months; but this, my dear Sir, is not the part that touches me most. They are your kind words, *favourite son.* Alas! if I ever was so, I was not so thus early! nor were I so, would I for the world have such a word dropped; it would stab my living brother to the soul, who I have often said adored his father, and of all his children loved him the best. You see I am making a pretty general confession, but can claim absolution on no foundation but that of repentance; you will at least, I am

[4] Horace Walpole returned to England from Italy in Sept. 1741.

sure, not wound an innocent, meritorious brother from partiality to me. Do just as you think fit about his letters [5] to me: I never thought above a very few proper for publication, but gave them up to you to prove my deference and unreserve. As I still think them charming, I beg to have them again; I have scarce any of his letters that I can call literary, for they only relate to informations he gave me for my own trifling books; and I should be ashamed to show how ill I employed such time as his. Indeed they contain little more than the notices I have mentioned to have received from him. Whatever I have of that sort are at Strawberry, and as I am but just able yet, after two-and-twenty weeks, to take the air in Hyde Park, God knows when I shall be able to go to Twickenham. Life itself is grown far less dear to me, since I seem to see a prospect of surviving all that is worth living for. Mr. Martin, my reversionary heir, is ready in every sense to encourage me in these sentiments. Three months ago, when the newspapers proclaimed me dying, he sent a Treasury creature to my clerk to know the worth of my place. The young man was shocked, and asked why Mr. Martin did not apply to me? No, said the agent, Mr. Martin would think that too indelicate. However, not to be too delicate himself when his principal's interest was concerned, he threatened my clerk with Mr. Martin's turning him out as soon as I should be dead. I recollect Martin's practising at the target for six months before he fought Wilkes, and say if I am to blame in a resolution of never dining with my heir-apparent.

I have written such a volume here, and so much on Dalrymples and Martins and kings, that my hand pretends to feel a little gout, and pleads that it is too hard to be forced to talk of Macpherson too. You may be sure,

[5] Gray's letters.

however, that I have not read nor shall read his Homer *travesti*[6]; all I will add is, that the Scotch seem to be proving they are really descended from the Irish. Dalrymple has discovered humanity to a trunk; Macpherson, I suppose, has been proving by his version, how easy it was to make a Fingal out of Homer, after having tried to prove that Fingal was an original poem. But we live in an age of contradictions. Mr. *Mac* Jenkinson, the other day on the Thirty-nine Articles, called Laud a *very very great man*, and in the same breath, stigmatized those apostles of the Stuarts, David Hume and Lord Bolingbroke. Can a house divided against itself stand? Did not Bolingbroke beget Lord Mansfield and Andrew Stone? Did not Mansfield and Stone beget the Bishop of Chester[7]? Are not atheism and bigotry first cousins? Was not Charles II an atheist and a bigot? and does Mr. Hume pluck a stone from a church but to raise an altar to tyranny? Thank God, if we have as great rogues as Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, at least they are as great fools as Father Petre[8]. For King James I find no parallel—he was sincere in his religion. Adieu! I leave my name out to be supplied by

Sir John Dalrymple.

1452. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, March 2, 1773.

I received your letter so late yesterday, and had company all the evening, as I have had to-day, that there was no possibility for me to answer the particulars of it. Nay, I do not know whether you will receive my answer this week or fortnight, for I am at the mercy of everybody that

[6] A prose translation of the *Iliad*.

[7] William Markham (1719–1807), Bishop of Chester, 1771–77; Archbishop of York, 1777–1807.

[8] Father Edward Petre (1631–1699), confessor of James II.

pleases to visit me, and cannot be denied till I am able to visit too. You will receive the books as you directed. How you or your curate could want taste so much as not to go through Sir Thomas Wyat's Oration[1], is inconceivable. It is the finest piece that has been composed, as some pedant said, *since the Romans died.* To punish you, I will certainly send you Mr. Home's new tragedy[2] as soon as it is published—or one of his former; I dare to say it will be all the same; though he says this is his best.

I do not wonder Lord Nuneham forgot my *bons mots*, for I am sure if I committed any I have forgotten them myself.

Garrick has written a cantata for Millico's benefit: a lyre tumbled out of heaven to play to it; but it was so bad, the audience wished themselves at the devil. The only good thing I have seen this winter is an excellent *Papal* Bull. I forgot to say above, that the town is so much of your and your curate's opinion about Sir T. Wyat's Oration, that the *Miscellaneous Antiquities* have not sold above a fifth of them, so there will be no more. If Sir Thomas had abused Cranmer and Latimer instead of Bonner, he would have been more fashionable. Adieu!

1453. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1773.

I was unlucky, Madam, and did not see Lord Ossory the two last days. I hope you did not like *Les Lois de Minos*[1] which I sent by him.

We have two new tragedies: I read the two first acts of the one and the three last of the other, and they sufficed.

Letter 1452.—[1] Printed in *Miscellaneous Antiquities.*
[2] *Alonzo.*

Letter 1453.—[1] A tragedy by Voltaire.

Mr. Home's *Alonzo* seems to be the story of David and Goliah, worse told than it would have been if Sternhold and Hopkins had put it into metre.

Did your Lord bring you the *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*[2]? I am going mad about it, though there is here and there a line I hate. I laughed till I cried, and the oftener I read it the better I like it. It has as much poetry as the *Dunciad*, and more wit and greater facility. It is said to be Anstey's, and certainly is not unworthy of the *Bath Guide*; but I shall dread his next production, lest he should tumble again as he did in his second piece.

The occupation of the week is the new quadrilles for Monday. You country gentlefolks, who believe even the *Gazette*, conclude, I suppose, from the court mourning[3] that they will be dressed like pall-bearers, in black, with sashes of white sarcenet. No such thing. Being antiquarians or historians, one set is to appear like the court of Henri Quatre—Mrs. Hobart, perhaps, as *la belle Gabrielle*; and with so much propriety, to be sure their tune will be *Quand Biron voulut danser*. The other band, aiming at accuracy, said they must be contemporaries, and accordingly pitched upon the reign of our Charles the Second. They have, however, been shoved an hundred years back, and are to dance the brawls in ruffs and fardingales. I am afraid I shall not be able to see these carousals. Though I go out twice a day, it is only like a witch upon my crutch; and though masquerading is so much the fashion, I do not care to appear with anything beneath a crook.

My Lord Chesterfield bought a Claude the other day for four hundred guineas, and a Madame de la Vallière for four. He said, 'Well! if I am laughed at for giving so much for a landscape, at least it must be allowed that I have my

[2] By William Mason.
[3] For the King of Sardinia, who died on Feb. 20, 1773.

woman cheap.' Is not it charming to be so agreeable quite to the door of one's coffin?

Mr. Burke is returned from Paris, where he was so much the mode that, happening to dispute with the philosophers, it grew the fashion to be Christians. St. Patrick himself did not make more converts.

As Lady Mary[4] is with you, I will not attempt more news. Selwyn is to be at your inn on his way to meet the Carlisles. He and Lady Mary will know a thousand histories of Almack's and other clubs that do not reach such an antiquated creature as I am in a fortnight. I have not heard a more recent duel than that of Chevy Chase, or the one between Mrs. F. and Miss P. They have not found the ball in the latter yet. Good night to the good company.

1454. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 12, 1773.

I was a brute to forget desiring you in my last to thank Mr. Patch for his dedication of Fra Bartolomeo. Sure the gout had fallen upon my memory! Pray tell him it is very lame. His prints both from the Fratre[1] and from Giotto are very well executed; but the former does not strike me like Masaccio. I used to admire his works equal to Raphael's; but certainly it must have been from the colouring, not, as I thought, from his great ideas, for they are far inferior to those of his two cotemporaries.

I am very sorry you feel like me, as well as sympathize with me: I hope your fit will neither be so sharp nor so long. I am just got out after two-and-twenty weeks; think of two-and-twenty weeks! And for walking, I might as well stay at home; but I force myself, lest I should take root in my chair.

[4] Lady Mary Fox, sister of Lord Ossory. Letter 1454.—[1] So in MS.

They tell us the new Queen of Sardinia[2] is another Elizabeth Farnese. France is making a new family-compact with that court. The Comte d'Artois marries his sister of Provence's sister[3], and his sister Madame is to be Duchesse de Savoie.

Alack! All their Alps will be of no use in the north. French letters say troops are going from Dunkirk to Sweden, and that English men-of-war are to convey them. No soul tells us a syllable of this here: yet methinks the King of Prussia believes so, for he has marched an army to the Lippe, which they say is very much in the way to Hanover.

You tell me how dear you pay at your theatres. I will tell you how cheap we buy pictures. Sir Watkin Williams gave six hundred and fifty pounds last week for a landscape of Nicolò Poussin; and Lord Chesterfield four hundred guineas for another; which somebody was so good as to paint a few months ago for Claude Lorrain. Books, prints, coins, do not lose their rank in proportion. I am every day tempted to make an auction; what do you think all *your* presents would sell for? They would make me a Crœsus, but I think them invaluable.

The physicians have fancied my poor nephew cured; but yesterday he wrote a letter that proved the very reverse. For my own part I am of the desponding side. It would not be proper for *me* to write to his mother; but I think, if she is at Florence, you might from yourself break a hint of his situation to her. I am grieved that she is not in England.

We have none but Indian politics. The Government is to lend the Company fourteen hundred thousand pounds, and to have great share in the direction. I am one that

[2] Maria Antonia, Infanta of Spain, wife of Victor Amadeus II, King of Sardinia.

[3] Maria Theresa of Savoy, daughter of Victor Amadeus III, King of Sardinia. She was married to the Comte d'Artois in Nov. 1773.

believe the Indies will leave us stranded, as the South Sea did.

A winter without politics is errant summer; and accordingly my letters are forced to be laconic. The fund, you know, is inexhaustible, but I cannot supply you with current cash. Even our Maccaronis entertain the town with nothing but new dresses and the size of their nosegays. They have lost all their money and exhausted their credit, and can no longer game for twenty thousand pounds a night. Everything degenerates. Adieu!

P.S. I saw last night, at the Duchess of Gloucester's, a Lady Hesketh[1], who asked most kindly after you, and desired me to mention her to you.

1455. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, March 16, 1778.

Your Ladyship is but too apt to think of me far above my merit; yet never did you overrate my parts so much as in bestowing the *Horse Tyrtic* on me. However, excuse me for saying, that, if in one respect you have done me greatly too much honour, you have at least lowered my character in another. What must I be, if, living in intimacy with Lord Holland, and being a frequent witness of his unhappiness, I had stabbed him by a most barbarous line[2]? I must be a rascal and a brute: after that need I, and yet I do, give you my honour solemnly that that *Tyrtic* is not mine. I hope you, Madam, and Lord Ossory will treat me as I should deserve, if you ever find it is. Having said this

[1] Harriet (d. 1803), daughter of Ashley Cowper, Clerk of the Parliaments; m. Sir Thomas Hesketh, first Baronet, of Rufford, Lancashire (who died in 1778). She was the cousin and correspondent of William Cowper the poet.

[2] Lowe's 1st ed. 1 line 91. On this shall Holland's dying speech be read.

very seriously, I have no scruple to own how much I admire that poem, and care not who knows I do. To-day I heard that other relations of royalty are more guilty than I am; the *Epistle* is given to Temple Luttrell. I doubt it; but, if he is the author, I am sure the Duchess of Cumberland has better poets for her kin than the Duchess of Gloucester has.

About Sir John Dalrymple I have very little to say, Madam. I did not want to know that Charles II was a knave, or James and his daughter Anne drivellers. If Algernon Sidney took money from France, it was making one tyrant help to pull down another, and that were a crime my conscience would not be much shocked at. In truth, I am rather tired of the subject: the town and the newspapers have so fully discussed the book, that I neither listen to the one nor read the other. If it is comfortable to any scoundrel to find himself in better company than he expected, to be sure he has nothing to do but to be introduced by Sir John Dalrymple into history.

I am launched little into the world yet. I was not at the ball last night, and have only been at the Opera, where I was infinitely struck with the Carrara, who is the prettiest creature upon earth. Mrs. Hartley I am to find still handsomer, and Miss Linley[2] is to be the superlative degree. The King admires the last, and ogles her as much as he dares to do in so holy a place as an Oratorio, and at so devout a service as *Alexander's Feast*. To the club I shall go to-night for the first time, but have not yet seen Thomyris or Thalestris. I was t'other morning at Lady Powis's: her great room is hung with a glorious scarlet damask. She told me it was only silk and worsted; I could not believe my eyes, but insisted it came from Genoa. She vowed it was made in Spitalfields: the sound struck me; I asked

[2] Elizabeth Anne (d. 1792), daughter of Thomas Linley; m. (April 13, 1773) Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her public career ended with her marriage.

if that chamber had not been the scene of battle? and, as it was, I have desired that it may for the future be called *Spittlefields.*

There was a new play by Dr. Goldsmith last night, which succeeded prodigiously; but how is it possible your Ladyship can bear such stuff as *Alonzo*, without characters or probability? A gentlewoman embraces her maid when she expects her husband; he goes mad with jealousy, without discovering what he ails, and runs away to Persia, where the post comes in from Spain with news of a duel that is to be fought the Lord knows when! As Persian princes love single combat as well as if they had been bred in Lucas's Coffee-house[3], nobody is surprised that the Prince of Persia should arrive to fight a duel that was probably over before he sets out. The wife discovers the Prince to be her own husband, and the lad her own son, and so, to prevent mischief, stabs herself, and then tells the whole story, which it was rather more natural to do first. The language is as poor as the plot. Somebody asked me, apropos to the *Heroic Epistle*, what prose *the Home* had ever written? I said I knew none but his poetry. His tragedy comes just in time to prove I was in the right.

Your Ladyship's conclusion of your letter being copied from King James's, I dare not trust to such flattering, because Jesuitical sounds; but were there any reality in your promises, I would sacrifice the three goddesses above named, and be content with the Helen that offers to be as *kind as I can desire.* She may depend on my being as grateful as *she can expect* from a Paris a little *sur le retour.*

P.S. George Selwyn has raked himself into a fever, but hopes to be able to meet his friend at Highgate at least.

[3] In Dublin, near the Castle; duels were frequently fought in the yard at the back of it.

1456. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, March 27, 1773.

I received your letter, dear Sir, your MS. and Gray's letters to me, by Mr. Alderson. Twenty things crowd about my pen and jostle and press to be said. As I came hither to-day (my first flight since my illness) for a little air, and to read you undisturbed, they shall all have their place in good time; but having so safe a conveyance for my thoughts, I must begin with the uppermost of them, the *Heroic Epistle*. I have read it so very often that I have got it by heart, and as I am now master of all its beauties, I profess I like it infinitely better than I did, and yet I thought I liked it infinitely before: there is more wit, ten times more delicacy of irony, as much poetry and greater facility than, and as, in the *Dunciad*. But what signifies what I think? all the world thinks the same, except a dark corner, where its being so much disliked is still better praise. No soul, as I have heard, has guessed within an hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's name, and I believe contributed to spread that notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's[1], and to my infinite honour mine. Lord Nuneham swears he should think so, if I did not commend it so excessively! oh, how very vain I am! Sir William Chambers consoles himself with its having sold him three hundred copies of his book. I do not hear that the patron of arts[2] consoles himself with anything, but is heartily sore: he *would* read it insultingly to Chambers, but soon flung it down in a passion. It is already of the fourth

Letter 1456.—Dated May 27 by C. and in the *Correspondence of Walpole and Mason* edited by Mitford. In Mitford's edition of Gray's Works this letter is, however, dated March 27, which is evidently correct.

[1] Second son of first Baron Irnham (afterwards Earl of Carhampton).

[2] The King.

edition. Thank you for giving my impatient heir, Sam Martin, a niche. There is published a defence of negro slavery by his father.

But now, my dear Sir, as you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and England's sake do not let it rest. You have a vein of irony and satire that the best of causes bleeds for having wanted. Point all your lightnings at that wretch Dalrymple, and yet make him but the footstool to the throne as you made poor simple Chambers. We are acting the very same scene Dalrymple has brought to fuller light, sacrificing friends to stab heroes and martyrs. There are repeated informations from France that preliminaries of strict union are signed between that court and ours; Lord Stormont[3] is the negotiator, and Lord Mansfield, who has not courage enough even to be Chancellor, hopes the Chancellor of France has courage and villainy enough to assist him in enslaving us, as the French Chancellor[4] has enslaved his own country! If you mind not me, depend upon it you will meet the indignant shade of Sidney in your moonlight walk by your cold bath, who will frown inspiration. You see what you can do, what Milton trusted to prose, what Pope had not principles elevated enough to do, and for doing what Gray's bards will bless you. In short, you have seated yourself close to all three, and you must now remain in full display of your dignity. When Gray's Life is finished, you are not permitted to write anything inferior to the *Dispensary*. Thank you for your admirable remark on Barillon's[5] letter: I will communicate it to Mrs. Macaulay, without naming you. She

[3] Ambassador at Paris.

[4] Maupeou.

[5] Paul de Barillon d'Amoncourt (d. 1691), Marquis de Branges, Ambassador Extraordinary in London in 1677. Mason considered that there were 'evident internal marks of forgery in Barillon's memoir relating to Algernon Sidney.'

will defend Sidney in her next volume, but he demands a higher pen.

I am extremely pleased with the easy unaffected simplicity of your MS., nor have found anything scarce I would wish added, much less retrenched; unless the paragraph on Lord Bute, which I do not think quite clearly expressed, and yet perhaps too clearly, while you choose to remain unknown for author of the *Epistle*. The paragraph I mean might lead to a suspicion: might it not look a little too, as if Gray, at least his friends for him, had been disappointed? especially as he asked for the place, and accepted it afterwards from the Duke of Grafton? Since Gray (and I am sorry he did not) has left no marks of indignation against the present times, I do not know whether it were so well to mix politics with a life so unpolitical. But I only suggest this: you are sure I do not speak from disinclination to the censure, but from infinite regard both for him and you. The page and reflections on poor West's[6] death are new, most touching, most exquisitely worded.

I send you Mr. Andrew Stewart's book; and as I had two given to me, I beg you will accept that I send. It will be a great curiosity, for after all his heroism, fear or nationality have preponderated, and it will not be published.

I can add nothing to your account of Gray's going abroad with me. It was my own thought and offer, and was cheerfully accepted. Thank you for inserting my alteration; as I survive, any softening would be unjust to the dead; and nobody can justify him so well as my confession and attestation. It must be believed that I was in the wrong, not he, when I allow it. In things of that nature, the survivor has the better chance of being justified; and for

[6] Richard West, the early friend of Gray and Walpole; d. 1742.

your sake, dear Sir, as well as his, I choose you should do justice to your friend. I am sorry I had a fault towards him: it does not wound me to own it.

I return you Mr. Trollope's verses, of which many are excellent, and yet I cannot help thinking the best were Gray's, not only as they appear in his writing, but as they are more nervous and less diffuse than the others. When we meet, why should not we select the best, and make a complete poem[7]?

Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy[8]—no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh, in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue. I say nothing of Home's *Alonzo* and Murphy's *Alzuma*, because as the latter is sense and poetry compared to the former, you cannot want an account of either.

Mr. Nicholls is returned, transported with Italy. I hope he will come hither with me next week; Gothic ground may sober him a little from pictures and statues, which he will not meet with in his village, and which I doubt will at first be a little irksome. His friend Mr. Barrett[9] stands for Dover, I suppose on the court interest, for Wilkes

[7] *The Characters of the Christ-Cross Row*, printed from a fragment preserved by Horace Walpole in Gosse's *Works of Gray*, vol. i. p. 410.

[8] *She Stoops to Conquer*, first performed on March 15, 1773.

[9] Thomas Barrett (d. 1803), of Lee Priory, Kent.

has sent down a remonstrating candidate. I like the *Parliamentary right*[10] in his City remonstrance. I forgot to tell you too, that I believe the Scotch are heartily sick of their Dalrymplyan publication. It has reopened all the mouths of clamour; and the *Heroic Epistle* arrived in the critical minute to furnish clamour with quotations. You cannot imagine how I used it as fumigation. Whenever I was asked, Have you read Sir John Dalrymple? I replied, Have *you* read the *Heroic Epistle*? Betty[11] is in raptures on being immortalized; the elephant and ass[12] are become constellations, and *he has stolen the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief*[13] is the proverb in fashion—good night.

Pope—Garth—Boileau—you may guess whether I am or not

Your sincere admirer,

Hor. Walpole.

1457. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, March 27, 1773.

What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed!—so she does, that is the Muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more

[10] 'The parliamentary right of your Majesty to the crown of these realms.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1773, p. 209.)

[11] Betty Neale:—

'There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James' Street;
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.' *Heroic Epistle*, ll. 113–6.

[12] 'In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.'
Ibid., ll. 74–5.

[13] 'See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!
He's stol'n the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.'
Ibid., ll. 125–6.

modesty than Lady Bridget[1], and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably.

You perceive, Madam, that I have boldly sallied to a play; but the heat of the house and of this sultry March half killed me, yet I limp about as if I was young and pleased. From the play I travelled to Upper Grosvenor Street, to Lady Edgecumbe's, supped at Lady Hertford's. That Maccaroni rake, Lady Powis, who is just come to her estate and spending it, calling in with news of a fire in the Strand at past one in the morning, Lady Hertford, Lady Powis, Mrs. Howe, and I, set out to see it, and were within an inch of seeing the Adelphi buildings burnt to the ground. I was to have gone to the Oratorio next night for Miss Linley's sake, but, being engaged to the French Ambassador's ball afterwards, I thought I was not quite Hercules enough for so many labours, and declined the former.

The house was all arbours and bowers, but rather more approaching to Calcutta, where so many English were stewed to death; for as the Queen would not dis-Maid of Honour herself of Miss Vernon[2] till after the Oratorio, the ball-room was not opened till she arrived, and we were penned together in the little hall till we could not breathe. The quadrilles were very pretty: Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne[3], and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin, with blond and *collets montés à la reine Elizabeth*; Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Carlisle, and I forget

LETTER 1457. — [1] Lady Bridget Henley, daughter of first Earl of Northington; m. 1. Hon. George Fox-Lane, only son of first Baron Bingley; 2. (1777) Hon. John Tollemache, fourth son of third Earl of Dysart.

[2] Caroline, fourth daughter of Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire; d. unmarried, 1829.

[3] Elizabeth (d. 1818), daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, fifth Baronet, of Halnaby, Yorkshire; m. (1769) Sir Peniston Lamb, second Baronet, who was created (June 8, 1770) Baron Melbourne of Kilmore, co. Cavan; cr. Viscount Melbourne in 1780.

whom, in like dresses with red sashes, *de rouge*, black hats with diamond loops and a few feathers before, began; then the Henri Quatres and Quatresses, who were Lady Craven, Miss Minching, the two Misses Vernons, Mr. Storer[4], Mr. Hanger[5], the Duc de Lauzun[6], and George Damer, all in white, the men with black hats and white feathers flapping behind, danced another quadrille, and then both quadrilles joined; after which Mrs. Hobart, all in gauze and spangles, like a spangle pudding, a Miss I forget, Lord Edward Bentinck, and a Mr. Corbet, danced a *pas de quatre*, in which Mrs. Hobart indeed performed admirably.

The fine Mrs. Matthews[7] in white, trimmed down all the neck and petticoat with scarlet cock's feathers, appeared like a new macaw brought from Otaheite; but of all the pretty creatures next to the Carrara (who was not there) was Mrs. Bunbury[8]; so that with her I was in love till one o'clock, and then came home to bed. The Duchess of Queensberry had a round gown of rose-colour, with a man's cape, which, with the stomacher and sleeves, was all trimmed with mother-of-pearl earrings. This Pindaric gown was a sudden thought to surprise the Duke, with whom she had dined in another dress. Did you ever see so good a joke?

I forgot to tell your Ladyship that Miss Loyd is in the new play[9] by the name of Rachael Buckskin, though he has altered it in the printed copies. Somebody wrote for her

[4] Antony Morris Storer (1746–1799), son of Thomas Storer, of Westmoreland, Jamaica; Lord of Trade, 1781; Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, 1783. He was a schoolfellow of Charles Fox, and a well-known man of fashion. In later life he became an antiquary and book-collector. He bequeathed his library to Eton College.

[5] Probably Hon. George Hanger (d. 1824), son of first Baron Coleraine. He succeeded his brother as fourth Baron Coleraine in 1814, but did not assume the title.

[6] Armand Louis de Gontaut (1747–1793), Duc de Lauzun, afterwards Duc de Biron.

[7] Mrs. Mathew, *née* Smyth.

[8] Catherine (d. 1798), daughter of Kane William Horneck; m. (1771) Henry William Bunbury, second son of Rev. Sir William Bunbury, fifth Baronet, of Barton, Suffolk. She was the 'Little Comedy' of Goldsmith.

[9] *She Stoops to Conquer.*

a very sensible reproof to him, only it ended with an indecent *grossièreté*. However, the fool took it seriously, and wrote a most dull and scurrilous answer; but, luckily for him, Mr. Beauclerk and Mr. Garrick intercepted it.

Lord Chesterfield was dead before my last letter that foretold his death set out. Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, Madam, to send you. Oh yes! I have his last: being told of his quarrel in Spitalfields, and even that Mrs. F. struck Miss P., he said, 'I always thought Mrs. F. a *striking* beauty.'

Thus, having given away all his wit to the last farthing, he has left nothing but some poor witticisms in his will, tying up his heir by forfeitures and jokes from going to Newmarket.

I wrote this letter at Strawberry, and find nothing new in town to add but a cold north-east that has brought back all our fires and furs. Pray tell me a little of your Ladyship's futurity, and whether you will deign to pass through London.

1458. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, April 7, 1773.

I have now seen the second volume of the *Archæologia*, or Old Women's Logic, with Mr. Masters's answer to me. If he had not taken such pains to declare it was written against my *Doubts*, I should have thought it a defence of them, for the few facts he quotes make for my arguments, and confute himself; particularly in the case of Lady Eleanor Butler[1]; whom, by the way, he makes marry her own nephew, and not descend from her own family, because she was descended from her grandfather. This

Letter 1458. — [1] Lady Eleanor Talbot, daughter of first Earl of Shrewsbury, and wife of Sir Thomas Boteler, son of sixth Baron Sudeley. Richard III asserted that the marriage of Edward IV to Elizabeth Wydvill was rendered void by a previous contract with this lady.

Mr. Masters is an excellent Sancho Panza to such a Don Quixote as Dean Milles! but enough of such goosecaps!

Pray thank Mr. Ashby for his admirable correction of Sir Thomas Wyat's *bon mot*; it is right beyond all doubt, and I will quote it if ever the piece is reprinted.

Mr. Tyson surprises me by usurping your Dissertation. It seems all is fish that comes into the net of the Society. Mercy on us! What a cart-load of brick and rubbish and Roman ruins they have piled together! I have found nothing tolerable in the volume but the Dissertation of Mr. Masters, which is followed by an answer, that, like Masters's, contradicts him, without disproving anything.

Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields. But I must not blame the *virtuosi*, having surpassed them. In short, I have bought his two pictures of Henry V and Henry VIII and their families, the first of which is engraved in my *Anecdotes*, or, as the Catalogue says, *engraved by Mr. H. Walpole*, and the second described there. The first cost me 38*l.* and the last 84*l.*, though I knew Mr. West bought it for six guineas. But, in fact, these two, with my Marriages of Henry VI and VII, compose such a suite of the house of Lancaster, and enrich my Gothic house so completely, that I would not deny myself. The Henry VII cost me as much, and is less curious; the price of antiquities is so exceedingly risen, too, at present, that I expected to have paid more. I have bought much cheaper at the same sale, a picture of Henry VIII and Charles V in one piece, both much younger than ever I saw any portrait of either. I hope your pilgrimage to St. *Gulaston's*[2] this month will take place, and that you will come and see them. Adieu! dear Sir. Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] Mr. Gulston's, at Ealing Grove.

1459. To Viscount Nuneham.

I will certainly wait on your Lordship and Lady Nuneham on Wednesday, and endeavour to prepare Mrs. Clive's spirits to hazard even a *role sans prendre*, which is the thing she dreads the most in the world next to a crowd. I am going to Princess Amelie, my greatest earthly joy next to going to St. James's.

1460. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 27, 1773.

Last post carried you a war between us and France: this mail will bring you peace again. Guicciardini himself would have difficulty to make a long history of such a transaction. Last Wednesday, fifteen ships of the line were ordered to be equipped for the Mediterranean, for a French fleet was sailing thither from Toulon, and a Spanish one was ready at Carthagena, and the Russian squadron was their object. We were to devour both the former, as soon as they had swallowed the latter. Sir Charles Saunders[1], who loves no dish like a French ship, was begged to fall to: and the stocks, who are subject to a panic, fell away to a skeleton: but France, ten times more afraid still of our *puissance*, has begged the stocks to pluck up their spirits, and swears upon her honour not a ship of hers shall sail. Ours, being so formidable, will, I suppose, be towed overland to Warsaw, and restore the Polish constitution and their King to his full rights—how frightened the King of Prussia must be!

The House of Commons, I assure you, has no share in

Letter 1459. — Endorsed 'April 1773.'

Letter 1460.—[1] He was nominated to command in the Mediterranean.

scattering these terrors. Its thunders are a joke, and even affect to joke in their turn, instead of menacing. There was to be a call of the House yesterday: the Speaker ordered the sheriffs to summon their members. The sheriffs of Middlesex, *sans cérémonie*, summoned Wilkes, instead of Luttrell. Such flagrant contempt has not been noticed!

Balls and masquerades supply the place of politics. France, to be sure, dreads the expensive spirit of our nabobs and Maccaronis, and a little, our weavers, who are all starving, and would have crowded aboard the fleet.

Lord Orford continues as he was; that is, sometimes very well; sometimes very sullen and suspicious—I doubt much of his recovery. I wish for some answer from his mother; but by a letter received last week by her lawyer, I fear she will not come over herself. This will be a great distress to my brother and me, who are most unwilling to take the direction of his affairs.

I am very sorry your gout hangs so long upon you. Mine is quite gone, though not its consequences. I walk very poorly, but I am not young enough or strong enough to recover entirely: every fit will leave its mark. I submit to my lot with patience. My portion has, in general, been very happy, and I must not repine if pain dashes the conclusion. Adieu!

1461. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, April 27, 1773.

I had not time this morning to answer your letter by Mr. Essex, but I gave him the card you desired. You know, I hope, how happy I am to obey any orders of yours.

In the paper I showed you in answer to Masters, you saw

I was apprised of Rastel's *Chronicle*, but pray do not mention my knowing of it, because I draw so much from it, that I lie in wait, hoping that Milles, or Masters, or some of their fools, will produce it against me, and then I shall have another word to say to them, which they do not expect, since they think Rastel makes for them.

Mr. Gough[1] wants to be introduced to me! Indeed! I would see him, as he has been midwife to Masters, but he is so dull that he would only be troublesome—and besides you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them, and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence, and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being mediocre. A page in a great author humbles me to the dust, and the conversation of those that are not superior to myself reminds me of what will be thought of myself. I blush to flatter them, or to be flattered by them, and should dread letters being published some time or other, in which they should relate our interviews, and we should appear like those puny conceited witlings in Shenstone's and Hughes's[2] *Correspondence*, who give themselves airs from being in possession of the soil of Parnassus for the time being, as peers are proud, because they enjoy the estates of great men who went before them. Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publications, though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead—but I cannot be acquainted with him.

LETTER 1461.—[1] Richard Gough (1735–1809), the antiquary.

[2] John Hughes; *Letters by several eminent persons deceased, including the Correspondence of J. Hughes, Esq.*, edited by Rev. John Duncombe.

It is contrary to my system and my humour; and, besides, I know nothing of barrows, and Danish entrenchments, and Saxon barbarisms, and Phœnician characters—in short, I know nothing of those ages that knew nothing—then how should I be of use to modern litterati? All the Scotch metaphysicians have sent me their works. I did not read one of them, because I do not understand what is not understood by those that write about it, and I did not get acquainted with one of the writers. I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey, even though he wrote Lord Buckhorse, or with the author of the *Heroic Epistle*.—I have no thirst to know the rest of my cotemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith, though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

P.S. Mr. Essex has shown me a charming drawing, from a charming round window at Lincoln. It has revived all my eagerness to have him continue his plan.

1462. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1773.

It is most true, Madam, that I did purpose to regale myself with a visit to Ampthill; but this winter, which has trod hard upon last week's summer, blunted my intention for a while, though revivable in fine weather. Oh, but I had another reason for changing my mind; you are leaving Ampthill, and I do not mean only to write my name

in your park-keeper's book. Yes, in spite of your Ladyship's low-spirited mood, you are coming from Ampthill, and you are to be at Strawberry Hill to-morrow se'nnight. You may not be in the secret, but Lord Ossory and I have settled it, and you are to be pawned to me while he is at Newmarket. He told me you certainly would if I asked it, and as they used to say in ancient writ, I do beg it *upon the knees of my heart.* Nay, it is unavoidable; for though a lady's word may be ever so crackable, you cannot have the conscience to break your husband's word, so I depend upon it. I have asked Mr. Crawfurd to meet you, but begged he would refuse me, that I might be sure of his coming. Mrs. Meynel has taken another year's lease of her house, so you, probably, Madam, will not be tired of me for the live-long day for the whole time you shall honour my mansion. Your face will be well and your fever gone a week before to-morrow se'nnight, and you will look as well as ever you did in your life, that is, as you have done lately, which is better than ever you did before. You must not, in truth, expect that I your shepherd should be quite so fit to figure in a fan mount. Besides the gout for six months, which makes some flaws in the bloom of elderly Arcadians, I have been so far from keeping sheep for the last ten days, that I have kept nothing but bad hours; and have been such a rake that I put myself in mind of a poor old cripple that I saw formerly at Hogarth's auction: he bid for the 'Rake's Progress,' saying, 'I *will* buy my own progress,' though he looked as if he had no more title to it than I have, but by limping and sitting up. In short, I have been at four balls since yesterday se'nnight, though I had the prudence not to stay supper at Lord Stanley's. That festival was very expensive, for it is the fashion now to make romances rather than balls. In the hall was a band of French horns and clarionets in laced

uniforms and feathers. The dome of the staircase was beautifully illuminated with coloured glass lanthorns; in the anteroom was a bevy of vestals in white habits, making tea; in the next, a drapery of sarcenet, that with a very funereal air crossed the chimney, and depended in vast festoons over the sconces. The third chamber's doors were heightened with candles in gilt vases, and the ball-room was formed into an oval with benches above each other, not unlike pews, and covered with red serge, above which were arbours of flowers, red and green pilasters, more sarcenet, and Lord March's glasses, which he had lent, as an upholsterer asked Lord Stanley[1] 300*l.* for the loan of some. He had burst open the side of the wall to build an orchestra, with a pendent mirror to reflect the dancers, *à la Guisnes*; and the musicians were in scarlet robes, like the candle-snuffers who represent the senates of Venice at Drury Lane. There were two more chambers at which I never arrived for the crowd. The seasons, danced by himself, the younger Storer[2], the Duc de Lauzun and another, the youngest Miss Stanley[3], Miss Poole, the youngest Wrottesley[4] and another Miss. who is likewise anonymous in my memory, were in errant shepherdly dresses without invention, and Storer and Miss Wrottesley in banians with furs, for winter, cock and hen. In six rooms below were magnificent suppers. I was not quite so sober last night at Mons. de Guisnes's, where the evening began with a ball of children, from eighteen to four years old. They danced amazingly well, yet

Letter 1462.—[1] Edward Smith-Stanley (1752–1834), Lord Stanley; succeeded his grandfather in 1776 as twelfth Earl of Derby.

[2] Thomas James, younger brother of Antony Storer.

[3] Hon. Harriet Stanley, youngest daughter of James Stanley, Lord Strange (eldest son of eleventh Earl of Derby); m. (1778) Sir Watts Horton, second Baronet, of Chadderton, Lancashire; d. 1830.

[4] Hon. Harriet Wrottesley, fifth daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet, and Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte; m. (1779) General Hon. William Gardiner; d. 1823.

disappointed me, so many of them were ugly; but Lord[5] Delawarr's two eldest daughters[6] and the Ancaster infanta[7] performed a *pas de trois* as well as Mdlle. Heinel, and the two eldest were pretty; yet I promise you, Madam, the next age will be a thousand degrees below the present in beauty. The most interesting part was to observe the anxiety of the mothers while their children danced or supped: they supped at ten in three rooms. I should not omit telling you that the Vernons[8], especially the eldest, were not the homeliest part of the show. The former quadrilles then came again upon the stage, and Harry Conway the younger was so astonished at the agility of Mrs. Hobart's bulk, that he said he was sure she must be hollow. The tables were again spread in five rooms, and at past two in the morning we went to supper. To excuse *we*, I must plead that both the late and present Chancellor[9], and the solemn Lord Lyttelton, my predecessors by some years, stayed as late as I did,—and in good sooth the watchman went four as my chairman knocked at my door.

Such is the result of good resolutions! I determined during my illness to have my colt's tooth drawn, and lo! I have cut four new in a week. Well! at least I am as grave as a judge, looked as rosy as Lord Lyttelton, and much soberer than my Lord Chancellor. To show some marks of grace, I shall give up the Opera (indeed it is very

[5] Printed 'Dr.' in previous editions, probably written 'Ld.' in the MS.

[6] Lady Frances and Lady Charlotte West, daughters of second Earl of Delawarr, both of whom died unmarried.

[7] Lady Priscilla Barbara Elizabeth Bertie, eldest surviving daughter of third Duke of Ancaster; m. (1779) Peter Burrell, of Beckenham, Kent (created Baron Gwydyr in 1796). She was declared Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby in 1780.

[8] The daughters of Lord Ossory's mother by her second marriage to Richard Vernon: — Henrietta (d. 1838), m. (1776), as his second wife, George Brooke, second Earl of Warwick; Caroline, m. (1797) Robert Percy Smith; Elizabeth, d. unmarried. Horace Walpole wrote some verses upon them called *The Three Vernons* (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 388).

[9] Lord Camden and Lord Apsley.

bad), and go and retake my doctor's degrees among the dowagers at Lady Blandford's; and intending to have no more diversions than I have news to tell your Ladyship, I think you shall not hear from me again till we meet, as I shall think it, in heaven.

1463. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April [May] 2, 1773.

I WRITE you but a line or two, my dear Sir, that I may not make the packet too large. I am very glad of Lady Orford's message, as it gives me an occasion of writing to her, and laying the whole scene before her, as I have done in the enclosed, which I beg you will take care she should receive safe. My brother and I are very earnest to have her come over, as we really do not know how to act. If you see her, I will rely on your adding your persuasion to ours. I doubt very much of her son's recovery, though as the physicians say they expect it, at least intervals of sense, I have given her those hopes, not being willing to say the contrary against their opinions. As we cannot, will not meddle with his monied affairs, which might draw imputations on us, they will certainly be much deranged, unless his mother will come over, or put them into a proper method, which she alone can do with authority. We are ready in the meanwhile to obey her orders implicitly; but will do nothing more than what is absolutely necessary without them.

I make this letter short with less regret, as I have news of no kind to tell you. Lord Chesterfield's death you will see in the papers.

My feet begin to walk very tolerably. I must now set

LETTER 1463.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

myself to enjoy my interval of health, which so long a fit promises me. It would be silly to flatter myself, if delusion were not preferable to despondence. Adieu!

1464. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1773.

I should not have hurried to answer your letter, dear Sir, the moment I receive it, but to send you another ticket [1] for your sister, in case she should not have recovered the other, and I think you said she was to stay but a fortnight in town. I would have sent it to her, if I had known whither: and I have made it for *five* persons, in case she should have a mind to carry so many.

I am sorry for the young engraver [2], but I can by no means meddle with his going abroad without the father's consent; it would be very wrong, and might hurt the young man essentially, if the father has anything to leave. In any case, I certainly would not be accessory to sending away the son against his father's will. The father is an impertinent fool—but that you and I cannot help.

Pray be not uneasy about Gertrude More; I shall get the original or at least a copy. Tell me how I shall send you martagons by the safest conveyance, or anything else you want. I am always in your debt, and the apostle-spoon will make the debtor side in my book of gratitude run over.

Your public orator [3] has done me too much honour by far—especially as he named me with my father, to whom

Letter 1464.—[1] A ticket to view Strawberry Hill.

[2] Henshaw; see letters to Cole of Jan. 8 and Feb. 18, 1773.

[3] Richard Beadon (1737–1824), Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Bishop of Gloucester, 1789–1802; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1809–24. The editor of the 4to edition of the letters to Cole states that Beadon had mentioned Horace Walpole when presenting one of his relations for an honorary degree.

I am so infinitely inferior, both in parts and virtues. Though I have been abused undeservedly, I feel I have more title to censure than praise, and will subscribe to the former sooner than the latter. Would not it be prudent to look upon the encomium as a funeral oration, and consider myself as dead? I have always dreaded outliving myself, and writing after what small talents I have should be decayed. Except the last volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, which have been finished and printed so long, and which, appear when they may, will still come too late for many reasons, I am disposed never to publish any more of my own self—but I do not say so positively, lest my breaking my intention should be but another folly. The gout has, however, made me so indolent and inactive, that if my head does not inform me how old I grow, at least my mind and feet will—and can one have too many monitors of one's weakness?

I am sorry you think yourself so much inconvenienced by stirring from home. This is an incommodity by which your friends will suffer more than yourself, and nobody more sensibly than

Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1465. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, May 15, 1773.

You may imagine I am impatient to hear the history of the ten golden guineas. Though anybody will take such a sum, I thought few would fish for so little. We are in a higher style of cheating and plundering.

What can I tell you of literary matters? nothing of the poem you inquire after by Mons^r^. de Nivernois. He has written an hundred or two of fables, and read some of them

to the Academy, but told me it was thought wrong for a nobleman in France to publish. How could he write, when he could be so far prejudiced? The fables are good, as far as anything can be so, that gives one no pleasure. There is, I am told, a dialogue of Boileau and Horace written by the same nobleman and even published, not very lately. I have seen it formerly and thought I liked it.

Lady Russell's *Letters*[1] too I have seen formerly; they are to and from her director, a Jacobite clergyman, who triumphs on her husband's martyrdom, and whom with her sense and spirit I should have thought she would have kicked out of her house. I am much surprised in this our day that the Duchess[2] gives leave for the publication. I should have expected that her conjugal piety, blended with *per*digious loyalty, would have concurred with her Lord's shade in calling Lord Russell *a very silly fellow*, as his Grace did in Ireland, though he was pleased with the compliment of the Mayor of Calais, who told him he hoped he was come with more pacific intentions than his great ancestor and namesake John Duke of Bedford, who had been their Regent. There are two other answers to Sir John Dalrymple, but not very good. The best answer is what he made himself to George Onslow, whom he told on warning him for traducing the immortal Sidney, that he had other papers which would have washed him as white as snow. With this Sir John has been publicly reproached in print and has not gainsaid it. The upright soul!

Lord Holdernesse and you, who ought to be better judges than I am of the capabilities of court-bards, must excuse me if I think Soame Jenyns could no more have written the *Heroic Epistle* than I could the best scene in Shakespeare.

LETTER 1465. — [1] Lady Russell's *Letters* were first published in this year with a view to vindicating her husband's character from the attacks upon it in Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs*.

[2] Gertrude Leveson-Gower, widow of the fourth Duke of Bedford.

Please to point out any poetry in Jenyns's works: his best are humour rhymed; and sneers checked by the Court of Chancery from laughing out. Pope is more likely to have written the *Heroic Epistle* since his death, than Soame Jenyns during his life.

So much for what we *have* been reading, at present our ears listen and our eyes are expecting East Indian affairs, and Mr. Banks's voyage, for which Dr. Hawkesworth[3] has received *d'avance* one thousand pounds from the voyager, and six thousand from the booksellers, Strahan[4] and Co., who will take due care that we shall read nothing else till they meet with such another pennyworth. Sir John Dalrymple, over and above all his glory, has gained toward four thousand. Our Scotch Aldus's and Elzevirs keep down every publication they do not partake; and there is a society who contribute to every purchase they make of books, to keep the price at high-water mark. Another club of printsellers do the same. Woe be to those who do not deal with, and indeed enrich themselves by, the monopolists!

The House of Commons has embarked itself in a wilderness of perplexities. Though Lord Clive was so frank and high-spirited as to confess a whole folio of his Machiavelism, they are so ungenerous as to have a mind to punish him for assassination, forgery, treachery, and plunder, and it makes him very indignant. T'other night, because the House was very hot, and the young members thought it would melt their rouge and shrivel their nosegays, they all on a sudden, and the old folks too, voted violent resolutions, and determined the great question of the right of sovereignty,

[3] John Hawkesworth, miscellaneous writer. His death (in Nov. 1773) was supposed to have been hastened by distress of mind consequent on the strong disapproval of the *Voyages* expressed in several quarters.

[4] William Strahan (1715–1785), partner in the firm of Cadell and Strahan.

though, till within half an hour of the decision, the whole House had agreed to weigh and modify the questions a little more. Being so fickle, Lord Clive has reason to hope that after they have voted his head off, they will vote it on again the day after he has lost it.

I have been looking over all Mr. Gray's letters as you desired, but cannot find one relating to the *Long Story*: he therefore probably gave it me at some time that he was with me. I do not know where Mr. Nicholls resides in the country, or would ask your question; he is gone out of town.

Though it will certainly be more convenient to you to have the Life printed under your eye at York, I cannot but lament my press is not to be honoured with it, though in sooth two capital reasons are strong against it. The first, that the pace of my single printer, who has not even an aide de camp or devil, is so wondrous slow that your work would not be finished in this century; the other is, that I have not the patience necessary for correcting the press. Gray was for ever reproaching me with it, and in one of the letters I have just turned over, he says, 'Pray send me the proof-sheets to correct, for you know you are not capable of it.' It is very true; and I hope future edition-mongers will say of those of Strawberry Hill, they have all the beautiful negligence of a gentleman. Mr. Jerningham[5] has just desired my consent to his dedicating a new poem to me. I remonstrated, and advised him to Augustus[6], the patron supreme; he would not be said nay, and modesty, as it always does when folks are pressing, submitted, but it was to be a homage to my *literary merit*. Oh, that was too much, I downright was rude. 'Sir,' says I, 'literary merit I have none, literary merit will be inter-

[5] Edward Jerningham (1727 1812), son of Sir George Jerningham, fifth Baronet, of Cossey, Norfolk.

[6] The King.

preted, learning, science, and the Lord knows what, that I have not a grain of. I have forgot half my Latin and all my Greek. I never could learn mathematics; never had patience for natural philosophy or chess; I have read divinity, which taught me that no two persons agree, and metaphysics, which nobody understands: and consequently I am little the wiser for either. I know a little modern history of France and England, which those who wrote did not know; and a good deal of genealogy, which could not be true unless it were written by every mother in every family. If I have written anything tolerable, it was to show I had common sense, not learning. I value my writings very little and many others value them still less, which it would be very unreasonable in me to resent, since nobody forgets them so soon as myself, and, therefore, dear Sir,' &c. Well, he has consented, and I hope from his example, I never shall be called the learned author again, as I have been by magazines, when magazines were so cruel as to wish me well.

I should not have said, my pen is my witness, half so much of myself, if I had had anything else to say. Oh yes, I have. Mr. Duncombe[7] has published a volume of my good Lord of Cork's letters to him from Italy. I fear Pliny would not give him his library for writing them, no more than his father did for thinking he could not write. I am glad your cathedral shuts its doors on you[8]: you did not want that omen of your never wearing a mitre. The cap of liberty becomes such head much better; though I believe you would be as singular as good Hoadley—and wear them together; 'tis therefore I am so much

and ever yours,

H. W.

[7] Rev. John Duncombe (1729–1786), miscellaneous writer and antiquary.

[8] Mason was prevented from going into residence at York by some repairs to the roof of the Minster.

1466. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 29, 1773.

The Duchess of Gloucester was delivered of a Princess[1] *this* evening; so even their holidays are taken from the Stuarts. The marriages of the two royal Dukes, at the request of his Highness of Gloucester, have been authenticated this week. The King sent the Archbishop, the Chancellor, and the Bishop of London, this day se'nnight, to examine the proofs, and report them with their opinions. They declared themselves fully satisfied with the validity of both marriages, made their report in full council before the King last Wednesday, and the depositions were entered in the Council books.

You will be surprised after this account to hear that the good-natured part of the Duchess's sex has opened its triple mouths to call in question the legality of the Duke of Gloucester's marriage, because there were no witnesses. The law of England requires none. The declaration of the parties is sufficient. The Duke (on his death-bed, as he believed, at Florence) declared it to the Colonels Rainsford and Heywood[2], who have taken their oaths of it, and the Duchess had owned it to the Bishop of Exeter[3], which he has attested in like manner—but envy is no lawyer. The Duke was advised to be married again with the King's consent, but he had too much sense to take such silly counsel, though the King would have allowed it. The Duke, however, submitted to the King's pleasure, if it should be thought necessary, though fully satisfied himself with the validity. The King sent him word by the Archbishop, that as his Royal Highness was satisfied, and as his Majesty

Letter 1466.—[1] Princess Sophia Matilda; d. unmarried, 1844.

[2] Grooms of the Bedchamber to the Duke. *Walpole.*

[3] Frederic Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, was married to the Duchess's elder sister. *Walpole.*

had heard no objections to the validity, he did not think any further steps necessary. In fact, the noise of those who repine at the Duchess's exaltation is a proof that they are convinced her marriage is indissoluble.

I told you the attack on Lord Clive was begun: oh, he is as white as snow. He has owned all, and Machiavel would be the first to acquit him—for he has pleaded supreme policy as his motive. The House of Commons have been of Machiavel's opinion. The censure was rejected, and even a vote of applause passed. Cortez and his captains were not more spotless heroes. The East India Company have broke off the treaty with Government [4], but are to be forced into submission.

Your neighbour the Pope has lost a good friend, the Duchess of Norfolk [5]. The old Duke is eighty-nine; the next heir drunken and mad. His son a doubtful Catholic [6]. Then come two zealous branches; and then Lord Carlisle [7].

Lady Orford distresses us much by not writing. Her son is very bad, and something must be done—but who will do it, I know not—not I, I am sure, without authority, when I might be blamed afterwards. Her not writing makes it the more dangerous for me to direct.

This is a short epistle, but you must look on it as part of my last.

1467. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 29, 1773.

I have been so much taken up of late with poor Lord Orford's affairs, that I have not had, and scarce have now,

[4] Relative to a proposed loan.

[5] Mary Blount, wife of Edward, Duke of Norfolk. *Walpole.*

[6] He did afterwards turn Protestant. *Walpole.*—Charles Howard (1746-1815), son of Charles Howard of Greystoke, who succeeded in 1777 as ninth Duke of Norfolk, and whom he succeeded as tenth Duke in 1786. He was styled Earl of Surrey, 1777-86; Lord of the Treasury, 1783.

[7] Query, if the branch of Suffolk does not precede that of Carlisle. *Walpole.*

time to write you a line, and thank you for all your kindnesses, informations, and apostle-spoon. I have not Newcourt's *Repertorium*, and shall be obliged to you for the transcript; not as doubting, but to confirm what Heaven, King Edward I, and the Bishop of the Tartars have deposed in favour of Marlibrunus the Jew-painter's abilities—I should sooner have suspected that Mr. Masters would have produced such witnesses to condemn Richard III. The note relating to Lady Boteler does not relate to her marriage.

I send you two martagon roots, and some jonquils: and have added some prints, two enamelled pictures, and three medals: one of Oliver, by Simon, a fine one of a Pope, and a scarce one of the Seven Bishops. I hope the two latter will atone for the first. As I shall never be out of your debt, pray draw on me for any more other roots, or anything that will be agreeable to you; and excuse me at present.

Yours most assuredly,

H. Walpole.

1468. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, June 4, 1773.

The royalty of my niece and nieceling give me very little pleasure indeed, Madam. You will believe me, I trust, at last, now it is *proved*, as I always assured you, that I knew nothing of the wedding till it was publicly declared. You must have heard by this time of the depositions that have been registered. If you ever call me mysterious again, I will appeal to the books of the Privy Council.

It is not possible for me to make you a visit yet; poor Lord Orford and his affairs take up my whole time, and keep me in town, much against my will. He is not only worse, but seems growing childish, in which state he may

live a great many years. His mother, who was turned to stone sooner than Niobe, will not come over nor concern herself about him. Nobody has authority to regulate his affairs, which run to ruin without having recourse to Chancery, which is too shocking a step. We cannot sell his horses, and one of the best has literally been starved by his ministers. I beg pardon for troubling your Ladyship with such details; but they are both my excuse and all my news.

The East India Bill[1] has gone through the Committee, and the Parliament will probably break up in a fortnight. Great ocean's King[2] is going to see his kingdom. Lady Caroline Seymour[3] is dead of a putrid fever: Mr. Seymour will probably very soon try again for a future Duke of Somerset. Lord Bute has voided a quarry of gall-stones; one of them is so large, that it takes place of an immense one in the Museum: as nobody would believe he was ill, I hope it will be registered too in the annals of the Privy Council. Lord Grosvenor has been at Gloucester House; if the Duchess of Cumberland had lain in, I suppose he would have offered to stand godfather with Madame Rheda, or the Countess Dennoff[4]. If you ask me who are to be the other gossips, I swear Council books I do not know.

1469. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, past midnight, June 11, 1773.

Unless I borrow from my sleep, I can certainly have no time to please myself. I am this minute arrived here, Madam,

Letter 1468.—[1] A Bill to secure the better administration of the affairs of the East India Company.

[2] George III, so called in the *Heroic Epistle*. He went in June to Portsmouth to review the fleet.

[3] Lady Caroline Cowper, eldest daughter of second Earl Cowper; m. (1753) Henry, son of Francis Seymour of Sherbourne, Somersetshire, who was brother of eighth Duke of Somerset.

[4] Lady Camilla Elizabeth Bennet, eldest daughter of third Earl of Tankerville; m. (1764) Count Dennoff or Dunhoff, a Pole, who died in that year.

and being the flower of chivalry, I sacrifice, like a true knight, the moments I steal from my rest to gallantry. Save me, or I shall become a solicitor in Chancery, unless business and fatigue overset my head, and reduce me to my poor nephew's state. Indeed, I am half hurried out of my senses. Think of me putting queries to lawyers, up to the ears in mortgages, wills, settlements, and contingent remainders. My lawyer is sent away that I may give audience to the Honourable Mr. Manners[1], the genuine, if not the legitimate, son of Lord William. He came civilly yesterday morning to ask me if he might not seize the pictures at Houghton, which he heard were worth threescore thousand pounds, for nine thousand he has lent Lord Orford. The vulture's throat gaped for them all—what a scene is opened! Houghton will be a rookery of harpies—I doubt there are worse scenes to follow, and black transactions! What occupation chalked out for an end of a life that I had calculated for tranquillity, and which gout and law are to divide between them!

In the midst of this prospect must I keep up the tone of the world, go shepherdizing with Maccaronies, sit up at loo with my Lady Hertford, be witness to Miss Pelham's orgies, dine at villas, and give dinners at my own. 'Tis well my spirits and resolution have survived my youth: you have heard how my mornings pass—now for the rest. Consultations of physicians, letters to Lady Orford, sent for to my brother, decent visits to *my* court[2], sup at Lady Powis's on Wednesday, drink tea with all the fashionable world at Mr. Fitzroy's farm[3] on Thursday, blown by a north wind there into the house, and whisk back to Lady Hertford's; this morning to my brother's to hear of new bills, away to dine at Muswell Hill, with the Beauclerks, and florists

Letter 1469.—[1] John (d. 1792), natural son of Lord William Manners, second son of second Duke of Rutland.

[2] That of the Duke of Gloucester.

[3] At Highgate.

and natural historians, Banks and Solanders; return to town, step to ask a friend whether reversions of jointures can be left away, into my chaise and hither. To-morrow come two Frenchmen to dinner—on Monday, a man to sell me two acres immensely dear as a favour,—Philip, I cannot help it, you must go and put him off; I have not a minute, I must go back to-morrow night to meet the lawyers at my brother's on Sunday morning. Margaret[4] comes in. 'Sir, Lady Bingham[5] desires you will dine with her at Hampton Court on Tuesday;' I cannot. 'Sir, Captain What-d'ye-call'm has sent twice for a ticket to see the house'—Don't plague me about tickets. 'Sir, a servant from Isleworth brought this parcel.' What the deuce is in it?—only printed proposals for writing the lives of all British writers, and a letter to tell me I could do it better than anybody, but as I may not have time, Dr. Berkenhout[6] proposes to do it, and will write mine into the bargain, if I will but be so good as to write it first and send it him, and give him advice for the conduct of his work, and point out materials, and furnish him with anecdotes.

My dear Madam, what if you should send him this letter as a specimen of my life! Alas, alas! I have already lost my lilac tide. I have heard but one nightingale this year, and my farmer cut my hay last Tuesday morning without telling me, just as I was going to London. Is it to be borne? O for the sang-froid of an Almackian, who pursues his delights,

Though in the jaws of ruin and codille!

Thank you a thousand times, Madam, for your letter,

[4] The housekeeper at Strawberry Hill.

[5] Margaret (d. 1814), daughter of James Smith, of Canon's Leigh, Devonshire; m. (1760) Sir Charles Bingham, seventh Baronet, created in 1776 Baron Lucan, and in 1795 Earl of Lucan.

[6] John Berkenhout (d. 1791), compiler of the *Biographia Literaria*, published in 1777.

which I received as I got into my chaise, and which called for this. Believe me, Lady Orford's absence will not mend matters—I know not what will. For my royal niece, her spirits, like her uncle's, do not sink under difficulties: her beauty I think they augment. The Duke is in no dangerous way, as the papers say. I hope he will not lose his temper neither. All I fear is, lest party should want to make him an instrument of its purpose, and lest resentment should drive him to that course. I drop a soft word when I have an opportunity; but where one has no interest, one does not increase it by moderation or contradiction.

Good night, Madam; how comfortable to have nothing better than militia to do!

P.S. If I run into arrears, do not wonder nor repine, for can I know news or politics in the midst of such a scene of confusion as I have sketched?

1470. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 15, 1773.

My Lady Orford has employed great art and pains, after a study of six weeks, to write a letter without any meaning, which, with very ordinary talents, might have been written in half an hour. In order to guard every outwork of interest and cunning, she has left the *heart* of the place naked. Well! since she has no feeling for her son, and since she so much suspects my brother and me, who have acted in the fairest and most respectful manner, she teaches us to be cautious on our side. A week after her long-meditated letter came another, desiring I would admit Sir John Pringle to her son—she might as well have sent a tooth-drawer. I did, however, give the doctor notice that he might visit Lord Orford—but the doctor, who has left off business, and never

attended mad folks, had too much sense to go on a silly errand, and refused. This, if she inquires, you may tell her, my dear Sir—farther we intend to have no correspondence with her. All you may hint, if you will be so good, is that her Ladyship's letter was so indefinite, and betrayed so little confidence in Sir Edward and me, that you conclude, from the dryness and dissatisfaction of my answer, that I understood it as a rebuke to my officiousness, and that I had only said, that Sir Edward and I, finding our zeal received so coldly, should not trouble her Ladyship any farther; that it is *her* son, not ours; that we have neither authority nor interest to meddle in his affairs, and that excepting in our care of his person and health, for which too we could not be responsible as we have no power to keep very improper persons from him, we should not concern ourselves any longer. This you will be so good as to say with caution and reserve, and only on being pressed by her—not as a message to her. Do not read this to her, nor let her see it. We cannot be too much aware of a woman, who may have very ill designs to us, when she has no tenderness for her own and only child. Indeed, on consultation with the greatest and best lawyers, my brother and I find ourselves possessed of no kind of authority whatever—we could obtain none but by the horrid extremity of taking out a commission of lunacy—we find on inquiry, that Lord Orford's affairs and fortune are in the most deplorable situation. We could not undertake the management without the greatest danger to our characters and fortunes; and though we *were* ready to undergo any trouble under the sanction of a mother, we certainly are not inclined to expose ourselves to persecution *from* her. Her *professed* resolution, *we know*, is to secure herself from all trouble and expense, with no, even *pretended*, excuse, but that of her health. She came over two years ago on much less cause, and was perfectly

well here. It is her business to justify such conduct, if she deigns to think it worth her while—we lament the ruin we see advancing; we cannot prevent it, and we do not care to partake of it. The estate is wasted, and should either my brother or I survive my Lord, which besides the great difference in his age and ours, is still more improbable now that his health will run no risks, we could reap very little advantage indeed, infinite trouble certainly; and perhaps we have reasons for doubting whether even the small remainder, which naturally ought to come to one or other of us, would not be intercepted. Can it be expected that we will send our private fortunes after that of our family? In one word, all we can do is to watch over my Lord's person and to take care that every attention of humanity and tenderness be paid to him, and that his unfortunate life may be made as comfortable as possible. The recovery of his senses is, I fear, hopeless; his constitution is robust, and his health perfectly good. The physical people that attend him say he may live these forty years.

My dear Sir, I will make you no excuse for these tedious details: it would be doubting what I am so certain of, your attachment to our family. My time passes in the most melancholy and fatiguing details. We see nothing but physicians, stewards, lawyers, and creditors of the family. We must hear claims and complaints, though we cannot redress them. We must listen to what the world says, and we must guard even against opposite censures. People will give us advice, even unasked—and some, only to condemn us for not taking it, or to draw us into scrapes by following it. After every repeated trial whether we could do any good, we are reduced to the necessity, and that a difficult one, of disengaging ourselves from taking any part. My brother's temper, constitution, and his own affairs, make it impossible for him to go through all this fatigue. I, almost

as warm, have more command of myself, and though with much less strength, have more patience and resolution. I offered to undertake the whole, if Lady Orford, the law, and my own security, could have indemnified me. All discourage me. I *must* disembarrass myself, and wait with fortitude and composure, as I have long done, after leaving nothing undone to retrieve it, to see the shipwreck of my family brought on inadvertently and by mistaken love for it by the best and wisest of men[1], pushed on by a thoughtless man[2], and completed by a poor man, who I doubt not only is, but always was, mad. I say nothing of the woman, who, though the source of all, was originally to be pitied, by being forced into our family against her will—I wish the interests of her son had reconciled her to it. Nay, I would excuse her entirely, if she would but come over and do, or try to do, all she can for him. Let her return to Italy after she has done it, or finds it vain to endeavour. She is unpardonable if she sits still, wrapping herself up in a resolution of giving herself no trouble, of putting herself to no expense, of risking no inconvenience to her health, which being subject to an asthma only, is not in danger. My good Sir, hint this to her from yourself; suggest to her that the world will condemn her if she makes *no* essay, and represent to her that, however short her stay, it is a tribute that would satisfy decency—but I have done, though my mind is so full!

Do not wonder I can tell you little news: could you know the unceasing fatigue and perplexities I have lately gone through, you would wonder that I can find time to execute all my business, or for repose; much less can I attend to the affairs of others.

All I do know is, that the Parliament is still sitting, and will sit a fortnight longer, on Indian affairs. Lord North gets through his Regulations, though with many *désagrémens*.

LETTER 1470.—[1] Sir Robert Walpole. [2] The second Earl of Orford.

The world has expected that he would retire: I hope he will not: he is an honest and a moderate man. On Friday Sir W. Meredith and Charles Fox drove Lord Clive out of the House, by apostrophes, like 'Quousque, Catilina[3]?' and Charles's was admired as much as Tully's: yet Charles's fortune is as desperate as Catiline's, though he is not in opposition.

All the world are preparing for Portsmouth; whither the King is going to see the fleet. I sigh after my own Thames. and its barges; and the more, as I can walk much better than I expected I ever should: I will not tell you how little that is; but I am content without running races, as our Maccaronis do every Sunday evening in Kensington Garden. to the high amusement and contempt of the mob; and yet the mob will be ambitious of being fashionable, and will run races too. Indeed, indeed, were not the constitution, the boasted constitution of England, a dead letter, it ought to take out a commission of lunacy against all its members. Adieu!

P.S. I hear nothing of Mr. Knightley and the parcel.

Second P.S. I must cancel all the directions in this letter, though I continue to send it for your information, and for want of time to write another. Lady Orford, I suppose from the hints I sent her at her own interest, has written a penitential to Mr. Sharpe, her lawyer, and directs him to concur with us in proper management. All I will beg of you therefore is to speak with much reserve and caution: encourage her to act in concert with us, advise her to send necessary powers to Sharpe, and state to her how much her character and interest may suffer if she abandons her son, and forces us to abandon him. We will do all we can if she does not mean trouble to us.

[3] Beginning of one of Cicero's orations against Catiline. *Walpole.*

Third P.S. I had sealed my letter and open it again to tell you I have this very instant received the packet of letters by Mr. Knightley from Jan. 15, 1771, to Mar. 12, 1773, inclusive: and a most kind billet from yourself, for all which thank you a thousand times.

1471. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, June 21, 1773.

It is very fortunate for me, Madam, that what is *not* in my letters excites your Ladyship's and Lord Ossory's curiosity. When I have nothing to say, I will be very mysterious: it will give me, besides, an air of importance at the Post Office. My summer will certainly make me a very dull correspondent, unless my new neighbour Lady Bridget[1] enlivens us mightily. I have not yet seen her, Mrs. Meynel, or my new friend Lady Bingham; for though I have been five days at Strawberry, I have only visited the Benchers yet, Lady Blandford and the Duchess of Newcastle. Mr. Conway, Lady Aylesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and the Churchills passed Thursday and Friday with me, and quitted me on Saturday for the review of the Blues. On Thursday, as we were at dinner, we heard music, and looking out, saw three village-fiddlers on the lawn. I sent to ask the reason: they said they were come to congratulate my honour on my wedding. Mr. Conway's servants were come with favours for the marriage of his nephew[2] and your Ladyship's cousin, and I had the credit of the espousals. I assure you I am very happy that I am related to you by any of these ways.

On Friday we went to see—oh, the palace of palaces!—and yet a palace *sans crown, sans coronet*, but such expense!

Letter 1471.—[1] Lady Bridget Fox-Lane.

[2] Hon. Robert Seymour-Conway (d. 1831), third son of first Earl of Hertford; m. (June 15, 1773) Anne, daughter of Peter Delmé.

such taste! such profusion! and yet half an acre produces all the rents that furnish such magnificence. It is a jaghire got without a crime. In short, a shop is the estate, and Osterley Park[3] is the spot. The old house I have often seen, which was built by Sir Thomas Gresham; but it is so improved and enriched, that all the Percies and Seymours of Sion must die of envy. There is a double portico that fills the space between the towers of the front, and is as noble as the Propyleum of Athens. There is a hall, library, breakfast-room, eating-room, all *chefs-d'œuvre* of Adam, a gallery one hundred and thirty feet long, and a drawing-room worthy of Eve before the Fall. Mrs. Child's[4] dressing-room is full of pictures, gold filigree, china, and japan. So is all the house; the chairs are taken from antique lyres, and make charming harmony; there are Salvators, Gaspar Poussins, and to a beautiful staircase, a ceiling by Rubens. Not to mention a kitchen-garden that costs 1,400*l.* a year, a menagerie full of birds that come from a thousand islands, which Mr. Banks has not yet discovered: and then, in the drawing-room I mentioned, there are door-cases, and a crimson and gold frieze, that I believe were borrowed from the Palace of the Sun; and then the park is the ugliest spot of ground in the universe—and so I returned comforted to Strawberry. You shall see these wonders the first time you come to Twickenham.

I hope you are heartily provoked at the new *Voyages*, which might make one a good first mate, but tell one nothing at all. Dr. Hawkesworth is still more provoking. An old black gentlewoman of forty carries Captain Wallis[5] across a river, when he was too weak to walk, and the man

[3] Then the seat of Robert Child, the banker.

[4] Sarah, daughter of Paul Jodrell; m. 1. Robert Child; 2. Francis Reynolds-Moreton, third Baron Ducie; d. 1793.

[5] Captain Samuel Wallis (1728–1795), the discoverer of the Society and other islands in the Pacific.

represents them as a new edition of Dido and Æneas. Indeed, Dido the new does not even borrow the obscurity of a cave when she treats the travellers with the rites of love, as practised in Otaheite.

I came to town to-day again to see relations and lawyers, and find nothing else left. All England is gone to meet King George at Portsmouth. The Duchess of Northumberland gives forty guineas for a bed, and must take her chambermaid into it. I did not think she would pay so dear for *such* company. His Majesty, because the post-chaises of gods are as immortal as their persons, would not suffer a second chaise to be sent for him, and therefore, if his could and did break down, he would enter Portsmouth in triumph in a hack. Lord Robert Bertie meets him at Petersfield, and then *curru portatur eodem*; so everybody will know exactly all the celestial conversation on the rest of the road.

Lord Shelburne, who apprehends the car of administration to be more brittle just at present than that of Neptune, has adopted the Regulation Bill[6]; and they say made a good figure on it. The games of the ocean do not finish till Friday.

I know nothing of the baptism of my royal nieceling, but that her name is to be neither Neptune nor Amphitrite[7]. The former was invited, but would not bestow a drop of cerulean water; so no message went any further. I tell a lie; one is gone to Zell; but as the lady at Zell[8] is a Nereid, I don't know whether she can dispose of a teacup of element without a patent under the trident: and therefore, I see no gossips to be had, but brother Pluto and sister Proserpine[9]. I beg pardon for troubling your Lady-

[6] The Bill for regulating the concerns of the East India Company, which passed the House of Lords on June 18 by a large majority.

[7] i. e. that she was not to be named after either the King or the Queen.

[8] The Queen of Denmark.

[9] The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

ship with the secrets of the deep, of which I know little more than the man that set the coral. My little bark neither

Pursues the triumph nor partakes the gale.

My allegiance is confined to Ampthill, and I swear *by the cross* that, like the Jacobites of the last age, I am devoted to good Queen Anne, and am

Your Majesty's true liegeman and cousin,

H. W.

1472. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, June 26, 1773.

I believe I shall soon be a fitter correspondent for Lord Ossory than for your Ladyship, for I can talk of nothing but sweepstakes and forfeits. Adieu, all my old system of knights, and giants, and fairies! If I write any more Hieroglyphic Tales, the scene will lie on Newmarket Heath. I must turn Pegasus to grass and mount Alipes. In short, I have begun my whole education again. Mr. Burlton[1] comes to me three times a week to give me lectures on jockeyship; the other days I study conveyancing, mortgages, and annuities; and my head not happening to be very clear, I make sad jumbles, and confound jockeys and usurers, and t'other day asked my tutor when the match was to be run between Mr. Manners and Black-and-all-black. All this, however, is no joke: I am seriously ill with the fatigue I undergo; and the application I am forced to give to what I do not understand half turns my brain, and has brought back terrible headaches, to which I was formerly subject, but have not had these twenty years. If I had a moment's time, I would come and consult Lord Ossory,

Letter 1472.—[1] An army surgeon, and *habitué* of Newmarket.

and must put a question or two to him at the end of this letter.

News it is impossible for me to send or know; I shall soon be as ignorant of everything but Westminster Hall as the Widow Blackacre. Your own Lord will tell you more of the Georgics at Portsmouth than I can, where his Majesty,

Like Cimon triumphs over land and wave.

My own court goes to St. Leonard's Hill[2] on Wednesday. The christening is to-night, and the new Christian is to be the Princess Sophia; the Queen of Denmark and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland sponsors. The maternal relations are not to be present, for it would not be civil to kiss the lips of gossips, whose hands one has not kissed. I was very glad to have a few holidays here; nothing can reconcile me to royal courts, or courts of law. The season is divine, and Strawberry Hill greener than the Elysian Fields. I have no objection but to so numerous a neighbourhood, which interferes with the repose I want so much.

Mrs. Meynel talks of calling on your Ladyship on her way to Derbyshire. Lady Bridget enlivens Twickenham extremely. I cannot say that I am much struck with her wit, though she has certainly a great deal more than she can hold. I saw the Duchess of Queensbury last night; she was in a new pink lutestring, and looked more blooming than the Maccaronesses. One should sooner take her for a young beauty of an old-fashioned century than for an antiquated goddess of this age—I mean by twilight. Adieu! Madam. Enter Lord Ossory.

My dear Lord, I must ask your counsel even about my own counsellors, and I will beg it by the return of the post. Brief, may I trust Mr. B.? I am advised to let him sell Lord

[2] In Windsor Forest.

Orford's horses in this July meeting; and his mares, fillies, &c., in October. He says he must pay for their keeping. He did tell Lord O.'s solicitor that he reckoned the whole would fetch 4,000*l.* T'other day I got him to give me a rough sketch of the value of each, and it amounted in all but to 2,000*l.* This frightens me. I dare not beg you to take the trouble of talking to him, unless you should be there in July, and it came in naturally. He sold Stoic for 500 guineas, but with what he has paid, he makes a balance against us of near 300*l.* All this is so alarming that I am afraid to go on. I dare not run risks either for Lord Orford or for myself. No soul will meddle but I; but, if I cannot trust the agents, I know no harm of Mr. B., but I do not know him. It will be the utmost kindness, and shall be an inviolable secret whatever you are so good as to say to me. The little strength I had is so shattered with the last gout, that I find this ocean of business overwhelms me. I venture my health to do my duty to this poor man, who has ruined himself, and is abandoned. His mother will not contribute a shilling—everybody is plundering him. To take out the statute would throw away his places[3]; and without it, what security have I? If the agents are not upright, dare I proceed? Should you see B., will you hint my difficulties? they are not suspicions, but common caution. Forgive me this liberty. I never wanted friendship more, for I never wanted courage so much. You have always been good to me, my dear Lord; and Lady Ossory and you have perhaps spoiled me.

P.S. I had sealed my letter, but am forced to open it, to beg the answer may be directed to London, as I shall be there.

[3] The Earl of Orford was Lord of the Bedchamber and Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

1473. To Sir Horace Mann.

June 1773.

Your letter, my dear Sir, of the fourth of this month, is come, and it grieves me much to find Lady Orford has so much repugnance to the journey hither, which indeed would be advisable on her own account, as well as most necessary to her son. It is not proper to tell a mother directly that her interest is concerned, in case she should have the misfortune to lose him, but as such an accident may happen, I believe that if he died without a will, her Ladyship would be heir to a great part of his *personal* estate, which I doubt will suffer much by her absence; for I must repeat that I am determined, and my brother has the same sentiments, not to meddle with my Lord's pecuniary interests, which are much confused, and which, do the best we could, would only subject us to ill-natured reflections. Her Ladyship's agents, both for her sake and her son's, are the most proper persons to undertake that direction; but it can only be done in the present situation by her Ladyship's verbal authority—she has only the authority of a mother, and the entire submission of the family to her pleasure. A legal act she cannot execute, but under what her Ladyship must wish to avoid as much as we do, a commission of lunacy. Compassion, humanity, tenderness, pride, hope, all make us dread such a step—and were it taken, the Court of Chancery would undoubtedly not vest the care of her son in her Ladyship unless she came to England, though were that dreadful measure absolutely necessary, in her hands alone we wish to see that trust deposited. To avoid that extremity, we presumed to

Letter 1473.—Not in C.; now first printed from transcript in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

press her Ladyship to come over. If that could not be obtained, we offered with the utmost deference to obey implicitly any orders she should please to give us. If we must go farther and tender our advice, we think her Ladyship's agents the proper persons to supervise my Lord's affairs, and to report them to her. The superintendence of his person and health, with the advice of his physicians and relations, we will cheerfully and most tenderly undertake.

These things, my dear Sir, I beg you to represent most respectfully to Lady Orford; and I think it due to her in justice to give her a hint of her own personal interest, which no other consideration than justice should induce me to suggest: as it would not be honest in me, when she does me the honour to repose any trust in me, not to mention it. I must for like reasons inform her Ladyship that among other motives of aversion to a commission of lunacy, one is, that my Lord's posts under the Government would probably be taken from him; which on his recovery would not be so easily recovered, as they were bestowed. I wish, alas! I could give her Ladyship better hopes of such amendment, but am sorry to let her know that the physicians have little expectation of it. Lord Orford has sometimes good intervals, but relapses so often, that they, from experience in such vicissitudes, conclude he is likely to continue in that alternate state.

I will say no more now, because as I am flattered with the hopes of a letter from her Ladyship herself in a few days, and shall then probably have occasion to trouble her again, I will wait till I can speak with more foundation. Having submitted myself to her Ladyship's directions, I must hope she will e'er this have given some; and it is from that deference that I have refused to take the least upon me before I receive them, though I hear the phy-

sicians wish we would give them authority to use more restraint, an ill occasion having been taken by some of his friends to visit, and even once to carry him into company, extremely with the disapprobation of his physicians.

My brother has seen this letter, and approves it. I must beg you to keep it, as I have not time to copy it, though it may be necessary hereafter, if we should be censured for any remissness.

We are full of talk, particularly East Indian. Lord Clive and the nabobs are warmly attacked—and if the cause could have been precipitated, would have been condemned last week—but the world is already softened, I will tell you more when I have time.

1474. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1773.

Not that I have anything to say, but if I do not write to say so, when shall I have a minute's time? I have given myself two or three holidays, and must enjoy them by conversing with my friends. I am not going to India, nor have been at Portsmouth. It is not sure that I am not going to as unlikely a place, Newmarket. All Lord Orford's affairs are devolved upon me, because nobody else will undertake the office. I am selling his horses, and buying off his matches. I live in town to hear of mortgages and annuities, and do not wonder that Titus was called the delight of mankind, for he put *the Jews* to the sword. Mr. Manners, who was the son of Lord William, who was the son of Beelzebub, deserves to be crucified. He was so obliging the other day to make me a visit, and tell me he should seize the pictures at Houghton—I sent for a lawyer to exorcise him. My dear Sir, what vicissitudes have I seen in my family! I seem to live upon a chess-board;

every other step is black or white. A nephew mad and ruined, a niece a princess; Houghton, the envy of England, last week Mr. Vernon[1], the jockey, offered to vouchsafe to live in it, if he might have the care of the game. You do not think, I believe, that I need hear sermons—I have moralities enough at my elbow. The only shaft that pierces me deep, is the apprehension of losing the tranquillity I had so sedulously planned for the close of my life. To be connected with courts or Inns of Courts is equally poison. To trifle here was my whole wish. My little castle was finished, I was out of Parliament, and temperance had given me her honour, that being as unsubstantial as a sylph, I should be as immortal. I would as soon put my trust in Lady St. Huntingdon. I have been six months in purgatory with the gout; another's ambition has engrafted me upon Sandford's genealogical tree[2], and I must converse with stewards and moneychangers in the Temple every term. Here is a Hieroglyphic Tale with a witness.

You are fretting at being shut up in York, instead of sauntering and piping to your sheep in your own grounds. I grieve for that as much as you, yet you have whole evenings to loll in your chair as you do in your print here. Lay down that paper in your hand, and write me a letter upon it, I shall be transported to receive a line that is not upon business. Does the Life[3] increase? does it take up all your time? We have nothing new but what is as old as Paul's—the *Voyages to the South Sea*. The Admiralty have dragged the whole ocean, and caught nothing but the fry of ungrown islands, which had slipped through the meshes of the Spaniard's net. They fetched blood of a

Letter 1474.—[1] Richard Vernon. [2] Francis Sandford, author of *A Genealogical History of the Kings of England*. Horace Walpole here refers to the marriage of his niece to the Duke of Gloucester. [3] Of Gray.

great whale called Terra Australis incognita, but saw nothing but its tail. However, Lord Sandwich has given great ocean's King a taste for salt water, and we are to conquer the Atlantic, or let the sea into Richmond Garden, I forget which. Adieu; pray do not drop me, though I am got upon the *turf*.

1475. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1773.

Though it was inconvenient, it looks like sympathy, that we wrote to each other at the same time. I resume my pen as yours requires an answer: mine contained nothing material.

The Duke of Gloucester has frequent returns of his asthma, but they are short. Dr. Jebbe is confident that there are no dangerous symptoms; still as there is a latent cause, for which he is not likely to be soon touched by either pretender, one must not be too sanguine. I hope you like *the Princess Sophia*. The history attending her birth is indeed curious, but fitter for a book than a letter. You must wait for it, dear Sir, till we meet; for as I told you in my last, I am too much occupied by another nephew, to have time for being the historian of the royal one. I am not *the ass that puts its trust in princes*[1], nor that believes that Mr. Cambridge can come within a thousand leagues of the *Epistle*[2]. Indeed, I should have thought him as little

Letter 1475.—[1] Mason had, in his letter to Walpole of June 28, 1773, remarked that a stuffed zebra (formerly in possession of the Queen) was being exhibited in York. He observed, 'I should think this . . . might furnish the author of the *Heroic Epistle* with a series of moral reflections which might end with the following pathetic couplet:—

"Ah beauteous beast! thy cruel fate evinces
How vain the ass that puts its trust in princes!"'

[2] 'I am informed that Mr. Cambridge . . . has awakened his muse . . . and has added forty lines to the *Heroic Epistle*.' Mason to Walpole, June 28, 1773.

likely to attempt adopting that vein as my Lord Bristol, who vows he would as soon read blasphemy.

I firmly believe the story of Sir J. D.'s[3] bribery; it was palliated by the intercession of Charles Yorke, but Lord Rockingham would not let it be totally suppressed. Onslow certainly told the other anecdote; but when I questioned him about it lately, he owned he had told it, but that Sir John had spoken to him since and explained away a good deal of the strength,—you will judge whether satisfactorily or not.

I now come to Gray's letters. The first I well remember: the second you may be sure I never saw before. I cannot say that either of them satisfy me, nor do I know whether they would do him honour; though very well, considering how young he was in French; but readers are more apt to criticize than excuse. The language is not correct, nor elegant; many of the idioms are downright English, and what gives them a French air chiefly, is a fault; I mean the phrases, which betray the tone of the provinces, not of the capital. Take them away, and you will not, I think, find the spirit French. If you print them, I have no objection to your inserting the passage you have marked for reprobation, and which alludes to me. You see how easily I had disgusted him; but my faults were very trifling, and I can bear their being known, and forgive his displeasure. I still think I was as much to blame as he was; and as the passage proves what I have told you, let it stand, if you publish the whole letter. I send it with some corrections, most of which I am sure are necessary; but as I am a very imperfect Frenchman myself, a native of France I doubt would find several more, and deem the style very *baroque*. *Des ombres d'Idées* may be Spanish, but I doubt the expression will be unintelligible to French ears.

[3] Sir John Dalrymple. See letter to Mason of March 3, 1773.

Cela is never *ça*, I believe. The beginning of the second letter is full of Anglicisms: I have endeavoured to make them a little more academic, but you should not rely on my judgement: Madame du Deffand has told me that I speak French worse than any Englishman she knows.

I have almost waded through Dr. Hawkesworth's three volumes of the *Voyages to the South Sea*. The entertaining matter would not fill half a volume; and at best is but an account of the fishermen on the coasts of forty islands.

I must conclude, that my letter may go by a private hand to town, and be delivered to Mr. Fraser time enough for to-morrow's post. I use this method for the safety of Gray's letters, not for any secrets contained in this. Had I more leisure, I could tell you nothing but melancholy stories of my nephew, who is again grown furious, and has made several attempts lately to destroy himself, which keeps me in unceasing anxiety. Adieu, dear Sir; you do not send me a line, or a couple of lines, with which I am not charmed.

1476. To Dr. Berkenhout.

Sir, July 6, 1773.

I am so much engaged in private business at present, that I have not had time to thank you for the favour of your letter; nor can I now answer it to your satisfaction.

My life has been too insignificant to afford materials interesting to the public. In general, the lives of mere authors are dry and unentertaining; nor, though I have been one occasionally, are my writings of a class or merit to entitle me to any distinction. I can as little furnish you, Sir, with a list of them or their dates, which would give me more trouble to make out than is worth while. If I have any merit with the public, it is for printing and preserving some valuable works of others; and if ever you

write the lives of printers, I may be enrolled in the number.

My own works, I suppose, are dead and buried; but as I am not impatient to be interred with them, I hope you will leave that office to the parson of the parish, and I shall be, as long as I live,

Your obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1477. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 13, 1773.

I HAVE delayed writing to you from day to day, my dear Sir, that I might be able at last to say something precisely to you about my poor nephew and myself, with regard to his affairs, chiefly for the information of his mother, who has not allured me to write to herself. Her son has had a terrible relapse, and for above a fortnight kept me under dreadful alarms by attempting to destroy himself. He is now quieter, and is settled at Hampstead in a house I have taken for him, and with which he is pleased. He was to have gone to a farm he has near Newmarket, but as I am much upon my guard, I asked whether there was water near it, and being answered yes, a mill-pond and wet ditches, I would not hear of it. Dr. Jebbe reckons this relapse favourable, as opposite to idiotism, into which he seemed sinking. It may be so, but idiotism would guarantee his life; and such relapses (after recovering from the immediate cause of his malady, the violent quack medicines) indicate strongly to me a radical cause. It is not for his mother's ear, but she knows that he may have inherited the seeds from her own family.

Mr. Sharpe, her lawyer, will give, I hope has given, her

a circumstantial account of the bad posture of his affairs. He has promised me to tell her that, perplexing and almost desperate as they are, I have offered to undertake the management of them, and to endeavour by inspection, control, and economy to put them on a better foot. Mr. Sharpe has assured me this will be agreeable to her Ladyship; but I demand and insist on her giving me a positive confirmation of that request under her own hand, or I will immediately throw up the trust, which must be part of my warrant to Chancery, or no consideration shall prevent my relinquishing so difficult and intricate a charge, so fatiguing and troublesome to one of my shattered constitution, and to my love of ease. This, my good friend, for my sake, for the salvation of the family, for the only chance of unravelling the perplexity of affairs in which your own family is concerned, nay, for her own sake, as the whole burden or whole shame will fall on herself, you must persuade her to comply with immediately. The whole world will justify me in refusing if she refuses. My brother, Lord Walpole, and his next brother, have signed to me this request in form. The whole family is happy that I will sacrifice myself to this duty, and everybody approves my conduct. I will say to you that I have but too much reason to think that neither Lord Orford nor a distant view to my own interest call upon me, or even Sir Edward, who is nearer, to thrust ourselves into an invidious situation. We have been told by one that ought to know that my Lord has disinherited us both—indeed, I have the less repugnance for that very reason. My behaviour can then be influenced only by duty. I was a very untractable nephew myself, but I will be a just uncle, though my uncle was not so.

I will trouble you with no more details, though my head and heart are full of them. They have jostled out every

other idea, and I fear will occupy the rest of my life, for the vanity of restoring my family engrosses me. My father, excellent and wise as he was, ruined it by pushing this vanity too far. It will be mine to try to repair the havoc of three generations; and this I have had the confidence to call *duty*. But it would please my father, and that thought will be my reward; or I shall cease from this labour and all other thoughts in that small spot that puts an end to vainglory!

When my mind reposes a little, I smile at myself. I intended to trifle out the remnant of my days; and lo! they are invaded by lawyers, stewards, physicians, and jockeys! Yes; this whole week past I have been negotiating a sale of race-horses at Newmarket, and, to the honour of my transactions, the sale has turned out greatly. My Gothic ancestors are forgotten; I am got upon the turf. I give orders about game, dispark Houghton, have plans of farming, vend colts, fillies, bullocks, and sheep, and have not yet confounded terms, nor ordered pointers to be turned to grass. I read the part of the newspapers I used to skip, and peruse the lists of sweepstakes: not the articles of intelligence, nor the relations of the shows at Portsmouth for the King, or at Oxford for the Viceroy North [1]. I must leave Europe and its kings and queens to you; we do not talk of such folks at the Inns of Court. I sold Stoic [2] for five hundred guineas: I shall never get five pence by the monarchs of the empire, and therefore we jockeys of the Temple, and we lawyers of Newmarket, hold them to be very insignificant individuals. The only political point that touches me at present is what does occasion much noise and trouble,—the new Act that decries guineas under weight. Though I have refused to receive a guinea myself

LETTER 1477.—[1] Frederic, Lord North, Prime Minister, and Chancellor of Oxford. *Walpole.*

[2] Name of a race-horse. *Walpole.*

of Lord Orford's income, yet I must see it all paid into my Lady's banker's hands, and I am now in a fright lest the purchase-money of the racers should be made in light coin,—not from suspicion of such *honourable* men, but from their inattention to money. I must tell you a story apropos, which I had this morning from the person to whom it happened last summer. My deputy, Mr. Tullie, has an estate in Yorkshire, where clipping and *de*-coining is most practised. He was to pay an hundred guineas to a farmer there, and desired the man to stay till he could send for them to the next market town. The man was in haste, and as Mr. Tullie was just arrived from London, was sure he must have money in the house. With much persuasion he opened his bureau and took out an hundred new pieces, which he did not care to part with in that county where there were none but bad. The man started, and refused to take them. 'Sir,' said he, 'there are so many coiners in these parts, that if I was seen to have so many new guineas, I should be sent to prison as one of the gang,' and he literally waited till an hundred bad guineas could be fetched from Gisborough. They say the bank is to issue five-pound notes: at present all trade is at a stop, and the confusion is extreme. Yea, verily, the villainy and iniquities of the age are bringing things rapidly to a crisis! Ireland is drained, and has not a shilling. The explosion of the Scotch banks has reduced them almost as low, and sunk their flourishing manufactures to low-water ebb. The Maccaronis are at their *ne plus ultra*: Charles Fox is already so like Julius Cæsar that he owes an hundred thousand pounds. Lord Carlisle pays fifteen hundred, and Mr. Crewe[3] twelve hundred a year for him—literally for him, being bound for him, while he, as like Brutus as Cæsar, is

[3] Probably John Crewe (1742–1829), M.P. for Cheshire; cr. (Feb. 25, 1806) Baron Crewe of Crewe.

indifferent about such paltry counters: one must talk of Clodius when one has no Scipio. Yet, if the merit of some historian does not interest posterity by the beauty of his narration, this age will be as little known as the annals of the Byzantine Empire, marked only by vices and follies. What is England now?—A sink of Indian wealth, filled by nabobs and emptied by Maccaronis! A senate sold and despised! A country overrun by horse-races! A gaming, robbing, wrangling, railing nation, without principles, genius, character, or allies; the overgrown shadow of what it was! Lord bless me! I run on like a political barber. I must go back to my shop. I shall let farms well, if I attend to the state of the nation! What's Hecuba to me? Don't read the end of my letter to the Countess; she will think I am as mad as her son.

P.S. St. John Donatello comes down to-morrow to occupy his niche in my new chapel in the garden. With Houghton before my eyes, I am indulging myself in making this place delightful.

Monday, 19th.

This letter was to have set out last Friday; but it was mislaid by an accident. I heard yesterday that the brother and sister-in-law of one[4] who gave you so much uneasiness near a year ago are going to Italy for some time: the first to Milan. You are at least safe from having them for guests, which you must not even offer. The moment you hear of their approach you had better write for specific directions. The person on whose account you was so ill-treated has no reason to alter his opinion on that transaction; except in being convinced that a want of sense was *not* the cause, which does not add to the opinion of the heart.

[4] The Duke of Gloucester; his brother and sister-in-law were the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

1478. To Viscount Nuneham.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1773.

I have had two reasons, my dear Lord, for not offering myself to Nuneham till now. The first was that I could not, the second that I would not; no, not till you should be free from your royal guests. As I hear they are to be with you next week, I am humble enough to be content to succeed them; and so, as Bishop Burnet says, if you will accept of me any day after Monday se'nnight, the 26th, I am at your commands, provided it is not too near your embarkation[1], and that I shall not interrupt your packing up. Do not make any ceremony with me, but tell me freely if so late a visit will be inconvenient. I can come, you know, next summer, as I suppose the King of Ireland will not make an Interregnum, and your Royal Highness probably does not intend to make the inhabitants of your Principality quite so happy. If you should not have leisure to receive me, I most cordially wish Lady Nuneham and your Lordship a good voyage, as tolerable a sojourn as possible, a quick return, and that you may soon, like Roderick O'Connor,

Turn your harp into a harpsichord.

So prays your faithful Beadsman.

1479. To Viscount Nuneham.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1773.

I received your Lordship's two kind letters with the gratitude they deserved, and will thank you for them on

Letter 1478.—[1] For Ireland, where Lord Nuneham's father, Earl Harcourt, was Viceroy.

Letter 1479.—Incomplete in C.; now printed from *Harcourt Papers*, vol. viii. p. 94.

Monday evening next, the 2nd, trusting you will harbour me till Thursday morning, which is long enough to trespass on you, when you have so many state affairs on your mind.

Lady Nuneham is very good to bestow a thought on me, and it brings forth an hundredfold.

I was in London yesterday, where there is scarce a soul but Maccaronis lolling out of windows at Almack's like carpets to be dusted; and not a syllable of news. Foote's new play[1], they say, is very dull, and so is

Your Lordship's faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1480. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1773.

YOUR letter, dear Sir, arrived here while I was at Ampthill, which prevented my answering it so soon as I ought to have done. I do not know a soul in town at present that is acquainted with Baretti[1]; but I expect to see Mr. Chute in a week, who lived seven years in Italy, and is master of Italian. As far as I recollect that language, I cannot say I am at all pleased with the letter: it is made up of phrases and patches, and does not go off glibly at all—in short, it seems to me totally unlike an Italian, and so very unlike Gray's sense, that I think it would discredit him as much as a boyish exercise could. Surely you might mention his having spoken of the Venus of Medici to West, without producing the letter itself; and only as an introduction to the latter's verses. Indeed, as Gray's fragments will not add to the perfection of his reputation, I should be averse to inserting anything that might lower him to the level with others. He was not only great, but original. Forty young

[1] *The Bankrupt.*

LETTER 1480.—[1] Joseph Baretti (d. 1789), the friend of Johnson.

men that I have known wrote French better than he did, and though few catch Italian so well, yet I would not publish the letter, as it has neither an Italian nor an English understanding. You and I mean the same thing in different ways. You are for showing the universality of his talents; I, only the excellence of them, and there I think and feel as he felt himself. Mr. Chute will tell me whether the verses are Gray's or not: at least he knows where to find Martinelli[2], who will do as well as Baretti.

I like the idea of West's letter, but not at all the execution, which I think falls very short of what it might have been. As I loved and esteemed poor West very much too, I am glad you have condemned it.

Your design for the tomb[3], dear Sir, is as classic as I like those things should be, and the epitaph as Greek. You order me to object, and therefore I do, but only to the epithet *ambrosial*, which, however proper to health, seems to clash with the sorrow in the end of the line. I do not believe I should have refined so much, if you had not invited me to be nice; so if you will retract the one, I will the other; as you may be sure I am pleased, when I have but a criticism so slight to make.

I shall go to Nuneham on Monday next, for two or three days, and to Houghton not till the 20th of August; before which you will receive back the two letters.

As the Fishers are at York, I wish they were inclined to take casts of the kings in the screen before the choir, which struck me so much. I am persuaded they might sell them well; at least I should be glad to have exact drawings of Henry IV and Richard III, if they would do them reasonably. Henry's is one of the most remarkable and

[2] Vincenzio Martinelli, an Italian *littérateur*, settled in England.

[3] Mason had designed a monument to be erected in York Minster to one Dealtry, a physician. He had also written an epitaph, which he submitted to Horace Walpole.

characteristic countenances I ever saw, and totally unlike the common pictures of him, which have all but one dubious original. Pray remember I do not desire James I, which ought to be changed, in the spirit it was put up, for every reigning king.

The etching of Gray[4] has great resemblance, and I should approve it for the frontispiece, though with some corrections. The eye is too open and cheerful for his; and the eyebrow, towards the ear, rises too much from the end of the eyelid. The top of the head behind is too flat, and the dark shade from the ear to the chin is hard, too black, and should be softened off. In general there is more vivacity than was in his countenance; and yet I think it will be difficult now to produce a more faithful likeness.

My poor nephew is now worse or better, according to the moon; all I mean is, periodically, for I have little faith in moons or physicians. These returns, however, renew my anxiety for his safety; and though every precaution is taken that can be, it is impossible not to be alarmed, as he has all the sullenness and cunning of people in that condition.

Have you got the *Annual Register*? You will like the article on Sweden, which is remarkably well done; and so is that on Poland.

Are not you escaping to your sensible house and agreeable garden? I have a pedestal making for the tub in which my cat was drowned: the first stanza of the Ode is to be written on it, beginning thus:—

'Twas on this lofty vase's side, &c.

However, as this and much of my collection is frail, I am printing the Catalogue; that is, like so many other men, I am pretending to step an inch beyond the grave into

[4] Etched after a drawing by Mason and Benjamin Wilson, by Charles Carter, Mason's servant.

endless futurity, and record porcelain on paper. Apropos to such trifles, has not a Dr. Berkenhout sent to you for lists of your works and anecdotes of your life? I am sure he ought, for he thought even of me. I sent him word that the only merit I was conscious of, was having saved and published some valuable works of others; and that whenever he should write the lives of printers, I should have no repugnance to appear in the catalogue.

Mr. Adam has published the first number of his *Architecture*. In it is a magnificent gateway and screen for the Duke of Northumberland at Sion, which I see erecting every time I pass. It is all lace and embroidery, and as *croquant* as his frames for tables; consequently most improper to be exposed in the high-road to Brentford. From Kent's mahogany we are dwindled to Adam's filigree. Grandeur and simplicity are not yet in fashion. In his Preface he seems to tax Wyatt with stealing from him; but Wyatt has employed the antique with more judgement, and the Pantheon is still the most beautiful edifice in England. What are the Adelphi buildings? warehouses laced down the seams, like a soldier's trull in a regimental old coat.

I will enliven the conclusion of a heavy letter with a riddle by George Selwyn, the only verses I believe he ever made, and marked with all his wit:—

> The first thing is that thing without which we hold
> No very good bargain can ever be sold.
> The next is a soft white prim delicate thing,
> Which a parson has got 'twixt his knees and his chin.
> Then what at the playhouse we all strive to get,
> Or else are content to go in the pit.
> Then all this together will make an odd mess
> Of something in something,—and that you must guess.

So you will; therefore I need not tell you the subject, nay, nor who writes this letter.

1481. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1773.

Here is a pause from my journeyings, Madam. I returned yesterday from Park Place and Nuneham, and hope for a letter before I go to Houghton on Thursday se'nnight.

Nuneham astonished me with the first *coup d'œil* of its ugliness, and the next day charmed me. It is as rough as a bear, but capable of being made a most noble scene. There is a fine apartment, some few very good pictures, the part of a temple acted by a church, and a flower-garden that would keep all Maccaronia in nosegays. The comfort was a little damped by the constant presence of Sir William Lee [1] and Dame Elizabeth his wife, with a prim Miss, whose lips were stuffed into her nostrils. They sat both upright like macaws on their perches in a menagerie, and scarce said so much. I wanted to bid them *call a coach*! The morning and the evening was the first day, and the morning and the evening was the second day, and still they were just in their places! I made a discovery that was more amusing: Lady Nuneham is a poetess, and writes with great ease and sense, and some poetry, but is as afraid of the character as if it was a sin to make verses. You will be more entertained with what I heard of Lord Edgecumbe. Stay, I dare not tell it your Ladyship—well, Lord Ossory must read this paragraph. Every scrap of Latin Lord Edgecumbe heard at the Encænia at Oxford he translated ridiculously; one of the themes was *Ars Musica*: he Englished it Bumfiddle.

I wish you joy, Madam, of the sun's settling in England. Was ever such a southern day as this? My house is a

Letter 1481.—[1] Sir William Lee (d. 1799), fourth Baronet, of Hartwell, Buckinghamshire; m. (1763) Lady Elizabeth Harcourt, daughter of first Earl Harcourt.

bower of tuberoses, and all Twitnamshire is passing through my meadows to the races at Hampton Court. The picture is incredibly beautiful; but I must quit my joys for my sorrows. My poor Rosette is dying. She relapsed into her fits the last night of my stay at Nuneham, and has suffered exquisitely ever since. You may believe I have too; I have been out of bed twenty times every night, have had no sleep, and sat up with her till three this morning; but I am only making you laugh at me; I cannot help it—I think of nothing else. Without weaknesses I should not be I, and I may as well tell them as have them tell themselves.

P.S. I am going to make a postscript of a very old riddle, but if you never saw it you will like it, and revere the riddle-maker, which was, I am told, one Sir Isaac Newton, a great star-gazer and conjurer:—

Four people sat down at a table to play;
They play'd all that night, and some part of next day.
This one thing observed, that when they were seated,
Nobody played with them, and nobody betted;
Yet when they got up, each was winner a guinea;
Who tells me this riddle, I'm sure is no ninny.

1482. To Viscount Nuneham.

August 10, 1773.

You must forgive my troubling you with my gratitude, my dear Lord. It is impossible to be silent after experiencing so much kindness, and receiving so much pleasure at Nuneham. The scenes and prospect made great impression on me, but your Lordship's and Lady Nuneham's goodness much more. Can neither you nor she guess, my Lord, what made the strongest impression of

all? Not the showing me what your park may be—not that it may be paradise, but that it is Parnassus; that one of the Muses resides there, and is so bashful as to pretend to be only one of the Graces. I hope her eight sisters, who are seldom modest, will be provoked at her possessing a virtue they want, and will expose her stark to the eyes of the whole world. A Vice-Queen blushing in a brazen age, and in a brazen kingdom!—well, well, she will return intrepid—it is incredible how many awkward virtues a crown can cure people of! Such talents were not given to be locked up in a little flower-garden, though it is enamelled, and fit for the loves of Vertumnus and Pomona. She must be transplanted. Oh that ever I might be honoured so far as to be allowed to join certain lines to those of Lady Temple! The editions of Strawberry would be immortal, and Cipriani should design a frontispiece in which Friendship should present the sister poetesses to Apollo—and the best engraver in England should etch it. No, my Lord, not Bartolozzi, but an idle creature[1], as humble as his wife, who is able to do justice by his landscapes to the rich vale that is bounded by Abingdon and Oxford, and who leaves a thousand venerable oaks, that stand before his nose, unengraved, as his father leaves their site unimproved. Oh, I pray to all the Dryads to do justice on such a family—and that justice, I hope, will be poetical!

Well! ye are, however, a tender-hearted set of people—some of ye—you will pity me, I am sure. Rosette has suffered dreadfully ever since she was seized at Nuneham; it seems a mixture of complaints, paralytic, and in her bowels. I dare scarce flatter myself with a glimpse of hope! but it is a bad return to give you concern. Pray, my Lord, tell Mr. Jerningham that the next pair of true lovers he kills, I insist on their being buried in your church,

Letter 1482.—[1] Lord Nuneham.

which is so unlike a parish, and worthy of entombing Abélard and Heloïsa. Nay, I beg the whole plan may lie at Nuneham; the swain shall talk to the nymph through the grate of your flower-garden; they shall wander in the wood over the lock. I hope Corydon will not be too pressing; the spot is savage and tempting; and then think what a gloomy evening walk for the funeral procession, along the terrace to the church! There is no resisting such a subject.

Before I take my leave, I must beg you would not be too impatient to embark. I have heard a whisper, as if the King of Poland would not be the first monarch in Europe that may resign his crown rather than meet a refractory *Diet*. I should not congratulate any other Prince on being reprieved from a throne, but your Lordship; no, your Lordship, not unless I was entirely

Your devoted humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1483. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 13, 1773.

I DO not care a straw, Madam, for having heard the story of Mrs. Garnier and King Louis, before I received your letter. You told it so well, that it was new again; and I again doubt the truth as I did at first. It would be marvellous indeed that a comely old monarch should be the first man to receive a refusal from a gentlewoman who never refused any man. I doubt whether my friend Mrs. Macaulay herself would be so anti-monarchical.

The history of Lady Mornington[1] is much more credible.

LETTER 1483.—[1] Hon. Anne Hill (d. 1831), daughter of first Viscount Dungannon; m. (1759) Garret Wellesley, first Baron Mornington, created Earl of Mornington in 1760.

Where should bawds and bishops pay court but to youthful hypocrisy! Could her Ladyship apprehend a cold reception where Lord Pembroke is a Lord of the Bedchamber? But how, Madam, can you wonder that her story was no secret there? When was piety unread in the *Chronique scandaleuse*? There are none but the wicked that are not uncharitable, and that never trouble themselves about the sins of others.

I could not help saying thus much in answer to your Ladyship's letter; but mine, I believe, will not set out immediately, I have so little to put into it. I have been two days in town, and heard not a syllable but the death of Lord Barrymore, who died of a fever in seven days, at Lady Grandison's. His little widow lies in, but will not follow him. His mother is the only person to be pitied.

George Selwyn was here this evening, which was a great compliment, as he left Lord March at Richmond ill of a bad sore throat, but mending. Our neighbourhood furnishes us as little as London. I saw Crauford in town, who takes the air, and talks of going to Scotland next week. He looks much the better for his gout, but will not allow it.

You don't flatter me, Madam, by being more concerned for me than for Rosette. She is still alive, but I despair of her recovery. However, you have so little dogmanity, that I will say no more about her, nor about anything else to-night, but his Grace of Devonshire, who seems to be buying the character of singularity very dear. May not his passion for antiques bring forth more dresses after old pictures?

17th.—It is in vain to wait for news; none will happen, and my letter must set out, so shall I next Friday, and probably be absent ten days. As the thunder has turned our glorious summer sour, I am the less concerned at

going from home. From Houghton it will be impossible to tell your Ladyship anything, unless of the neighbouring court of Denmark.

When I was in town I sent again to Hamilton for your picture[2], and to Bonus[3] for Barnaby Fitzpatrick's, but could obtain neither.

1484. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 15, 1773.

Lady Orford really astonishes me! though she may feel total indifference about her unhappy son, how can she proclaim it? But she must do as she pleases. All I shall insist upon is the letter to me under her hand—I go to Houghton next week to regulate all matters there; and when I have reduced the extravagances and settled everything upon the most prudent and economic foot, so that anybody else might go on with my Lord's affairs, I shall throw up the management, unless her Ladyship makes it safe for me; and from this resolution nothing shall make me depart. I begin to doubt indeed whether, without this, the trust will continue long in my hands; my Lord seems to me to grow so much worse. The people about him call it *his fit*, and fancy he is worse periodically once a month. The great and uncommon heats we have had lately may have contributed—but this fit, as they call it, has lasted longer than the month. He is forced to be confined in his bed at night, and pinioned in the day, as he incessantly tries to escape, or to do himself mischief. He swallows nothing but broth, and that by force; consequently, you may imagine, falls away. I do not understand these cases,

[2] A crayon drawing of the Countess of Ossory, probably by William Hamilton (1751-1801), which was formerly at Strawberry Hill.

[3] A picture-cleaner.

Letter 1484.—Not in C.; now first printed from transcript in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

and his alarms me extremely, though I do not find the physical people under apprehension for his life, if he can be kept from hurting himself, to which his cunning seems to tend; but to guard against which all possible care is taken.

This is the whole matter of my letter, as indeed it is what takes up almost all my time. There is a total stagnation both of news and politics. One must go to Poland or the Danube for any of the latter.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are, I believe, embarked for Italy. I told you they proposed to reside at Milan.

Pray tell me what you think of Lady Orford's health. Some English that saw her lately have told my brother that she is in a bad way. I doubt it. Of your family I know very little indeed. I have made offers of visiting your brother, who is so near me as Richmond, but he always finds civil excuses for waiving it. You are sure I would not be wanting to him—but perhaps we shall not agree the worse for not meeting. I have heard nothing lately of your nephew's imprudences, and the last time I saw your brother he seemed to think him more prudent. One should hear it probably if he was not. The extravagance of our young men of fortune or no fortune is no secret. Some of them are so ingenious as to contribute their follies to the public papers, and the public is not mollified by the relation of their exploits. They make no compensation by parts. Such of them as live will be dull old devils. Adieu!

1485. To Viscount Nuneham.

Aug. 17, 1773.

Your pinks, your tulips live an hour;
A fortnight binds your utmost power.

Flora, the niggard goddess, pays
With short-liv'd joys the toil of days.
But, Walter Clark[1], your happy lot
Is fallen in a fairer spot:
A Muse has deign'd to view your bower,
And stamp'd immortal every flower.
Her breath new perfumes can disclose,
Her touch improve the damask rose:
And ages hence the buds you raise
Shall bloom in Nuneham's living lays.
The lilies of the field, that shone
With brighter blaze than Solomon,
Shall beg to quit their rural stations,
And mix with Walter Clark's carnations.

Had Lady Nuneham condescended to let me see the other lines you tell me of, my dear Lord, they would I trust have inspired me with a better return. Those I have scribbled are, however, more disinterested, though not worthy of the subject, which, *without a flower*, would make *St. Paul run mad*. Well, you are a fortunate husband! I do not wonder you despise crowns and sceptres. If you had those of an Emperor, you should not make me destroy the lines you have sent me, though I give you and Lady Nuneham my honour that they shall never go out of my hands.

I have neither read the Ode nor the *Spiritual Quixote*[2]: but you are too hard on their panegyrist. Would it not be cruel on bad authors if nobody was found to like their writings? For my own part, I am persuaded that foolish writers and readers are created for each other; and that Fortune provides readers as she does mates for ugly women.

LETTER 1485.—[1] Cunningham states that Walter Clark (d. 1784) was the gardener at Nuneham.

[2] *The Spiritual Quixote, or the Summer's Ramble of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose, a Comic Romance*, published anonymously in 1772. It was by Rev. Richard Graves (1715–1804), Rector of Claverton, near Bath.

I shall be found to appear in the *Oxford Guide*[3]. One's works are sure to live and pass through many editions, when one labours in such vineyards. I submit to Bassan with an O, but Titiano, I doubt, will sound too formal and in the style of General Guise.

Mrs. Clive is gone to Marlow on a visit for a week. If she does not meet with a harvest of cards, she will not think there was any prospect. My poor Rosette is better, though I still fear not likely to recover. I shall set out for my Viceroyalty on Thursday; a shorter, indeed, but not a pleasanter journey than your Lordship's. May we meet in Leicester Fields sooner than you expect! and as a prosperous reign would only prolong your calamities, I shall not be sorry if your Highness's father is speedily dethroned, which is the hearty prayer of, my dear Lord, &c.

1486. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Aug. 30, 1773.

I returned last night from Houghton[1], where multiplicity of business detained me four days longer than I intended, and where I found a scene infinitely more mortifying than I expected; though I certainly did not go with a prospect of finding a land flowing with milk and honey. Except the pictures, which are in the finest preservation, and the woods, which are become forests, all the rest is ruin, desolation, confusion, disorder, debts, mortgages, sales, pillage, villainy, waste, folly, and madness. I do not believe that five thousand pounds would put the house and buildings into good repair. The nettles and brambles in

[3] Horace Walpole's name is mentioned several times in the account of Nuneham in the *New Oxford Guide* by 'a Gentleman of Oxford' (7th ed., 1785); and his description of Nuneham Park is quoted from the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

Letter 1486.—[1] Where he had gone during the insanity of his nephew, George, Earl of Orford, to endeavour to settle and arrange his affairs. *Walpole.*

Hon. Henry Seymour Conway
from a print after Gainsborough.

the park are up to your shoulders; horses have been turned into the garden, and banditti lodged in every cottage. The perpetuity of livings that come up to the park-pales have been sold—and every farm let for half its value. In short, you know how much family pride I have, and consequently may judge how much I have been mortified! Nor do I tell you half, or *near* the worst circumstances. I have just stopped the torrent—and that is all. I am very uncertain whether I must not fling up the trust; and some of the difficulties in my way seem insurmountable, and too dangerous not to alarm even my zeal; since I must not ruin myself, and hurt those for whom I must feel, too, only to restore a family that will end with myself, and to retrieve an estate from which I am not likely ever to receive the least advantage.

If you will settle with the Churchills your journey to Chalfont, and will let me know the day, I will endeavour to meet you there; I hope it will not be till next week. I am overwhelmed with business—but, indeed, I know not when I shall be otherwise! I wish you joy of this endless summer.

1487. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1773.

Your Ladyship was particularly kind in letting me meet so agreeable a letter at my return, which made me for some minutes forget the load of business and mortification that I have brought from Houghton, where I was detained four days longer than I intended. You would I fear repent your love of details, were I to enter on particulars of all I have seen and heard! far worse than my worst apprehensions!

You know, Madam, I do not want a sufficient stock of

family pride, yet perhaps do not know, though I think it far from a beautiful place, how very fond I am of Houghton, as the object of my father's fondness. Judge then what I felt at finding it half a ruin, though the pictures, the glorious pictures, and furniture, are in general admirably well preserved. All the rest is destruction and desolation! The two great staircases exposed to all weathers, every room in the wings rotting with wet, the ceiling of the gallery in danger, the chancel of the church unroofed, the water-house built by Lord Pembroke tumbling down, the garden a common, the park half-covered with nettles and weeds, the walls and pales in ruin, perpetuities of livings at the very gates sold, the interest of Lynn gone, mortgages swallowing the estate, and a debt of above 40,000*l.* heaped on those of my father and brother. A crew of banditti were harboured in the house, stables, town, and every adjacent tenement; and I had but too great reason to say that the out-pensioners have committed as great spoil—much even since my nephew's misfortune. The high-treasurer who paid this waste and shared it is a steward that can neither read nor write. This worthy prime minister I am forced to keep from particular circumstances—I mean if I continue in office myself; but though I have already done something, and have reduced an annual charge of near 1,200*l.* a year, the consequences of which I believe were as much more—I mean the waste made and occasioned by bad servants, dogs, and horses—still I very much doubt whether I must not resign, from causes not proper for a letter.

In the shock and vexation of such a scene was I forced to act as if my mind was not only perfectly at ease, but as if I, who never understood one useful thing in my days, was master of every country business, and qualified to be a surveyor-general. Though you would have pitied

my sensations, you would have smiled, Madam, I am sure, at my occupations, which lasted without interruption from nine every morning till twelve at night, except that a few times I stole from the steward and lawyer I carried with me, to peep at a room full of painters, who you and Lord Ossory will like to hear, are making drawings from the whole collection, which Boydell is going to engrave. Well, the morning was spent in visiting the kennels, in giving away pointers, greyhounds, and foreign beasts, in writing down genealogies of horses—with all my heraldry I never thought to be the Anstis of Newmarket; in selling bullocks, sheep, Shetland horses, and all kind of stock; in hearing petitions and remonstrances of old servants, whom I pitied, though three were drunk by the time I had breakfasted; in listening to advice on raising leases, in ordering repairs, sending two teams to Lynn for tiles, in limiting expense of coals, candles, soap, brushes, &c., and in forty other such details.

About one or two, arrived farmers to haggle on leases, and though I did not understand one word in a score that they uttered, I was forced to keep them to dinner, and literally had three, four, and five to dine with me six days of the eight that I stayed there; nor was I quit so, for their business literally lasted most days till eight or nine at night. They are not laconic, nor I intelligent; and the stupidity and knavery of the steward did their utmost to perplex me and confound the map of the estate, every name in which he miscalled, as if he was interpreting to an Arabian ambassador. The three last hours of the night were employed in reducing and recording the transactions of the day, in looking over accounts and methodizing debts, demands, and in drawing plans of future conduct. Oh, I am weary even with the recollection—is not your Ladyship with the recapitulation? For the first four days I was

amazed at the quickness of my own parts, and almost lamented that such talents had lain so long unemployed. I improved two leases 150*l.*, and thought I had raised another more ; and let a farm which my Lord kept in his own hands, and has received not a shilling from for seven years, for 500*l.* a year. Alas ! I soon found I had been too obstinate or too sanguine, and absolutely had done nothing but blunder. My farmers broke off when I thought them ready to sign, and the second lease I found my Lord had been overreached in, and had engaged for 400*l.*, though I was offered 600*l.* by two different persons. I came away chagrined and humbled.

As King Phiz says in *The Rehearsal*, if I am turned off, nobody will take me ; I am glad, therefore, your Ladyship did this time resist your propensity to praising me. I am glad to have done with my own chapter, and to come to your Ladyship's entertaining letter—I should not say entertaining, as you have been a month in apprehensions of *you know not what.* I hope Lord Ossory will soon be without apprehension, and see *what* he wishes. Good Madam, do not scamper about like some ladies of antiquity, I forget their country, who thought fatigue went halfway in the procreation of a son and heir. I was not so much frightened at Mrs. Page's[1] news ; on the contrary, I was diverted, concluding the antiquated beauty was a lady famous for making ducal captives, and was going to be restored.

Lady Barrymore has, I think, two thousand a year, and I believe will not break her little heart, as you may see I thought by this stanza to the tune of *Green grow the rushes, oh* !

LETTER 1487. - [1] Hon. Juliana Howe, second daughter of first Viscount Howe; m. (1725) Thomas Page, of Battlesden, Bedfordshire; d. 1780.

O, my Lady Barrymore,
O, my Lady Barrymore,
If I was you,
I'd bill and coo,
But I would never marry more.

I promise you I will not myself; nor do I think the lady in question will choose another skeleton.

You guessed right, Madam; *musicians* is the key to the riddle. If it is too easy, which I am bound not to think, as I could not guess it, remember Sir Isaac was more famous for solving problems than for wrapping them in obscurity.

I must beg not to have my details mentioned to the Grace of Courts, nor to your jockeyhood. I doubt they would neither touch the one nor reform the other, though such a theme for moralizing. For my part, I sat down by the waters of Babylon, and wept over our Jerusalem—I might almost say, over my father's ashes, on whose gravestone the rain pours!

Adieu! Madam, the reading your letter over again made me cheerful. I shall want many such before the impression made by these last ten days will be obliterated.

1488. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1773.

You have been as kind and zealous in my cause as I expected, my dear Sir; though to little purpose. Lady Orford is only sincere when she avows her insensibility for her son; or rather her resolution of caring for nothing but herself. I found your two letters at my return from Houghton, and though there was but an interval of four days between their dates, she had contrived to deceive you and break her promise between the tenth and the fourteenth,

for she has neither sent to me nor to Mr. Sharpe the letter she made you believe she would write and had written. This extreme art, if it is art to be false without deceiving, will recoil on herself. The applications made to her have persuaded her that I am eager to have the management of her son's affairs, and consequently she thinks it would be for my interest. Now, it happens that nothing would give me so much joy as to be dispensed with from the undertaking. I engaged, because I thought it indecent to decline, when nobody else would submit to the labour, danger, and expense. When his own mother will not deign to ask me to undergo that fatigue, I am clearly exculpated if I refuse. I have shown my zeal and everybody applauds it. What will the world think of her, when she will neither take any trouble herself nor encourage me to do it? The blame must light on her, if she is the cause that her son and his estate are abandoned to plunderers, or that the disgrace of a commission of lunacy is taken out against him by the whole family, or at the instance of his creditors, to the loss of his employments—then he will want her support, and I believe *will* want it. So much for her Ladyship's finesse—in short, she is flint, and very silly—does she think she has parts enough to draw me on from time to time without giving me the satisfaction I claim? I happen to have a little more sense than she has, as well as more integrity. I have acquainted Mr. Sharpe in form, that if she does not send me the letter by the first of November, I will throw up the trust—then we shall see what resources there are in her cunning to draw me on farther. I care not a straw for her letter; I am sick of the trouble; but I scorn her suspicions, and they shall fall on herself. You must tell her, I beg and insist you will, that she is much mistaken in imagining I am ambitious of the trust. I have desired Mr. Sharpe to tell her so too, and after November 1st

she shall know my opinion of her very plainly from myself, the first feature of which is contempt of her paltry cunning, the supreme point of sense in a woman that has not enough, and a certain mark of the want of it. She has affronted the warmth with which I have sacrificed myself, I resent the usage, for I value the good opinion of mankind, though she does not. My uprightness and disinterestedness were never called in question before : I believe it is a match for art—at least it is not afraid of coming to a trial. Were I desirous of the trust, the sanction of the family would bear me out, whether she would or not—but I am above taking the charge of her son, if his own mother will not deign to ask it of me. It was a compliment and an unnecessary one, for she has no power to confer ; the Chancery would laugh at her, if she in Italy were to pretend to it when she refuses to come and take care of him. I, who happen to have a little more delicacy, will not proceed without the approbation of his mother, nothing shall make me. Though she uses me ill I will do what I think right, not for her sake but my own. It would be justifying her suspicions to thrust myself into the office against her will—I have her consent under Mr. Sharpe's hand ; but I will have it under her own, for her delay implies diffidence, and no man living shall say I took advantage of a half assent. Her jealousy cannot hurt me ; I should be wounded if she had a shadow of pretence for saying that I asked her approbation, and content myself with it at second hand. I must insist therefore, my dear Sir, that you press her no more, but acquaint her that it is perfectly indifferent to me whether she sends me the letter or not, since I shall be more glad to be delivered of the burden than she can be to have me undertake it or decline it ; and for my honour's sake take care to use no arguments to convince her she ought to send it. She would think them dictated by me,

and though I think address allowable in a good cause, I shall use none to carry a point which can only lead me into a labyrinth of uneasiness—I am not so artful!

You would not wonder I am provoked, my dear Sir, if you knew what I had just suffered, when I met with this unworthy treatment. How can I describe the devastation I found? A new debt, contracted by Lord Orford, of above 40,000*l.* added to those of his grandfather and father! The estate overwhelmed by mortgages, the livings sold, the glorious house dilapidated, and open in many parts to the weather; the garden destroyed by horses, the park half-unpaled, and overgrown with nettles and brambles; a crew of plunderers quartered on all parts, and the house and park mortgaged to my Lady Orford; so that if my Lord were to die, my brother would have an empty title, with no estate to come to, and no house to live in. This is the splendid reversion which her Ladyship thinks I am reserving for myself! Madness and thieves have anticipated my harvest, and I may glean if I please after the prodigal son, his led captains, grooms, horses, dogs, jockeys, mortgagees, and creditors! That is, when I have driven the money-changers out of the Temple, I may cleanse it for her Ladyship, and enrich myself by selling their joint-stools. The poor man himself is now in one of his raving fits, as he is generally at the beginning of the month, with no hopes of recovery even from his intervals. Besides his accidental frenzy, I have heard many instances that corroborate my opinion of his having been long out of his senses.

You say I attend to no politics—it is most true, and you will not wonder. At present I believe there are none in action, at least I know none, nor even news. Their Highnesses of Cumberland, I believe, are not yet sailed. You will have time enough to ask instructions, especially if it is true that they intend a long residence at Milan.

Lord Lyttelton is dead. His worthy son [1] has added so much to his mass of character by histories too opprobrious to be entertaining, that even this age has the grace to shun him; but then he is neither a monarch nor a nabob.

The vacant green riband will certainly not bring home Lord Cowper. It is given to Lord Northington. When I want one of any hue, I will not make interest through the Great Duke. The Pope's policy in tormenting the Jesuits, when he wants to save them, passes my understanding—at least it is not the daring style of roguery in vogue.

Adieu! I am not in a pleasing temper; but fortune and spirits generally remove my greatest difficulties, and I will not distrust such old friends.

1489. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1773.

Does one break a promise, dear Sir, when one cannot perform it? I have not seen Mr. Chute yet, consequently could not show him the two Italian letters: he is still at the Vine, and I have been learning to moralize in the land of mortification. In one word, I am just returned from Houghton, where I had an ample lecture on the vanity of sublunary grandeur. If I had not suspected myself of being too like Ananias and Sapphira, and of purloining a favourite miniature, I think I should have sold Strawberry the moment I came back, and laid the purchase-money at the feet of the first Methodist apostle I met. This is telling you the havoc and spoil that my poor wretched nephew and a gang of banditti have made on the palace and estates of my father. The pictures alone have escaped the devastation. Methinks I could write another

Letter 1488.—[1] Thomas Lyttelton (1744-1779), second Baron Lyttelton.

sermon on them; it would be crowded with texts from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. What can I say to you but Woe, woe, woe? I know nothing; I see nobody but lawyers, stewards, and jockeys. I have given up every occupation and amusement of my life, and think of nothing but saving my family; not that I have any prospect of doing so, but merely because it is less uncomfortable than totally to despair of re-establishing it. I know this is folly and visionary pride: I am sensible that I sacrifice the remains of an agreeable life to disquiet and melancholy and trouble, but I cannot help it: the arrow is shot; it sticks in my breast, and I should not feel the pain of it the less for not trying to pluck it out. Go and write a moral satire on me; I deserve it, for I act with my eyes open.

You know Lord Lyttelton is dead: the papers say Mr. Garrick is to be the editor of his papers. I shall not be impatient to see the text or the comment, but truly I believe he left none. He was timid to write anything that he would have been afraid to publish, and was equally in dread of present and future critics, which made his works so insipid that he had better not have written them at all. His son does not seem to have equal apprehensions of the world's censure. Though he was such a

Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves[1],

the shades of Hagley are safe from his axe; they are not liable to the fate of Houghton. When the forests of our old barons were nothing but dens of thieves, the law in its wisdom made them unalienable. Its wisdom now thinks it very fitting that they should be cut down to pay debts at Almack's and Newmarket. I was saying this to the lawyer I carried down with me. He answered: 'The law hates a perpetuity.' 'Not all perpetuities,' said I; 'not

LETTER 1489.—[1] Pope, *Moral Essays*, iv. 94.

those of lawsuits.' Well, I will have done, for I find every paragraph will close in the same way.

By the way, have I told you that I have been at Nuneham? no, I did not; I was strangely disappointed at my arrival and thought it very ugly. The next morning totally changed my ideas; it is capable of being made uncommonly beautiful. Lord Nuneham's garden is the quintessence of nosegays. I wonder some Maccaroni does not offer ten thousand pounds for it; but indeed the flowers come in their natural season, and take care to bring their perfumes along with them. Do you know that the Muses have a little cabinet there? and a female votary[2] who writes with great facility and genteelly. I was trusted with the secret, and mind I don't betray it. Adieu.

1490. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1773.

Mr. Sharpe has succeeded, though you could not, my dear Sir. I have received a satisfactory, and even flattering, letter from Lady Orford this very day; and I enclose an answer to it, which I hope will be more welcome to her than hers was to me, for it now pins me down to the oar, and the best part of the remainder of life must be given up to this painful duty. I shall do everything in my power to please her, and to do justice to her son and my family. I shall not often trouble her with letters, as she cares so little to be troubled, but you may assure her, and she may depend upon it, that if she will at any time but give me a hint through you or Mr. Sharpe, I will do whatever she commands. I have told her the truth, that nothing should have persuaded me to go on but the approbation of my Lord's own mother. I think the authority of a parent so

[2] Lady Nuneham.

sacred that I should have respected it, though she had used it unjustly against me. I am sensible how extremely unfit I am for the office I have undertaken. Necessity excuses my undertaking: the scrupulous exactitude of my conduct shall atone as much as is possible for unwilling errors. Were I an angel I could not do half I wish. My life is too far spent to retrieve so much ruin!

I have had another letter from you, with the total demolition of the Jesuits. A series of foolish kings had established them: one foolish king[1] has put a stop to the mischief. An hundred wise Popes had supported them; one wise Pope[2] could not save them. This proves that worldly wisdom or folly are pretty indifferent. Times make men, not men times. Well! but here is a large vacuum in the mass of folly,—what will replace it? I ask, upon a maxim of mine, *that it is idle to cure men of a folly, unless one could cure them of being foolish.* Some new grievance will succeed to the Jesuits. Mankind will not be cheated, or tyrannized the less, because a certain black habit is abolished. There are still ermine and scarlet coats left. St. Ignatius is no more, but St. Frederic of Prussia, St. Catharine of Muscovy, are still red-lettered in respective rubrics. It is no matter whether disciples of enormous incendiaries wear beads or bayonets. Mankind, that hunts wolves, admires usurpers; and, to the disgrace of talents, Voltaire satirizes Jesuits, and hymns the ravages of Poland. I should like to know for how many paltry roubles and florins he has prostituted his incense and character,—for the florins, I will trust the King of Prussia for half of them being of base metal[3]. Gray could not hear Voltaire's name with patience, though nobody admired his genius more; but he thought him so vile, that for the last years

LETTER 1490.—[1] Charles III of Spain. *Walpole.*

[2] Benedict XIV. *Walpole.*

[3] He adulterated the coin in which we paid our subsidy to him. *Walpole.*

of his life he would read nothing he wrote. Well! but one must read him! Is there another author left in Europe who one wishes should write?

I hope to overwhelm you with no more details relating to my family. I shall jog on now in a steward's routine, but will not plague my friends with accounts of mortgages and leases. They may spoil my style, but shall not fill my letters, though they will make me a very uninteresting correspondent. I have no time for anything but business. Adieu!

1491. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17, 1773.

I have been absent from home five days and found twelve letters: after reading them and answering five on business, it is relaxation, dear Sir, to write to you. I will say no more on my occupation: I wish there were such mere merit in it, as to deserve what you say to me.

I enclose the two letters: I kept them to show to Mr. Chute, and am just come from him. He who is a much better Cruscan than I am, dislikes the Italian letter still more; says it is not tolerably pure, and composed of scraps of poetry; that the lines beginning 'Te Dea' are certainly Gray's, they are so incorrect; and yet more poetic than Salvini's[1] lines. I do not wonder; but what would he have been if a Tuscan? You have found by your journey into Westmoreland that his inspired eyes even

Made those bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

The Swedish curate[2] certainly has not the same talent. With regard to the *friendship* of the Dedication, I com-

Letter 1491.—[1] There were two Florentine men of letters of this name—Abbate Antonio Maria Salvini (d. 1729) and Salvino Salvini (d. 1751).

[2] Edward Jerningham, author of *The Swedish Curate*, a poem published in 1773.

pounded for it in lieu of more pompous compliments: I might, had I so pleased, have been a patron of learning.

The drawings of the kings at York will be time enough next year for any leisure I shall have to bestow on them. I give up my idea of casts, and any thought that implies an opinion of real curiosity or taste in the present age. The nymphs holding necklaces on the outside of a bridge for Sion in Adam's first number, is a specimen of our productions in architecture, as the Preface is of modesty and diffidence. The lottery for the Adelphi buildings will, I suspect, be an example of rather more address. What patronage of arts in the Parliament, to vote the City's land to those brothers, and then sanctify the sale of the houses by a bubble!

I have so totally forgotten what the riddle was I sent you, that I do not know whether your solution with all its humour is right; you may judge with what rubbish my head is filled.—I have learned so many new things of late, that I have lost my memory. I believe poor Lord Nuneham will return in the same situation. You who have all your faculties in perfection may remember when I see you. which I long for, that I tell you of the success I have had in a contest, nay, in a money-contest, with a mitre[3]. It will divert you, but is not proper for a letter. I know nothing of higher import, and must therefore bid you good night!

[3] Edmund Keene, Bishop of Ely, who, as a young man, received preferment from Sir Robert Walpole on condition of marrying one of his natural daughters. According to Horace Walpole, Keene accepted the preferment, but declined the lady. The latter (mentioned by Walpole as 'Mrs. Day') lived for years in great poverty, and unknown to her father's family, until Horace Walpole heard of her existence from a friend. He then showed her great kindness, and advised her to apply to Keene, at this time Bishop of Ely, for some pecuniary help to compensate for his refusal to marry her. She wrote from Horace Walpole's house and under his directions, and received a considerable sum of money from the Bishop. For a full account of this affair see *Literature*, Jan. 27, 1900, pp. 85–6.

1492. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1773.

The multiplicity of business which I found chalked out to me by my journey to Houghton has engaged me so much, my dear Lord, and the unpleasant scene opened to me there struck me so deeply, that I have neither had time nor cheerfulness enough to flatter myself I could amuse my friends by my letters. Except the pictures, I found everything worse than I expected, and the prospect almost too bad to give me courage to pursue what I am doing. I am totally ignorant in most of the branches of business that are fallen to my lot, and not young enough to learn any new business well. All I can hope is to clear the worst part of the way; for, in undertaking to retrieve an estate, the beginning is certainly the most difficult of the work—it is fathoming a chaos. But I will not unfold a confusion to your Lordship which your good sense will always keep you from experiencing—very unfashionably; for the first geniuses of this age hold that the best method of governing the world is to throw it into disorder. The experiment is not yet complete, as the rearrangement is still to come.

I am very seriously glad of the birth of your nephew [1], my Lord; I am going this evening with my gratulations; but have been so much absent and so hurried, that I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Lady Anne [2], though I have called twice. To Gunnersbury I have had no summons this summer: I receive such honours, or the want of them, with proper respect. Lady Mary Coke, I fear, is in chase of a *Dulcineus* that she will never meet. When

Letter 1492.—[1] A son of John, Earl of Buckingham's, who died young. *Walpole.*

[2] Lady Anne Conolly. *Walpole.*

the ardour of peregrination is a little abated, will not she probably give in to a more comfortable pursuit; and, like a print I have seen of the blessed martyr Charles the First, abandon the hunt of *a corruptible* for that of *an incorruptible crown*? There is another beatific print just published in that style: it is of Lady Huntingdon. With much pompous humility, she looks like an old basket-woman trampling on her coronet at the mouth of a cavern.—Poor Whitfield! if he was forced to do the honours of the *spelunca*!—Saint Fanny Shirley[3] is nearer consecration. I was told two days ago that she had written a letter to Lady Selina[4] that was not intelligible. Her Grace of Kingston's glory approaches to consummation in a more worldly style. The Duke is dying, and has given her the whole estate, seventeen thousand a year. I am told she has already notified the contents of the will, and made offers of the sale of Thoresby. Pious matrons have various ways of expressing decency.

Your Lordship's new bow-window thrives. I do not want it to remind me of its master and mistress, to whom I am ever the most devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1493. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1773.

I do not agree with your Ladyship that the Duchess of Kingston will have recourse to the protection of the King of Prussia. His Majesty has not shown such partiality to Hymen as implies a propensity to bigamy. It might be charity to continue her Maid of Honour, after she was married and had two children, and was starving at Chudleigh

[3] She died in 1778.

[4] Lady Selina Bathurst (d. 1777), wife of Peter Bathurst, brother of first Baron Bathurst, daughter of first Earl Ferrers, and sister of Lady Frances Shirley.

House, like poor fat Mrs. Pritchard in *Jane Shore*; but every court is neither so pious nor so gallant as to wear favours every time a virgin loses her vestality. I am charmed with what you say, *that much will be said that she does deserve*, and *more that she does not*. One may always venture to bet that the world's ill-nature will outgo anybody's ill deeds; and I am persuaded that Nero and Cæsar Borgia will, as well as Richard III, come out much better characters at the Day of Judgement, and that the *pious* and *grave* will be the chief losers at that solemnity. I have not yet heard the Duke[1] and Duchess's will. She moved to town with the pace of an interment, and made as many halts between Bath and London as Queen Eleanor's corpse. I hope for mercy she will not send for me to write verses on all the crosses she shall erect where she and the horses stopped to weep; but I am in a panic, for I hear my poor lines at Ampthill are already in the papers. Her black crape veil, they say, contained a thousand more yards than that of Mousseline la Sérieuse, and at one of the inns where her grief baited, she was in too great an agony to descend at the door, and was slung into a bow-window, as Mark Antony was into Cleopatra's monument. I trust I shall learn more before this letter sets forth, but you will know all as soon as I shall, and as authentically. All my intelligence here arrives dislocated through dowager prisms, who pretend to see everything in its true colours, and represent nothing as they received it. I always begin my answers the moment I receive your Ladyship's, to keep up the conversation, but they often wait two or three days before they get their complement, and then I am ashamed of their scantiness, for the liberality of your pen scampers over a page of paper in a dozen lines, while my narrow-minded tool crams more words into a line.

Letter 1493.—[1] The Duke of Kingston died on Sept. 23, 1773.

Like your Ladyship, I hear of nothing but matches, but, alas! all mine are at Newmarket. I never saw Lady Wrottesley's[2] sister, much less do I know who her lover is. It is plain how old I grow, for I am quite ignorant of all that relates to the reigning and rising generation. I was showed the other day a very long and bitter lampoon upon many nymphs and swains, now dancing on the present turf of Arcadia, and lo! I could not guess at half the names or characters; yet all the fashionable world are there. It seemed to me a satire on a boarding-school, written by a schoolboy.

Mr. Browne's flippancy diverted me: it is what was called wit two thousand years ago. There are twenty such pieces of impertinence recorded of the Grecian philosophers, and I shall wonder if this does not make its fortune. The moment a fashionable artist, singer, or actor is insolent, his success is sure. The first peer that experiences it laughs to conceal his being angry at the freedom; the next flatters him for fear of being treated as familiarly: and ten more bear it because it is *so like Browne*!

George Onslow was here this morning, and told me the Parliament is not to meet till after Christmas; so Lord Ossory's cares will not be divided, Madam, between the nation and your month. I beg you be very exact about your reckoning, and take the utmost care not to creep on into the new year; there will be nothing but girls in seventy-four. Lord Gowran's manhood depends upon his being born before the first of January, and till then you are sure of a son. I don't see why you should take the pains to have a child at all next year.

I must entreat you not to shorten your letters for want of matter. Am not I your Cicisbè established? Do you

[2] Hon. Frances Courtenay, eldest daughter of first Viscount Courtenay; m. (1770) Sir John Wrottesley, eighth Baronet; d. 1821.

think those sentimental pairs in Italy who whisper from morning to night for forty years together, talk of nothing but their passion and news? Dear Madam, depend upon it, in the intervals of love the Signora Antonia tells the Cavalier Giovanni Battista what she had for dinner, how she scolded her maid, and whether her husband allows her a *piccion grosso* every day or not. I never knew a fair one but poor Lady Rochford who could talk about it and about it to all eternity. In short, every line from your Ladyship's pen will be welcome; and the trifles I tell you prove how little I think of anything but amusing you. Good night!

Saturday noon[3].

Hymen, O Hymenaee! Well! I have got my budget full, and my letter shall set out incontinently. The post is come in and the mail is come in, and I shall decant all my news to my Lord and our Lady. The Duchess[4] is a miracle of moderation! She has only taken the whole real estate for her own life, and the personal estate for ever. Evelyn Meadows[5] is totally disinherited. The whole real estate after Andromache the Duke gives to the next brother[6] (who took the *Hermione*), and in failure of his heirs to his three brothers in succession; and in default of issue thence, to the Duke of Newcastle's second son, Lord Thomas Clinton[7]. Wortley Montagu gets an estate of 1,200*l.* a year that was settled on him. There are small legacies to the amount of 1,200*l.*, and Mr. Brand[8] is not mentioned. Still, the most curious part I am yet to learn;

[3] Hitherto printed as a separate letter.

[4] The Duchess of Kingston.

[5] Eldest son of Philip Meadows by Lady Frances Pierrepont, sister of the late Duke of Kingston.

[6] Captain Charles Meadows (1737–1816), took the name of Pierrepont in 1778; created Viscount Newark in 1796, and Earl Manvers in 1806.

[7] Lord Thomas Pelham-Clinton (1752-1795), second son of second Duke of Newcastle, whom he succeeded in 1794.

[8] Thomas Brand, the Duke's uncle by marriage.

my letters do not tell me by what *style*, as the heralds call it, he has proclaimed his heiress.

The next scene lies in Calais. You shall have the identical words of my Lady Fenouilhet's letter:—

'I must acquaint you with a piece of insolence done to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Their Royal Highnesses, upon their arrival here on Saturday se'nnight, went to the play, as likewise on Sunday. On Monday morning two of the players waited on their Royal Highnesses to thank them for the honour that had been done them, and to receive the gratification usual upon such occasions. The Duke gave them three guineas for the two representations, which was so far from satisfying these gentry, that, by way of impertinence, they sent their candle-snuffer, a dirty fellow, to present a bouquet to the Duchess, who was rewarded for his impudence with a volley of *coups de bâton*. This chastisement did not intimidate the actors, who sent one of their troop after the Duke to St. Omer, with a letter, to know if it was really true his Royal Highness gave but three guineas, for that they, the players, suspected their companions had pocketed the best part of what was given. What answer the Duke gave I know not, but the man who went with the letter has been put in prison, and the whole troop has been ordered to leave the town—*voilà qui est bien tragique pour les comédiens*. This affair is as much talked on at Calais as if it was an affair of state.'

Well, Madam, by their début I think this *cour ambulante ne laissera pas de réjouir l'Europe*. Oh, I forget, I ought to be highly offended; but, I don't know how it is, my royal blood does not always take fire immediately.

1494. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1773.

I am glad, my dear Sir, that you was satisfied my Lady Orford had written to me, and that you did not deliver my message. Her delay was so critical, and distressed me so much, that you must not wonder I was hurt. The claim she pretends is not quite new to me, though I trust no more to be realized than it is well founded. Take no notice of my having any idea of it. I have reason to think her intention most malicious—but I am satisfied with knowing it, as it will put me on my guard.

The court[1] that is on the road to Milan began their journey with ugly omens. They went two nights to the play at Calais. Next morning a deputation of players went with a compliment, and to be paid. They received only three guineas. In revenge they dispatched a dirty candle-snuffer with a bouquet for the Princess. He was received as he deserved, *à coups de bâton*. Not content, a third messenger followed to St. Omer to know if really no more than three guineas was given, the company suspecting that their comrades had pocketed part of the gratuity. The French Government have imprisoned the last ambassador, and banished the *dramatis personae*. This is very proper; but methinks we are seldom lucky when we are transplanted.

This is not much known here. All tongues are busy with her Grace of Kingston; the Duke is dead, and has given her his whole landed estate for her life, and his personal for ever: but the quintessence of the history is, that, to be secure of the wealth, she has avowed how little claim she had to it, being intituled in the will, 'My dearest

Letter 1494.—[1] The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland

wife Elizabeth Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey.' Did you ever hear of a Duchess described in a will as a street-walker is indicted at the Old Bailey? Perhaps the house of Hervey does not make a much brighter figure in the narrative.

There is not a syllable of other news. The Parliament is not to meet till after Christmas. Wilkes and all the lately popular ringleaders of the City are squabbling who shall be Lord Mayor. At court they are struggling who shall have the three vacant Garters. I believe nobody else cares who has.

From France I hear that Monsieur d'Aiguillon begins to display the talons he has long been suspected to have. The Comte de Broglie was named to fetch the Comtesse d'Artois. As his family is Piedmontese, instead of receiving her on the confines, he asked leave to go to Turin to make his court to the King of Sardinia[2] a month before the intended time. Receiving no answer from the Duc d'Aiguillon, Broglie wrote to reproach him. The letter gave offence, and the Duke carried it to the King. It was read in council, and his Majesty as his minister's minister wrote himself to the Count, took away his new office, and banished him to his own seat, a hundred and twenty miles from Paris. The Count is the sort of man to have done just so by anybody else.

My poor nephew is at present quite furious, as he is at the beginning of every month, and apt to attempt mischief. At best he seems to have quite lost his head, knows nobody, is restless, and walks incessantly. You will mention these particulars, as proper for me to send, though I doubt there is little curiosity to know. My life, which, though always occupied, has in reality been an idle one, is now passed in business. Combating rogues is not the least part of

[2] Victor Amadeus II (1773–1796).

my employment. The vultures stick to the carcase of the estate, as if they had not been gorged with its flesh. The lawyers press on me with offers of managing; the servants cannot break themselves of pilfering; and my Lord's friends set up promises, as if they had left him anything to give. It is strictly true, that, from the instant he was seized, there has been but one universal thought of plundering. I create enemies at every step, and must expect torrents of abuse, because I am determined not to deserve it. In good truth the expectation of it will be a sufficient check—for can one trust oneself when one sees so much vileness?

My administration is an epitome of greater scenes; and, happily, I enter upon it at an age when every passion is cooled. I shall be inexcusable if I do anything but right. My father alone was capable of acting on one great plan of honesty from the beginning of his life to the end. He could for ever wage war with knaves and malice, and preserve his temper; could know men, and yet feel for them; could smile when opposed, and be gentle after triumph. He was steady, without being eager; and successful, without being vain. He forgot the faults of others, and his own merits; and was as incapable of fear as of doing wrong. Oh, how unlike him I am! how passionate, timid, and vain-glorious! How incapable of copying him, even in a diminutive sphere! in short, I have full as much to correct in myself as to control in others; and I must look into my own breast as often as into bills and accounts. I had done with the world and reposed myself on my own indifference—now I must engage with men again, and take care that the passions which had agitated my life, and which were rather become drowsy than were eradicated, may not be roused again—for my part is not merely the care of an estate. I have jealousy, malice, design, and art to encounter, and an irascible temper ready to betray me.

I must be just and honest to farmers that mean to cheat me, and must keep fair with lawyers that watch to involve me. I must even be careful not to risk my own safety by impetuosity to embrace plans for extricating the estate —but what is all this to you, my dear Sir? I perceive that I am only repeating my own lesson, and am talking to myself rather than to you—no, it is not quite indifferent to you. You feel for me, and will even listen to me when I commune with myself—but enough at present—I shall but too often return to the subject. Adieu.

1495. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 7, 1773.

I cannot yet tell you positively, Madam, whether the Duke of Kingston has indited the Duchess by all her alias's or not. I believed so, positively, for two days; but I heard to-night that the will was made before they were married. I will not swear to this, nor to what I heard farther, that her first husband has been seen coming out of her house since she arrived.—I do not mean his ghost, for the first husband is not dead, though the second is. I hope it is true, and that Augustus Hervey will be as like Cato as two peas, and take his Portia again after the loan of her.

I have now learned that Miss Courtney's lover is my niece's brother-in-law, and am just as indifferent about their history as I was before. Since I am answering your Ladyship's last letter again, I must tell you that I have recollected a passage in Madame de Sévigné exactly applicable to Browne's impertinence to the Duke of Marlborough, and still more just. An upstart gentleman playing at picquet with the Marshal de Grammont, and being very flippant, the Marshal said to him, 'Monsieur, gardez ces familiarités-là pour quand vous jouerez avec le Roi'—and yet, that Mr. Browne was not the King's playfellow.

In lieu of novelties, you must be contented to-day with an account of a dinner, that at least to me was new indeed. Lady Shelburne had engaged me to meet Lady Bingham on Monday. When I arrived, what company do you think I found?—fourteen: herself, her second son[1], two nieces, Lady Bingham and her niece, Townshend the Lord Mayor and his wife, Mr. Deputy Paterson and his, Adair[2] the surgeon, a Mr. Kelly, and a Dr. Bruce, a parson with whom I once had a great quarrel. I cannot say I was sorry, for two of the personages are famous in their generation, and I never had seen them before, Adair and Townshend. I cannot say I was much prejudiced in favour of the latter, nor made any acquaintance with him, though the Countess presented us to each other. I fear I did not even drink the City's health to him as everybody else did. His wife, a bouncing dame, with a coal-black wig, and a face coal-red, called him My Lord at every word, and our hostess much'd him as Mrs. Quickly does Falstaff; but I can tell you something more fashionable than these cits. Count Walderen is just returned from Petworth, where he saw Lord Egremont's[3] new liveries; the postilions have white jackets trimmed with muslin, and clean ones every two days. Who will be the first to refine on this delicacy, and give Brussels lace? I know one that will not; that is, I know but one young man who, without affecting wisdom, has no faults; who has all the passions of youth without its ridicules; who loves gaming without making or losing a fortune, and Newmarket without being a dupe or a sharper; who has good sense without vanity, and good nature without weakness; who can live with Maccaronies, and be in fashion without folly; and who does everything

Letter 1495.—[1] Hon. John Petty, second son of first Earl of Shelburne; d. 1793.

[2] Robert Adair, Sergeant Surgeon to George III.

[3] George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont.

right and proper so naturally, that both the sensible part of the world and the absurd part always think he is just what he ought to be. If your Ladyship thinks this character is flattered or exaggerated, depend upon it you will never guess whom I mean, and yet it would be wronging your penetration to say you have not discovered the person [4].

Lady Bingham is, I assure you, another miracle. She began painting in miniature within these two years. I have this summer lent her several of my finest heads; in five days she copied them, and so amazingly well, that she has excelled a charming head of Lord Falkland by Hoskins [5]. She allows me to point out her faults, and if her impetuosity will allow her patience to reflect and study, she will certainly very soon equal anything that ever was done in water-colours.

They are amazingly bold, high-coloured, and finished. She draws them herself; and so far from being assisted, no painter in England could execute them in half the time. It is still more surprising that she copies from oil full as well, and her only fault is giving more strength than the originals have.

Oct. 9, 1773 [6].

As I do not write my letters in a breath, feasts increase upon me. I have quitted the city for the clergy. Yesterday I dined at George Onslow's with the Archbishop [7], the Dean of Westminster [8], a head of a college, two more divines, Lady North, and Madam the Metropolitan. Yesterday they all breakfasted here, and Lord North; I enthroned the Primate in the purple chair from the Holbein room, and it will never be filled with a better prelate. I went with

[4] Lord Ossory.

[5] John Hoskins, miniature painter; d. 1664.

[6] Hitherto printed as a separate letter.

[7] Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury.

[8] John Thomas, Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Rochester, 1774–93.

them and dined in Bushy Park, and played at loo till ten at night, and came home in a tempest. I hope Jupiter Pluvius has not been so constant at Ampthill: I think he ought to be engraved at the top of every map of England. Mrs. Onslow[9] screamed at the likeness of your picture, and yet I am not satisfied with it.

The post is come in, and I have not had a line from your Ladyship this week. I do not mention it to complain, but for fear it should proceed from any-out-of-orderness.

1496. To the Earl of Hardwicke.

[Oct. 1773.]

Mr. Walpole presents his compliments to Lord Hardwicke, and should have had the honour of waiting upon his Lordship before now, but has not been at Twickenham for two days together, being most unfortunately so involved in the care of Lord Orford's affairs that he has not one minute of time to give even to his own. Lady Orford has refused to meddle, Sir Edward Walpole has other business of consequence, and the whole burthen lies on Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to see the physicians, lawyers, and stewards; and what he still less expected would ever happen to him, he is now perplexed with Lord O.'s concerns at Newmarket, where the horses are to be sold next week.

Mr. W. is therefore forced to entreat Lord Hardwicke will excuse him at present, but as soon as he has a minute's leisure he will look out the papers his Lordship wishes to see, and will beg the honour of his Lordship's company at Strawberry Hill, where he could amuse him with many things, which he is now obliged to abandon for objects

[9] Henrietta (d. 1809), daughter of Sir John Shelley, fourth Baronet; m. (1753) George Onslow, afterwards created Baron Cranley and Earl Onslow.

Letter 1496.—Now printed for the first time from original in the British Museum.

he is little capable of executing as they ought to be, and which make him very unhappy, and will probably perplex the remainder of his life.

1497. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1773.

The Pope gave a fellow, who pretended to know the art of making gold, a purse. Your Ladyship has sent one to me, who, I assure you, have not that secret—*anzi*, I only know how to dissolve it, though not to the perfection of some of my contemporaries. I thank you for it, however, and contrary to custom, value the extrinsic, which is beautiful, and I believe copied from some pattern of Iris's. Thank Heaven it is complete, and did not remain imperfect like a *watergall*: I don't know if I spell well. I will try if fortune can be dazzled by it, though they say she is blind, the first time I play at loo, but I have left it off: the ladies are all Maccaronies, and game too deep for me. The last time I was in town, Lady Hertford wanted one, and I sat down to what they call *crowns*. I lost fifty-six guineas before I could say an 'Ave Maria.'

I swear by all the saints that I have not the glimpse of an objection to Lord Ossory's going to Houghton, but an insurmountable one to his sojourning at the inn. Trust me, Madam, he will be almost as poorly accommodated at the mansion-house, except in beds; and unless he carries his *batterie de cuisine*, cook and camp equipage, I doubt he must eat the game raw. The Philistines have been there before him and devoured everything. I shall write incontinently to the housekeeper and order beds to be aired. It is well I did not receive your commands yesterday: I should have sent an excuse. In short, I had resigned the Seals—and did not shed tears. I am plagued out of my

senses; cheated, thwarted, betrayed—a very minister in miniature. I plucked up spirit, threw up my office, and hugged myself with my *otium sine dignitate*. My brother has been very kind, and has softened me, and I must go on; but with so little prospect of doing any good, that, without the vanity of a martyr, it will be impossible to persevere. I now conceive what I could scarce believe, that there were men capable of plundering Lisbon while it lay in ruins and ashes. I am almost afraid of trusting Lord Ossory,—as he calls himself Lord Orford's friend, I am afraid he should steal a picture. Apropos, he will find but one young pointer there: two have been carried off in spite of my teeth, though I have gnashed them horribly. To Lord Ossory I am obliged for the first and only notice I have received yet of the sale of my horses. I sent down the lawyer and the steward, and neither of them have deigned to send me a line. They mind me as little as if I was really Lord Orford. Seriously, unless there is an Act of Parliament to make all First Ministers absolute, there will be no going on. Lord Mansfield is very good, and I am sure would support my prerogative, but the forms of law are tedious: I want to have power of hanging and beheading everybody that contradicts me on the spot.

Now I have vented my own cares, I can attend to your Ladyship's. You need not press me to be violent against the Irish tax[1]—follow you to the Queen's County! why, I must cross the Channel, if I have a mind to see a friend I have in the world, and I must carry them clothes too: they will not have a shirt left to their backs. Pray write me all Lord Ossory hears thence. I shall be at Strawberry, and know nothing. Cannot you raise a rebellion? There

LETTER 1497.—[1] It was intended to propose in the Irish Parliament a tax of two shillings in the pound on the estates of absentee landlords.

is a very pretty precedent that I read in the papers this morning from Palermo [2]. They make nothing in Spain and Sicily of shipping off a Viceroy or Secretary of State. Cannot you order a band of O'Bloods to tie Lord Harcourt hand and foot, and send him directed to St. James's? I will be ready at a minute's warning to put on King Francis's armour, and make a diversion in your favour.

Where are Charles Fox, and Mr. Fitzpatrick with the forlorn hope? Come, bustle, bustle, as my friend King Richard says; never despair, you fight for your household gods—they are mercenary folks, and never stay where there is no house.

As to Miss Pelham, she will have neither house nor Lares left. The latter can never believe a syllable she says. It is well our gods are only made of bread, and I wish she may have a *manchet* of them to eat! Poor soul, I heartily pity her, for she is quite mad!

I do not know a teaspoonful of news. I dined and passed the evening of Saturday with the Hertford party at Sion—not at the great Sion, but at Lady Holdernesse's. I could tell you what was trumps, but that was all I heard. In truth, I know nothing, think of nothing but my poor nephew's affairs and Rosette. I left her this morning so ill and weak, that I shall not be surprised, though shocked, if I find her dead. Margaret sat up with her the whole night before last; I have sat up half the night many times, and raised all the family. Well! there ends the last of my favourites! I cannot get rid of nepotism, but at least Pope Horace will govern by himself.

[2] The people of Palermo, who suffered greatly from the restrictions placed on their trade and from the high price of provisions, broke out in revolt, penetrated into the Viceroy's palace, and threatened his life. He fled to Naples.

1498. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1773.

I am sorry, my dear Sir, that our correspondence has almost dwindled into my making you a letter-carrier! Alas! we must only lament the melancholy cause, which, added to a total dearth of events in this country, reduces me to think of nothing but the most disagreeable kinds of business. My life is worn out with fatigue, for I give up my whole time to my duty, and it does not suffice. I not only write all my letters myself, but I am forced to take copies of them too, for it is of too much consequence to me not to know what I say; and many I cannot trust to a copyist, as you will see by the enclosed, which I send you opened, for I cannot write it over a third time. Put a seal that my Lady will not know; but make yourself master of the contents first, that you may be able to assist me if necessary, and say I sent you a summary account of the matter. Pray tell me exactly how she takes it—Mr. Sharpe would have persuaded me against this step; everybody else approves it. In short, I can do nothing else—and if she will do nothing, she, not I, must be answerable for the consequences. I am forced to combat at every step. Jealousies, knavery, interest, beset me at every turn. I act as steadily and uprightly as human nature and my own ignorance will let me. I am sometimes forced to fight art at its own weapons. In short, I think in the space of six months I have employed as much labour, address, circumspection, and have made as many enemies, as if I governed a kingdom. I defend the remains of the estate with as great pains as it was raised, and endeavour to do it with the

Letter 1498.—Not in C.; now first published from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

same integrity—but ah! when I grow vain and reflect a minute, I find I am in everything but the ape of my father! and no more like him than to Hercules!—yet Voltaire says I am precisely at the age from which great men date their course. Oh yes, he says that Charles V resigned his crowns 'à l'âge de cinquante-six ans, c'est-à-dire, à l'âge où l'ambition des autres hommes est dans toute sa force, et où tant de rois subalternes nommés ministres ont commencé la carrière de leur grandeur.'—I am sure I have none of the symptoms but the age and the subalternity. I never knew the feel of ambition, and I have not cut it at this time of day! nor, if I have not more repose than I have had lately, will my grandeur's career be very long. Little did I think my glory would consist in being an excellent steward! no more than the Pope thought he should wish the Jesuits at the devil.

No mortal here thinks of that holy squabble, except one or two good Catholics, who publish mournful letters in our papers about those persecuted saints—or more probably they publish them themselves, for, as I told the Abbé Chauvelin[1] at Paris, I could not congratulate him on his victory, since I believe he had only sent the Jesuits to us.

We have literally no news, public or private. They talk of a tax on absentees that is to be passed in Ireland, and that is to make a noise here. They now begin to say it will not be passed there—and how can one think about the egg of an egg that may be addled?

Justice Fielding has revived the hypothesis of the *Beggar's Opera* making all our rogues. Garrick has in a manner given it up, but they continue it at Covent Garden—so we shall have but half the number. Did you know before that Macheath begot all our nabobs?

My hand is so weary that I could not write any more

[1] A chief author of the demolition of the Jesuits in France. *Walpole.*

if I had anything more to say. Consider I have written out these six sides to Lady Orford since dinner.

1499. To Viscount Nuneham.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 6, 1773.

I have once or twice begun to write to you, and commenced my epistle with 'May it please your O'Royal Highness[1],' but as I conclude you are as weary of royalty, by this time, as I am of my portion of it, I will use the freedom you have long allowed me, and only tell you how happy I shall be to hear you and Lady Nuneham are well. When you get into your closet and have locked your door, and have washed off pounds of snuff that you have taken against everybody that has approached you, pray, before you double yourself up, take a pen and write me a line; 'tis all the tax I will lay on your absenteeship. Mrs. Clive has long threatened to write before me, but the campaign is not yet finished, nor all the kings, queens, and knaves retired into winter-quarters; so, at most, she can tell you but of a miraculous draught of fishes that she took in a *vole sans prendre*. In truth, I have no better materials. London is a desert, and nobody asks but if there is a mail from Ireland! There is not a new book, play, wedding, or funeral. Duchess Hervey is already forgotten. My life is passed alone here, or in going to London to talk with lawyers and stewards, and writing letters to Norfolk about farms; so that your Lordship is not singular in being out of your element. The rest of my time has been employed in nursing Rosette—alas! to no purpose. After suffering dreadfully for a fortnight from the time she was seized at Nuneham, she has only languished till about ten days ago. As

Letter 1499.—[1] Lord Nuneham was in Ireland, where his father, Earl Harcourt, was Viceroy.

I have nothing to fill my letter, I will send you her epitaph; it has no merit, for it is an imitation, but in coming from the heart, if ever epitaph did, and therefore your dogmanity will not dislike it.

> Sweetest roses of the year
> Strew around my Rose's bier.
> Calmly may the dust repose
> Of my pretty faithful Rose!
> And if, yon cloud-topp'd hill behind,
> This frame dissolved, this breath resign'd,
> Some happier isle, some humbler heaven
> Be to my trembling wishes given,
> Admitted to that equal sky,
> May sweet Rose bear me company!

Lady Nuneham should not see these lines, if she had time to write any herself; but Clio hates crowds and drawing-rooms, and I am persuaded took leave when her Ladyship embarked. I hope they will meet again in Wales, and that we shall all meet again in Leicester Fields. So prays, &c.

1500. To the Earl of Strafford.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1773.

I am very sorry, my dear Lord, that you are coming towards us so slowly and unwillingly. I cannot quite wonder at the latter. The world is an old acquaintance that does not improve upon one's hands: however, one must not give way to the disgusts it creates. My maxim, and practice, too, is to laugh, because I do not like to cry. I could shed a pailful of tears over all I have seen and learnt since my poor nephew's misfortune—the more one has to do with men the worse one finds them. But can one mend them? No. Shall we shut ourselves up from them? No. We should grow humorists—and of all

animals an Englishman is least made to live alone. For my part, I am conscious of so many faults, that I think I grow better the more bad I see in my neighbours; and there are so many I would not resemble that it makes me watchful over myself. You, my Lord, who have forty more good qualities than I have, should not seclude yourself. I do not wonder you despise knaves and fools; but remember, they want better examples; they will never grow ashamed by conversing with one another.

I came to settle here on Friday, being drowned out of Twickenham. I find the town desolate, and no news in it, but that the ministry give up the Irish tax—some say, because it will not pass in Ireland; others, because the City of London would have petitioned against it; and some, because there were factions in the Council—which is not the most incredible of all. I am glad, for the sake of some of my friends who would have suffered by it, that it is over. In other respects, I have too much private business of my own to think about the public, which is big enough to take care of itself.

I have heard of some of Lady Mary Coke's mortifications. I have regard and esteem for her good qualities, which are many; but I doubt her genius will never suffer her to be quite happy. As she will not take the Psalmist's advice of not putting trust, I am sure she would not follow mine; for, with all her piety, King David is the only royal person she will not listen to, and therefore I forbear my sweet counsel. When she and Lord Huntingdon meet, will not they put you in mind of Count Gage[1] and Lady Mary Herbert, who met in the mines of Asturias, after they had

LETTER 1500.—[1] Joseph, Count Gage, who made a large fortune by investments in Mississippi stock, offered to purchase the crown of Poland. When Law's scheme failed, Gage was ruined, and retired to Spain, where he tried gold-mining in the Asturias. His wife, *née* Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the second Marquis (titular Duke) of Powis, accompanied him to Spain. He died in 1766.

failed of the crown of Poland?—Adieu, my dear Lord! Come you and my Lady among us. You have some friends that are not odious, and who will be rejoiced to see you both—witness, for one,

Yours most faithfully,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1501. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Arlington Street, Nov. 18, 1773.

I DO not know, Madam, whether my satisfaction has not overflowed a little too soon. The fate of the tax[1] is *tant soit peu* more uncertain than I thought it, though still not expected to pass in Ireland. I hate to send you false news, therefore you must hear my authority. Lady Hertford told me on Sunday night, with great pleasure, that the Duchess of Bedford had assured her it was given up; and the next morning I heard so as positively from others. It is still believed that instructions for damping it have been sent to Dublin. Mr. Fortescue Clermont, the intended mover, declares he finds it unpopular, and will not propose it. Commentators say he has been prevailed on to drop it. However, an account is come that Colonel Blaquière[2], who, contrary to usage, has opened the budget instead of the Attorney-General[3], has mentioned a tax on absentees among the possible ways and means of replenishing the national purse. This is not imputed to that first minister's address. He has talked of a tontine, too, still more likely to be obnoxious than the tax, as it must be provided for by a permanent revenue, a measure that would annihilate the necessity of Parliaments. This is the totality of my intelligence, collected solely for the information of your

LETTER 1501.—[1] On the estates of absentee landlords.
[2] Chief Secretary for Ireland.
[3] Philip Tisdall (1707–1777).

Treasury. I have nothing of so small moment as the public to think of: nor did Irish politics ever before come under the meridian of mine; but I have been such a harlequin, and changed my habit so often of late, that it would scarce be wonderful if I were to turn Whiteboy.

I am so cowed by having given you unauthentic history, that I must protest devoutly I do not affirm one syllable of what I am going to tell you. I know nothing of the following legend, but from that old maid, Common Fame, who outlies the newspapers. You have read in Fielding's chronicle the tale of the Hon. Mrs. Grieve; but could you have believed that Charles Fox could have been in the list of her dupes? Well, he was. She promised him a Miss Phipps, a West Indian fortune of 150,000*l.* Sometimes she was not landed, sometimes had the small-pox. In the meantime, Miss Phipps did not like a black man; Celadon must powder his eyebrows. He did, and cleaned himself. A thousand Jews thought he was gone to Kingsgate to settle the payment of his debts. Oh no! he was to meet Celia at Margate. To confirm the truth, the Hon. Mrs. Grieve advanced part of the fortune—some authors say an hundred and sixty, others three hundred pounds—but how was this to answer to the matron?—why by Mr. Fox's chariot being seen at her door. Her other dupes could not doubt of her noblesse or interest, when the hopes of Britain frequented her house. In short, Mrs. Grieve's parts are in universal admiration, whatever Charles's are.

I went last night to see Mrs. Hartley. She is beautiful indeed, but has not quite so much sense in her countenance as Mrs. Grieve, and I think will never be half so good an actress. You will be sick of the sight of my letters. I will not even tell you if the tax is thrown out.

1502. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1773.

I know nothing of you: you have left me off. I know you are alive, for Lord Strafford has seen you twice. Yet it is plain I am not out of charity with you, for I have been to see *Elfrida*; think it was out of revenge, though it is wretchedly acted, and worse set to music. The virgins were so inarticulate, that I should have understood them as well if they had sung choruses of Sophocles. Orgar had a broad Irish accent: I thought the First Virgin, who is a lusty virago, called Miss Miller, would have knocked him down, and I hoped she would. Edgar stared at his own crown, and seemed to fear it would tumble off. For Miss Catley[1], she looked so impudent and was so big with child, you would have imagined she had been singing the 'black joke,' only that she would then have been more intelligible. Smith[2] did not play Athelwold ill; Mrs. Hartley is made for the part, if beauty and figure could suffice for what you write, but she has no one symptom of genius. Still it was very affecting, and does admirably for the stage under all these disadvantages. The tears came into my eyes, and streamed down the Duchess of Richmond's lovely cheeks.

Mr. Garrick has been wondrously jealous of the King's going twice together to Covent Garden, and to lure him back, has crammed the town's maw with shows of the Portsmouth review, and interlarded every play with the most fulsome loyalties. He has new-written the *Fair Quaker of Deal*, and made it ten times worse than it was originally, and all to the tune of Portsmouth and George

Letter 1502.—[1] Ann Catley (1745–1789); m. (1784) Major-General Francis Lascelles.

[2] William (known as 'Gentleman') Smith (d. 1819).

for ever! not to mention a Preface in which the Earl of Sandwich, by name, is preferred to Drake, Blake, and all the admirals that ever existed.

Dr. Hawkesworth is dead, out of luck not to have died a twelvemonth ago.

Lady Holdernesse has narrowly escaped with her life; she fell on the top of the stairs at Sion, against the edge of a door, which cut such a gash on her temple, that they were forced to sew it up; it was within half an inch of her eye, which is black all round, but not hurt, and her knee was much bruised.

This good town affords no other news, and is desolate; not that I make you any apologies for being so brief. I have ten times more business than you, and millions of letters of business, and sure you might always find as much to say as I had now.

1503. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1773.

Mr. Stonhewer has sent me, and I have read, your first part of Gray's Life, which I was very sorry to part with so soon. Like everything of yours, I like it ten times better upon reading it again. You have with most singular art displayed the talents of my two departed friends[1] to the fullest advantage; and yet there is a simplicity in your manner, which, like the frame of a fine picture, seems a frame only, and yet is gold. I should say much more in praise, if, as I have told Mr. Stonhewer, I was not aware that I myself must be far more interested in the whole of the narrative than any other living mortal, and therefore may suppose it will please the world still more than it will ——. And yet if wit, parts, learning, taste, sense,

Letter 1503.—[1] Gray and West.

friendship, information, can strike or amuse mankind, must not this work have that effect?—and yet, though *me* it may affect far more strongly, self-love certainly has no share in my affection to many parts. Of my two friends and me, I only make a most indifferent figure. I do not mean with regard to parts or talents—I never one instant of my life had the superlative vanity of ranking myself with them. They not only possessed genius, which I have not, great learning which is to be acquired, and which I never acquired; but both Gray and West had abilities marvellously premature. What wretched boyish stuff would my contemporary letters to them appear, if they existed; and which they both were so good-natured as to destroy. What unpoetic things were mine at that age, some of which unfortunately do exist, and which I yet could never surpass; but it is not in that light I consider my own position. We had not got to Calais before Gray was dissatisfied, for I was a boy, and he, though infinitely more a man, was not enough so to make allowances. Hence am I never mentioned once with kindness in his letters to West. This hurts me for him, as well as myself. For the oblique censures on my want of curiosity, I have nothing to say. The fact was true; my eyes were not purely classic; and though I am now a dull antiquary, my age then made me taste pleasures and diversions merely modern: I say this to you, and to you only, in confidence. I do not object to a syllable. I know how trifling, how useless, how blamable I have been, and submit to hear my faults, both because I have had faults, and because I hope I have corrected some of them; and though Gray hints at my unwillingness to be told them, I can say truly that to the end of his life he neither spared the reprimand nor mollified the terms, as you and others know, and I believe have felt.

These reflections naturally arose on reading his letters again, and arose in spite of the pleasure they gave me, for self will intrude, even where self is not so much concerned. I am sorry to find I disobliged Gray so very early. I am sorry for him that it so totally obliterated all my friendship for him; a remark the world probably, and I hope, will not make, but which it is natural for me, dear Sir, to say to you. I am so sincerely zealous that all possible honour should be done to my two friends, that I care not a straw for serving as a foil to them. And as confession of faults is the only amendment I can now make to the one disobliged, I am pleased with myself for having consented, and for consenting, as I do, to that public reparation. I thank you for having revived West and his, alas! stifled genius, and for having extended Gray's reputation. If the world admires them both as much as they deserved, I shall enjoy their fame; if it does not, I shall comfort myself for standing so prodigiously below them, as I do even without comparison.

There are a few false printings I could have corrected, but of no consequence, as 'Grotto del Cane,' for 'Grotta,' and a few notes I could have added, but also of little consequence. Dodsley, who is printing Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, will hate you for this publication. I was asked to write a Preface—*Sic notus Ulysses*? I knew Ulysses too well. Besides, I have enough to burn without adding to the mass. Forgive me, if I differ with you, but I cannot think Gray's Latin poems inferior even to his English, at least as I am not a Roman. I wish too that in a note you had referred to West's Ode on the Queen[2] in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. Adieu! go on and prosper. My poor friends have an historian worthy of them, and who satisfies their and your friend

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Caroline of Anspach.

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, which is not to go till to-morrow, I have received your letter, and most delightful lines: you are sure I think them so, and should if they were not yours. The subject prejudices me enough, without my affection for your writings. I cannot recollect now (for I lose my memory by having it over-stuffed with business) who told me the story of the blasphemy[3], and I will never affirm to you anything where I cannot quote my evidence. Perhaps I shall remember; the story however ought not to be lost, and may be reserved for even a twentieth edition; no, I don't know whether there will be a twentieth. If what you tell me of a message be true, there will not be one. I had not heard it, but can easily believe it, and I could tell you exactly what it would cost, and will by word of mouth, if I ever see you again: for though I shall get some courtier to direct this, that it may pass safe, I cannot name my authority in writing. The fact is a secret yet, but will not be so long.

I will send for the Life again to Mr. Stonhewer, since the impression is not perfect, and will add two or three corrections and perhaps a note or two, which you may reject if you please. I do not recollect the notes on *Education*[4], but will look for them, if I can get to Strawberry Hill next week, but I am demolished both in health and spirits by my poor nephew's affairs. I have neither strength nor understanding to go through them. I sometimes think of throwing them up and going to lay my bones in some free land, while there is such a country. This does not deserve to be so, but *Qui vult tyrannizari tyrannizetur*!

I did not know the Preface to the new Shakespeare was

[3] The Earl of Bristol said that he would as soon read blasphemy as the *Heroic Epistle*.

[4] Notes on part of Gray's unfinished poem on the *Alliance of Education and Government*, for which Mason had asked.

Garrick's, which I suppose is what you mean. He is as fit to write it, as a country curate to compose an excellent sermon from having preached one of Tillotson's. I will send you the volume, and you will return it when you have done with it.

I don't know when the young lady's [5] head will be broken, they say next week. If her heart is not tough and Dutch, that may be broken too.

Saturday.

I cannot possibly recollect who told me the story above, but I am certain it was related as an undoubted fact, nor does it sound at all like invention.

1504. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Sunday night, Nov. 28, 1773.

We are told that he that runs may read. It would not do me, who cannot run, much good, if it were said that he that runs may write—and yet, unless I could write so little at my ease, it would be difficult to find time, as our Lord will tell your Ladyship, who found me up to the chin in papers. You, perhaps, think I find too much time to write to you, especially when it is so unnecessary, as he is in town, and I have told him all the news I know, and he may have picked up ten times more. I write for that very reason. It at least shows I think of you, when you are thinking of another, and when I know another's letters will be more welcome than mine. There is, besides, more merit in writing when one has nothing to say, which everybody else makes an excuse for not writing. There is again more merit in writing when one has other business; other folks pretend it, when they have none: in short, if I must

[5] Lady Amelia D'Arcy, married to the Marquis of Carmarthen on Nov. 29, 1773.

write twenty letters on disagreeable affairs, I will write one for pleasure, and about nothing.

I have talked Lord Ossory to death, for my mind runs over, and I have not a drawer in my head that will hold any more. I have lost my memory too, for being obliged to empty my brain and new-furnish it, I have mislaid the inventory, my recollection, and know not where to look for anything. My soul is a perfect chaos; and Governor Pownall, who came this morning to tune my spheres, snapped several of the wires, and I write to beg that you would send me some notes to restore me to harmony with myself.

Our Lord will tell you about the Opera, and the absentee tax, and Charles Fox's debts, and Lord Holland, and Lady Bridget's match with Mr. Tall-Match [1], and the Duke of Leinster's will, and Peter Oliver's miraculous picture, &c., &c. I only mention these articles to help your Ladyship to catechize him. You are to adore a *bon mot* of Madame de Sévigné, and you are to know that because I have a great deal of idle time, I have undertaken to carry an election at Cambridge for Lord Sandwich. Nothing comes amiss to my universal capacity. In truth, I am in the meantime worn to a mere skeleton, as if a witch had rid me to the *sabbat*; I am nervous from head to foot; and shall be dead like Harlequin's horse, when I am just arrived at the point of perfection. I will take care to let you know the moment I am dead, that you may not expect a letter, and may find a new gazetteer forthwith. I grudge nobody my places when I can enjoy them no longer, but Mr. Martin, who was a little too impatient last year. Now I think of him, I will take more care of myself.

I have not wished you joy, Madam, of Lady Mary Fox's

Letter 1504.—[1] Hon. John Tollemache, fourth son of third Earl of Dysart; m. Lady Bridget Fox-Lane; d. 1777.

son[2]: I told Lord Ossory I call it a Messiah come to foretell the ruin and dispersion of the *Jews*; but I doubt they will continue to drive the same trade they have done ever since they were chased out of the Temple; and that Charles Fox will not, like Titus, though the delight of mankind too, put them to the sword, as they deserve. Pray take notice, Madam, that if my letters are very frequent, they are at least not long.

1505. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1773.

Don't commend me yet, my dear Sir; I will be a good man before I die, if it is possible; but at present I am only learning virtues at the expense of all the world. For some time I had wrapped myself up in my indifference and integrity; and hoped the former, like cedar-chips, would preserve the latter, as it lay useless by me in my drawer. The swarms of rogues that my nephew's affairs have let loose upon me oblige me to produce all my little stock of honesty; and all the service I intend to do myself by my endless fatigue, shall be to make myself better. The possession of one vice, pride, and the want of two more, ambition and self-interest, have preserved me from many faults; but into how many more have I fallen! The fruit is past; but the soil shall be improved. I do not talk with a lawyer, that, at the same time, I am not looking into him as a glass, and setting my mind into a handsomer attitude. When he gives me advice, I often say, silently, 'This I will be sure *not* to follow'; for, if many try to cheat me, some are as zealous to make me defraud *for* my family; which, though more likely to tempt me than if it

[2] Henry Richard Fox (1773–1840), only son of Hon. Stephen Fox, eldest son of first Baron Holland. He succeeded his father as third Baron Holland in Dec. 1774.

was for myself, shall not make me swerve from that narrow middle path, that does exist, but is seldom perceptible, especially as we rarely look for it but through spectacles that we take care should not magnify.

Oh, my dear Sir, we are wretched and contemptible creatures! Have I not been writing a panegyric here, when I meant a satire on myself, and did not dare to finish it? I am not mercenary, and therefore lash those that are. I pick out a single negative quality, which I happened to be born without, and think that, like charity, it is to cover a multitude of sins! I am a Pharisee, and affect the modest humility of the publican! Well! I give up all pretensions; but I will try to have some positive merit. I never thought of it while I was idle—my life is now a scene of incessant business. I shall never learn my business; but, thank God! virtue is not so intricate as law and farming. My honesty shall not be a sinecure like my places. I will learn economy for my nephew's estate, though I never had it for the care of my own fortune. My pride,—no, pray let me keep that: if I expel it, seven worse devils will enter in; and I should sell another passion, a very predominant one, the love of liberty. While all the world is selling the thing, pray let me, if but as a *virtuoso*, preserve the affection, which is already a curiosity, and will soon, I believe, be an unique.

Luckily for you, I have not time to talk any longer about myself, which you see one loves to do, even though it be to rail at oneself: indeed, like Montaigne, one contrives to specify no failings without giving them a foil that makes them look like virtues. For my part, I forswear any good qualities; I am mortified at knowing I have none; or, if I have had, and Virtue fathered them, Pride was their mother, and, whoever she laid them to, Hypocrisy was her gallant. Still, if she be not

past child-bearing, her husband shall yet have some lawful issue.

You receive my letters very late, unless it may happen that you do not answer soon, for yesterday, November 27, I received yours of the 9th, which mentions getting mine of the 4th. At first I was rejoiced, and did not consider that mine of November 4 could not possibly have reached you, as I wish most earnestly to hear it has—but, alas! it was mine of October 4, and what is worse, I find Lady O. is gone to Naples, which will be an excuse for her not answering mine to her this age; though it is of so much consequence that she should determine immediately; and it is still much more unfortunate that you are not where she is, to hasten her decision. Her delay may ruin all, and I hope you have at least wrote to press her, or *the object* I wish to preserve may be gone, as I am told it will be—I hope you understand me. I fear she will be so cunning as to deceive herself, in order to show her cunning. Her son grows worse, for he is more furious and mischievous, and for longer seasons. I will not enter on the theme again now, but I am half-dead with the fatigue, anxiety, difficulty, and unrelaxing trouble this misfortune has brought upon me! It will destroy any talents I have, and already affects my memory, by the multiplicity of new names and new matter with which I am forced to stuff my head, and which crowd out every other idea.

News there is none; and if there were, have I time to hear or remember it? There are scarce three themes. The great one is the Irish absentee tax, which the ministers first espoused, then tried to avoid, and is now likely to be saddled on them by mismanagement at Dublin. They have got too great a majority there, who will carry it for them in spite of England's and Ireland's teeth too.

Lord Holland is dying, is paying Charles Fox's debts, or

most of them, for they amount to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds! ay, ay; and has got a grandson and heir. I thought this child a Messiah, who came to foretell the ruin and dispersion of the *Jews*; but while there is a broker or a gamester upon the face of the earth, Charles will not be out of debt. Pray, do your crews of English at Florence emulate their countrymen? I saw a letter the other day from Aix, which said a young Englishman there had lost twenty-two thousand pounds at one sitting. Madness and perdition are gone forth! Is it possible that we should not be undone?

I can tell you of two English above the common standard coming to you. The great Indian Verres, or Alexander, if you please, Lord Clive, is one: the other, Lady Mary Coke[1]. She was much a friend of mine, but a late marriage[2], which *she* particularly disapproved, having flattered herself with the hopes of one just a step higher[3], has a little cooled our friendship. In short, though she is so greatly born, she has a frenzy for royalty, and will fall in love with, and at the feet of, the Great Duke and Duchess, especially the former[4], for next to being an Empress herself, she adores the Empress-Queen, or did—for perhaps that passion, not being quite reciprocal, may have waned. However, bating every English person's madness, for every English person must have their madness, Lady Mary has a thousand virtues and good qualities. She is noble, generous, high-spirited, undauntable; is most friendly, sincere, affectionate, and above any mean action. She loves attention, and I wish you to pay it, even for my

LETTER 1505.—[1] Fourth daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, and widow of Edward Lord, Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester. *Walpole.*

[2] Of the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

[3] She had flattered herself that Edward, Duke of York, elder brother of the Duke of Gloucester, would marry her. *Walpole.*

[4] The Grand Duke was the son of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa.

sake, for I would do anything to serve her. I have often tried to laugh her out of her weakness; but, as she is very serious, she was so in that, and if all the sovereigns in Europe combined to slight her, she still would put her trust in the next generation of princes. Her heart is excellent, and deserves and would become a crown, and that is the best of all excuses for desiring one. I am glad you will have so little trouble with those that are nearer[5].

Thank you a thousand times for your anecdotes of the Jesuits. It is comfortable to see the world ever open its eyes. If it had all Argus's, it would have need to stare with every pair; but I think it was said of them, that some watched while others slept. Just so would the world's, and would say with the sluggard in the Psalms, 'A little more slumber, a little more sleep, a little more folding of the arms to sleep.' The Jesuits have many collaterals, besides other monks. Adieu!

P.S. We have just heard that the tax on Irish absentees has been thrown out even at Dublin.

1506. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Dec. 1, 1773.

I have again perused your sections very carefully, dear Sir, and have made some slight but necessary corrections, and have added a few still more inconsiderable notes. But there are two errors in point of dates of more consequence. They relate to Crébillon's works and *The Churchyard*, and I think you will alter them. Crébillon's *Écumoire* was his first, and is perhaps his most known work, and is also the most indecent.

[5] The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, then in Italy. *Walpole.*

The Churchyard was, I am persuaded, posterior to West's death at least three or four years[1], as you will see by my note. At least I am sure that I had the twelve or more first lines from himself above three years after that period, and it was long before he finished it. As your work is to be a classic, I wish therefore that you would give me leave to see the rest before it is published. A dull but accurate commentator may be useful before publication, however contemptible afterwards; and I am so anxious for the fame of your book, that I wish you not to hurry it. It may have faults from precipitation which it could have no other way.

I think you determined not to reprint the lines on Lord H.[2] I hope it is now a resolution. He is in so deplorable a state, that they would aggravate the misery of his last hours, and you yourself would be censured. I do not of all things suspect you of want of feeling, and know it is sufficient to give your heart a hint. As Gray too seems to have condemned all his own satirical works, that single one would not give a high idea of his powers, though they were great in that walk:—you and I know they were not inferior to his other styles; and I know, though perhaps you do not, that there never was but one pen as acute as his with more delicacy and superior irony.

I have read to-day a pretty little drama called *Palladius and Irene*, written by I know not whom. The beginning imitates Gray's Runic fragments, the rest Shakespeare.

P.S. Lady Emily was married last Monday.

LETTER 1506.—[1] The *Elegy* was begun in 1742 (the year of West's death), and then apparently laid aside until 1749, when Gray resumed it, and finished it in June 1750. (See Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i. p. 74.)

[2] Lord Holland. The lines are those beginning, 'Old, and abandoned by each venial friend,' and were written by Gray after seeing Lord Holland's seat, Kingsgate, in Kent.

1507. To Viscount Nuneham.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 6, 1773.

I wanted an excuse for writing to you, my dear Lord, and your letter gives me an opportunity of thanking you; yet that is not all I wanted to say. I would, if I had dared, have addressed myself to Lady Nuneham, but I had not confidence enough, especially on so unworthy a subject as myself. Lady Temple, my friend, as well as that of human nature, has shown me some verses; but alas! how came such charming poetry to be thrown away on so unmeritorious a topic? I don't know whether I ought to praise the lines most, or censure the object most. Voltaire makes the excellence of French poetry consist in the number of difficulties it vanquishes. Pope, who celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, could not have succeeded, did not succeed, better; and yet I hope that, though a meaner subject, I am not so bad an one! Well! with all my humility, I cannot but be greatly flattered. Madame de Sévigné spread her leaf-gold over all her acquaintance, and made them shine; I should not doubt of the same glory, when Lady Nuneham's poetry shall come to light, if my own works were but burnt at the same time; but alas! Coulanges' verses were preserved, and so may my writings too. Apropos, my Lord, I have got a new volume of that divine woman's letters. Two are entertaining; the rest, not very divine. But there is an application, the happiest, the most exquisite, that even she herself ever made! She is joking with a Président de Provence, who was hurt at becoming a grandfather. She assures him there is no such great misfortune in it; 'I have experienced the case,' says she, 'and, believe me, *Paete, non dolet*[1].' If you are not both transported with *this*, ye are

Letter 1507.—[1] Caecina Paetus, when ordered by the Emperor Claudian to commit suicide, hesitated to do so. His wife Arria there-

not the Lord and Lady Nuneham I take ye to be. There are besides some twenty letters of Madame de Simiane[2], who shows she would not have degenerated totally, if she had not lived in the country, or had anything to say. At the end are reprinted Madame de Sévigné's letters on Fouquet's trial, which are very interesting.

I do not know how you like your new subjects, but I hear they are extremely content with their Prince and Princess. I ought to wish your Lordship joy of all your prosperities, and of Mr. Fludd's[3] baptism into the Catholic or Universal Faith; but I reserve public felicities for your old *Drawing-Room* in Leicester Fields. Private news we have little but Lord Carmarthen's[4] and Lord Cranborne's[5] marriages, and the approaching one of Lady Bridget Lane and Mr. Tall-Match. Lord Holland has given Charles Fox a draft of an hundred thousand pounds, and it pays all his debts, but a trifle of thirty thousand pounds, and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley[6], who being only friends, not Jews, may wait. So now any younger son may justify losing his father's and elder brother's estate on precedent.

Neither Lord nor Lady Temple are well, and yet they are both gone to Lord Clare's, in Essex, for a week. Lord Temple had a very bad fall in the Park, and lost his senses for an hour. Yet, though the horse is a vicious one, he has

upon stabbed herself, and, handing the dagger to her husband, said, 'Paetus, it does not hurt me.'

[2] Grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné.

[3] Henry Flood (1732–1791), statesman and orator.

[4] Francis Godolphin Osborne (1751–1799), Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of fourth Duke of Leeds, whom he succeeded in 1789; Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, 1777–80; Ambassador at Paris, Feb.–April 1783; Foreign Secretary, 1783–91. He married Lady Amelia D'Arcy, only child of the Earl of Holdernesse, from whom he was divorced in 1779.

[5] James Cecil (1748–1823), Viscount Cranborne, eldest son of seventh Earl of Salisbury, whom he succeeded in 1780; created Marquis of Salisbury in 1789; Lord Chamberlain, 1783–1804. He married a daughter of the Earl of Hillsborough.

[6] Hon. Thomas Foley (1742–1793), eldest son of first Baron Foley, whom he succeeded in 1777.

been upon it again. In short, there are no right-headed people but the Irish!

As it is ancient good breeding not to conclude a letter without troubling the reader with compliments, and as I have none to send, I must beg your Lordship not to forget to present my respects to the Countesses of Barrymore and Massareene, my dear sisters in loo. You may be sure I am charged with a large parcel from Cliveden, where I was last night. Except being extremely ill, Mrs. Clive is extremely well; but the tax-gatherer is gone off, and she must pay her window-lights over again; and the road before her door is very bad, and the parish won't mend it, and there is some suspicion that Garrick is at the bottom of it; so if you please to send a shipload of the Giant's Causey by next Monday, we shall be able to go to Mr. Rofey's rout at Kingston. The papers said she was to act at Covent Garden, and she has printed a very proper answer in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Raftor told me, that formerly, when he played Luna in *The Rehearsal*, he never could learn to dance the hays, and at last he went to the man that teaches grown gentlemen.

Miss Davis[7] is the admiration of all London, but of me, who do not love the perfection of what anybody can do, and wish she had less top to her voice and more bottom. However, she will break Millico's heart, which will not break mine. Fierville has sprained his leg, and there is another man who sprains his mouth with smiling on himself—as I have heard, for I have not seen him yet, nor a fat old woman and her lean daughter, who dance with him. London is very dull, so pray come back as soon as you can. Mason is up to the ears in Gray's Life; you will like it exceedingly, which is more than you will do this long letter. Well! you have but to go into Lady Nuneham's

[7] Cecilia Davies (1740–1836), known as 'l'Inglesina.'

dressing-room, and you may read something ten thousand times more pleasing. No, no! you are not the most to be pitied of any human being, though in the midst of Dublin Castle.

1508. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1773.

I have been to Strawberry Hill, but cannot find the notes you mention on *Education*[1], and which I do not remember ever to have seen. By Mr. Fraser's assistance I send you four more of Gray's letters; all I can select that are printable yet—I mean that would not be too obscure without many notes, or that contain criticisms on living authors, very just, but therefore offensive. Your book will have future editions enough, and then they may appear. I have added an epitaph on West, that he well merited, and nine of his letters to me, that you may use if you have room, reject if you please, or if you please, reserve.

The passage you desire to see is in the Preface to the new *Fair Quaker of Deal*, or, as for the puppet-show's sake it is now called, *The Fair Quaker of Portsmouth*. Take notice that you are not to suppose the corrections Garrick's, for they are dedicated to him, and he, you know, never flatters himself. You will not find Drake and Blake and Raleigh *totidem verbis*, but what you will find is a new mode of reasoning, viz., that a man, not bred to the sea, may draw a marine character in perfection, because Lord S., who was not bred there neither, is an excellent First Lord of the Admiralty; *ergo*, anybody that is dead might have written the Ghost in *Hamlet* as well as Shakespeare. But here is the passage itself: 'perhaps some may say that none but a sailor could have made these alterations; the answer to that is simple and apposite; that many dramatic writers have drawn

Letter 1508.—[1] See note on letter to Mason of Nov. 27, 1773.

strong characters of professional men, without serving an apprenticeship to the trade. At present we have a strong instance to the contrary in the E. of S., who, not bred a sailor, yet governs the department in every minute sense of it, as well as any sailor that ever presided at the board!'

There is another little misfortune in this passage, which is, that nobody could have made these alterations but a man who had picked up some sea-phrases, and had not the least idea of character at all. There is a rough sailor and a delicate one, which, bating the terms, are Garrick's own 'Flash' and 'Fribble' over again: I leave you to judge who was the author.

Mr. Palgrave shall certainly have a Grammont, but I told you that I forgot everything,—my mind is a chaos, and my life a scene of drudgery. I must now quit you to write letters on farming and game. I have quarrels with country gentlemen about manors. Mr. Granger teases me to correct catalogues of prints, Dodsley for titles of Lord Chesterfield's works, and for a new edition of the *Noble Authors*; at least I may take the liberty to refuse myself. My printer is turned into a secretary, and I myself into a packhorse. I have elections of all sorts to manage, and might as well be an acting justice of the peace; I could not know less of the matter. All my own business stands still; all my own amusements are at an end. Yet I have made one discovery that gives me great consolation, for the sake of the species. I see one may be a man of business and yet an honest man. I have cheated nobody yet; indeed, by the help of a lawyer, I was on the point of doing an unjust thing. I spend my own money, and there is no probability of my ever being the better for all my trouble. My family will, but they shall have no reason to be ashamed of their benefactor; that is, my vanity hopes that when the sexton shows my grave

in the parish church at Houghton, he will say, 'Here lies old Mr. Walpole, who was steward to my Lord's great-uncle.' Well, that is better than having played the fool all the rest of one's life, as I have done.

1509. To the Hon. Mrs. Grey.

Dear Madam, Dec. 9, 1773.

As I hear Lady Blandford has a return of the gout, as I foretold last night from the red spot being not gone. I beg you will be so good as to tell her, that if she does not encourage the swelling by keeping her foot wrapped up as hot as possible in flannel, she will torment herself and bring more pain. I will answer that if she will let it swell, and suffer the swelling to go off of itself, she will have no more pain; and she must remember, that the gout will bear contradiction no more than she herself. Pray read this to her, and what I say farther—that though I know she will not bear pain for herself, I am sure she will for her friends. Her misfortune has produced the greatest satisfaction that a good mind can receive, the experience that that goodness has given her a great many sincere friends, who have shown as much concern as ever was known, and the most disinterested; as we know her generosity has left her nothing to give. We wish to preserve her for her own sake and ours, and the poor beseech her to bear a little pain for them.

I am going out of town till Monday, or would bring my prescription myself. She wants no virtue but patience; and patience takes it very ill to be left out of such good company.

I am, dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

Dr. Walpole.

1510. To Lord Hailes.

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1773.

I have received from Mr. Dodsley, and read with pleasure, your *Remarks on the History of Scotland*, though I am not competently versed in some of the subjects. Indeed, such a load of difficult and vexatious business is fallen upon me by the unhappy situation of my nephew, Lord Orford, of whose affairs I have been forced to undertake the management, though greatly unfit for it, that I am obliged to bid adieu to all literary amusement and pursuits; and must dedicate the rest of a life almost worn out, and of late wasted and broken by a long illness, to the duties I owe to my family. I hope you, Sir, will have no such disagreeable avocation, and am your obliged servant.

1511. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1773.

Pray, Madam, where is the difference between London and the country, when everybody is in the country and nobody in town? The houses do not marry, intrigue, talk politics, game, or fling themselves out of window. The streets do not all run to the Alley, nor the squares mortgage themselves over head and ears. The play-houses do not pull themselves down; and all summer long, when nobody gets about them, they behave soberly and decently as any Christian in the parish of Marylebone. The English of this preface is, that I have not the Israelitish art of making bricks without straw. I cannot invent news when nobody commits it.

We have been at short allowance, and lived three weeks upon Charles Fox's debts, two marriages, and Lady Bridget's coupling. We are now picking a duel between a Mr. Temple

and a Mr. Whately[1], the latter of whom has been drilled with as many holes as Julius Cæsar or a cullender, and of which I know no more than the newspapers, who tell everything I have told you. His Majesty, who though as talkative, is not quite so communicative, will not tell a soul, but *his friends*, who is to have the vacant Garters and bishopric; and all *his friends* will tell is that Lord North's friend, Dr. Dampier[2], is not to have the latter: nay, nor Lord Mansfield's Dr. Hurd. For my part, I guess that Lord Barrington will have the riband, and General Harvey the mitre, or *vice versâ*, for I take it for an opposition lie that Madame Schwellenberg is to have a Garter, and be declared Prime Minister, Lord Bute's panic after such a false step not being yet forgotten.

Tell me, of all loves, who is Mr. Hanbury and his play, and whether at Mr. Hanbury's play they have always two prologues to an epilogue, as Miss Chudleigh had two husbands. Oh, I mistake, I see it is two epilogues to a prologue, like my friend Mr. Burlton. I like the prologue; Mr. Cumberland's Epilogue is a very long riddle, which I guessed from the two first lines: the short wife is much prettier from not being so gossiping. There is an antique statue of Saturn going to eat Jupiter, which Guido imitated divinely in the 'Simeon and Child' at Houghton, which I have mentioned in the *Aedes Walpolianae*, and which I suppose the bard confounded. I will return these pieces, and send you my Sévigné, a new poem by Voltaire, in which there is an admirable description of an army, and some very pretty lines by M. de Lisle, who

Letter 1511.—[1] In consequence of the abstraction of some private letters on American affairs from amongst the papers of Thomas Whateley, lately deceased. William Whateley, his brother and executor, suspected a Mr. Temple. After some correspondence in the newspapers, a duel took place, in which Whateley was severely wounded.

[2] Thomas Dampier (1748–1812), Dean of Rochester, 1782–1802; Bishop of Rochester, 1802–8; Bishop of Ely, 1808–12.

was here with the Châtelets; but I must, yes, *must* have my Sévigné again, and *La Tactique*[3], or I will never lend you a tittle again.

Poor Miss P.[4] *outgoes* her usual *outgoings*. She sits up all night at the club without a woman, loses hundreds every night and her temper, beats her head, and exposes herself before all the young men and the waiters; in short, is such an object that one cannot but be heartily sorry for. I am sorry too to say that the affair of Lord Carlisle's debt[5] makes still more noise.

I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerk's, with the Edgecumbes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called *The School for Wives*[6], which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half an hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in *Cato* with Goldsmith! that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?

Mrs. Fitzroy has got a seventh boy. Between her and the Queen, London will be like the senate of old Rome, an assembly of princes. In a few generations there will be no joke in saying *Their Highnesses the Mob*.

[3] *Essai général de Tactique*, by Jacques Antoine Hippolyte, Comte de Guibert (1743–1790).

[4] Miss Pelham.

[5] The Earl of Carlisle was at this time trying to secure the repayment of a large sum of money which he had lent to Charles Fox.

[6] A comedy by Hugh Kelly.

1512. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1773.

If your aphorism and the inference you draw from it did not seem to include a compliment, I would thank you, dear Sir, for your letter as the kindest possible, for you reprove me like a friend, and nothing comes so welcome to me as to be told of my faults; the great business of my life being to mend as many, at least as much of them as I can. It is for this reason that though I have lived many useless years, yet I shall never think I have lived too long, since, if I do not flatter myself, I have fewer faults than I had. The consciousness of the number still humbles me, and causes the self-dissatisfaction you have perceived; and which I hope you will no longer call self-love, but a great desire of meriting my own esteem. When I have acquired that, I will eagerly claim the friendship you are so good as to offer me. At present I am in the predicament of devout persons, who sincerely reject all praise, and sigh if they are commended.

With the same spirit of verity I allow the force of all your arguments, nay, I go farther. Whatever I feel on my own account, I had rather be mortified than subtract a little from the honour your pen is conferring on my two dead friends[1]. It would be base to rob their graves, to save my own vanity; and give me leave to say, that were I capable of asking it, you would be scarce less culpable in granting it. I communicated to you the reflections that naturally arose to my mind on reading your work—but I prefer truth and justice to myself, and for a selfish reason too. I mean, I had rather exercise those virtues, than have my vanity gratified; for I doubt whether even you and La Rochefoucault will not find that the love of virtue itself is founded on self-love—at least I can say with the strictest

Letter 1512.—[1] Gray and West.

veracity, that I never envied Gray or West their talents. I admired Gray's poetry as much as man ever did or will; I do wish that I had no more faults than they had! I must say too, that though I allow he loved me sincerely in the beginning of our friendship, I wish he had felt a little more patience for errors that were not meant to hurt him, and for that want of reflection in me which I regret as much as he condemned. I have now done with that subject, and will say no more on it. As I mean to be docile to your advice, whenever I have the pleasure of seeing you, we will read over the remainder of the letters together, and burn such as you disapprove of my keeping. Several of them I own I think worth preserving. They have infinite humour and wit, are the best proofs of his early and genuine parts, before he arrived at that perfection at which he aimed, and which thence appear to me the more natural. I have kept them long with pleasure, may have little time to enjoy them longer, but hereafter they may appear with less impropriety than they would in your work, which is to establish the rank of his reputation. At least I admire them so very much, that I should trust to the good taste of some few (were they mine) and despise any criticisms.

The note on Crébillon is certainly of no importance, if you, like me in what I have just said, repose on taste and laugh at tasteless criticisms. Your account of the *Elegy* puts an end to my other criticism.

I have sent you in the manner, and by the hand you pointed out, a few more of Gray's and West's letters, and the extract from the Dedication you wot of. I hope all is arrived in safety—and you may swear, I pray as fervently for what you tell me. Adieu! I must answer three more letters, and in fact have nothing to tell you that deserves another paragraph. Your much obliged,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I have reason to think all letters to and from me are opened since my relation to royalty. I know not what they will find that will answer but the blunders I make in letting farms.

1513. To Countess Temple.

Dec. 20, 1773.

I had a person with me that prevented my answering your Ladyship's kind letter immediately, which I wished to do, and to thank you for having relieved my mind from the greatest anxiety imaginable. The enormous sum of 800*l.* compared with 300*l.*, which I had thought a very great price, makes me apprehensive that I should seem to have offered far below the value of the pictures, the plain English of which could only be that I would have defrauded orphans for my own advantage, an idea that would make me shudder. If a lady in the country is so amazingly deceived as to expect to get half the sum of 800*l.* I doubt she will keep them till they are of no value at all, which must be the case in miniatures, that must lose their beauty by time, and which makes them so greatly less valuable than enamels.

My behaviour to Miss Stapleton[1], I hope, has been perfectly respectful, and allow me to repeat, Madam, that my great esteem for her character, and gratitude for having made me the offer of purchasing the pictures, carried me beyond my judgement, and made me desirous of pleasing her by the handsomeness of the offer. I heartily beg her pardon, if regard for my own honour has carried me too far in disculpating myself.

Letter 1513.—[1] Second daughter of James Russell Stapleton, of Bodryddan, Denbighshire, by a daughter of Sir John Conway, second Baronet, whose wife was a Grenville. Miss Stapleton spent much time with the Grenvilles. She died unmarried in 1815. Horace Walpole elsewhere calls her Mrs. Stapleton.

The more esteem I had for her, the more shocked I was at seeming to have acted in an unworthy manner; and I own I should still wish that she should show the pictures to some good judge, and see what such a person would say of 800*l.* for them. I shall always be Miss Stapleton's obliged humble servant, if she justifies me, and I shall be, if possible, more than ever Lady Temple's most devoted humble servant, who I am sure will forgive my not being able to bear the thought of being lowered in her esteem.

P.S. I am prevented to-day, but will have the honour of calling on your Ladyship to-morrow.

1514. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1773.

It is an age since I have written to you, my dear Sir, but I have had nothing to say, and too much to do. Not that my business would have prevented my hearing common events; the calm of the times and the emptiness of the town have given birth to nothing singular; the newspapers are my witnesses, which, though always full of lies, seldom fail to reach the outlines at least of incidents. To talk of the manners of the age is the occupation of a morose old man. That they augment, I must not say improve, in extravagance, is not the symptom of my growing old (though I do), but of our country's growing so—and what is the old age of a country? Is it not its approaching to dotage and caducity? If the definition is true, we grow every day more blind, deaf, tottering, and distempered.

Examples are better than doctrines, especially in a letter, from their brevity. Charles Fox, the type, the archetype of the century, is just *relaxed* by his father from part of his

debts. Lord Holland has paid an hundred thousand pounds more for him, and not above half as much remains unpaid. How one should detest Lord Holland if one were a father, when he sets such a precedent before the eyes of younger sons! Nay, elder sons must hate him too: they used to think profusion was to descend only like titles in the right line. My thoughts naturally revert to that right line. My poor nephew, I hope, is sinking into imbecility, but the passage is dreadful. For above eight weeks he has been furious, and disposed to be to the last degree mischievous. The physicians declare him absolutely incurable, and never fit to go abroad more—yet I can have no peace till I shall cease to tremble for his life by his growing childish. From his mother I have not had a word, nor expect it yet. My letter, I conclude, will be well pondered, and probably sent over first to her council here. I cannot help it. Delays are added to all my other vexations, and all must be borne. Indeed I ought not to blame Lady Orford yet, for she is at Naples, and I have not heard, though I wrote on the fourth of last month, that you yourself have yet received my letter with that enclosed for her. I do not know whence this procrastination proceeds, but formerly I used to receive an answer from you in a month, and since I have had more cause for observation by the importance of my nephew's affairs, I have remarked that the expedition is much less—I do not guess why, for who can have any interest in knowing or retarding such melancholy affairs? if my unhappy connection higher is the cause, no curiosity can be gratified, for I neither know nor can communicate any secrets. I adhere strictly to the line I prescribed to myself of behaving respectfully, ceremoniously, and silently in a case that I could not prevent.

My business occupies my whole time. I have none for politics, public or private. My health declines, and so do

my animal spirits, as I am sensible my letters show you. My amusements are at end, for I have no leisure for them; and therefore whatever curiosity intercepts our correspondence, it will be gratified with no entertainment. I am sorry for your sake that it is grown so dull,—I will not say uninteresting, for whatever touches me so nearly is not indifferent to you. When I revive, or the world is more animated, you will know it, for the lifelessness is not all my own: I am apt enough to be infected with the temper of the times, though but a distant spectator; but I will have done accounting for having nothing to say, which the account itself proves. You have seen me a Proteus in temper; you now find that Proteus's decline is like that of other old folks.

P.S. Andrew Stone[1] is dead suddenly, who, I remember, made you pay very dear for the no-protection he gave you.

1515. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Christmas night, 1773.

You must not expect, Madam, not to be scolded, when you excuse yourself so well. You and the King of Prussia, and Major-General Xenophon, shine more by retreats after a defeat occasioned by your own faults, than others by victories. I am now doubly obliged to rate you, for you have made me your ghostly father, and confessed your sins of omission; indeed, we old directors are more tickled with details of those committed, and are so afraid the penitent should forget the minutest circumstance! This part of my office, you tell me, is to be a sinecure for the

Letter 1514.—[1] Formerly Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, afterwards Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales. *Walpole.*

future ; it is well I have so good an opinion of you, Madam. or don't you think my imagination would help me a little, as well as you suppose it does in filling up your sentences?

Your reflection on Madame de Grignan's letter after her mother's death is just, tender, and admirable, and like the painter's hiding Agamemnon's face, when he despaired of expressing the agony of a parent. No, Madame de Sévigné could not have written a letter of grief, if her daughter had died first. Such delicacy in sentiment women only can feel. *We* can never attain that sensibility, which is at once refined and yet natural and easy, and which makes your sex write letters so much better than men ever did or can ; and which if you will allow me to pun in Latin, though it seems your Ladyship does not understand that language, I could lay down as an infallible truth in the words of my godfather,

Pennis non homini datis,

the English of which is, 'it was not given to *man* to write letters.' For example, how tiresome are Corbinelli's[1] letters, and how he wears out the *scélérat* and the jealousy!

The President Moulceau[2], I doubt, was not *de l'extrêmement bonne compagnie*, and only served as a *pis aller de province*, or, as I rather guess, by Madame de Simiane, was a man whose interest and credit they made use of. The dates do not contradict one another, but the editors, from an unpardonable laziness, have not taken the pains to range them in order.

The Address to Kings is not Voltaire's. I thought I had said it was written by M. de Lisle, who was here with the Châtelets.

As I am here, and do not know when this letter will

Letter 1515.—[1] Jean Corbinelli (d. 1716), friend and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

[2] A correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

have got its cargo, I will not tell you all I have yet to tell you, Miss Leveson's several legacies. It would, indeed, be sending coals to Newcastle, to acquaint you with the wills and testaments of your own relations. I only mention the event to wish you joy of Miss Vernon having a remembrance.

Crawfurd I have not yet seen; he called one day at past four o'clock. I am rejoiced he is better, and, indeed, concluded so; he oftenest calls on me when it is low water.

I have not a word more to say; and this being but a parcel of answers to questions, no matter when it sets out. As your confessor, I dispense with, nay, enjoin your breaking your last rash vow, of writing no more long letters; nay, you have not written a long one yet. The god of letter-writing does not, like the god of Chancery Lane, count by sheets of paper or parchment. If your Ladyship's pen straddles, like the giant's boots, over seven leagues or pages at once, the packet is the heavier, but the letter has not a word the more in it. I am grateful for every syllable you do write, nay, am reasonable, and do not expect volumes from the country; but I cannot allow that a sheet and a half are longer than one sheet, when they hold no more. I speak from self-interest; I write so close that these two pages and a bit would make three sheets in your Ladyship's hand; and then what apologies and promises I should have to make for the enormity of my letters. Well, this is not a reproof, but a mark of my attention to all you say and do; and how determined I am to bate nothing of the intrinsic. This has been a very barren half-year. The next, I hope, will reinstate my letters in their proper character of newspapers.

Arlington Street, 27th [3].

I have seen Crawfurd, who positively denies the accusation of being in health and spirits, which he protests he

[3] Hitherto printed as a separate letter.

never was guilty of in his born days. He goes to-morrow to Althorp, and will call on you again as he goes or comes to or from Winterslow. I know nothing of any sort. If the town will not commit news, it is no fault of mine, nor can I help my letters being as barren as the *Gazette*.

1516. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

From the House that Jack Built,
Madam, Childernmass Day.

By the Dunstable coach I make bold to send your Ladyship the raw head and bloody bones of the only giant I have killed this season, very few having come over this year on account of the scarcity and dearness of provisions; besides that a whole flock has gone to St. Petersburg to recruit the Empress's menagerie, since the disgrace of the Orlows: so that indeed I have had very little sport, and have only kept my hand in practice by shooting at flights of ostriches as they sat on the roof of our barn. We have no news, please your Ladyship, but that Tom Hickathrift has had two children in a wood by Patient Grizzel; and that Tom Thumb has betted a thousand pounds that he rides three horses at once next Newmarket meeting. Mother Goose begs her duty; poor soul, she is nothing the woman she was; in my mind, Madam, Charlotte Edwin, the old Scotch-woman that says nothing but 'Waal! waal! what do you tall one now?' is full as good company; so no more from your Ladyship's poor

Beadsman and Gamekeeper,
Jack the Giant-killer.

Letter 1516.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1792. (See *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 7, 1897.)

1517. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1773.

I have twenty letters to write, Madam, but the first shall be to you, as it would have been, though I had not just received yours and the packet from the Duke of Dorset. Don't expect I should talk of plays; my heart is open to nothing but my own happiness and deliverance. I shall have time enough now soon to think of anything but myself; in short, by the most wonderful of all changes, my Lord Orford has come to his senses from the lowest ebb of misery and desperation. Now think what physicians—nay, what experience is! Dr. Battie and Dr. Jebb have been with me this morning, and, to their honour, frankly declare that from total persuasion of his irrecoverability, they see great prospect of his being quite well. He talks and writes perfect sense. They have opened his past situation to him, and told him if he will keep himself cool and quiet for some time, not write, do business, nor see company, they think there is the fairest prospect of not falling back. He has promised all. Oh, Madam, what a burthen does this take off my mind! I shall have no care but dread of a relapse; and may be so happy as once more to be the idlest and freest of human beings. All the world shall be rogues if they will, and it will be no business of mine to reform them. If an empire were laid at my feet, I should toss its sceptre out of the window, and Lord Weymouth or Lord Rockingham might pick it up if they pleased, or my senior Lord Guilford, who is a more rising man, and is just made Treasurer to the Queen. The town laughs, and says the reversion of that place is promised to Lord Bathurst[1].

Letter 1517. — [1] Lord Bathurst was nearly ninety and Lord Guilford nearly seventy.

I am very sorry to hear the play at Winterslow is put off, not for want of young or old comedians, but on the dangerous state of both Lord and Lady Holland. The former would be happy for him, the latter a sensible loss to all who know her. One of the actresses at Cashiobury, Lady Elizabeth Capel[2], they say, is to marry the new Lord Grimston[3]. Garrick has brought out what he calls a *Christmas Tale*, adorned with the most beautiful scenes, next to those in the Opera at Paradise, designed by Loutherbourg[4]. They have much ado to save the piece from being sent to the devil. It is believed to be Garrick's own, and a new proof that it is possible to be the best actor and worst author in the world, as Shakespeare was just the contrary.

Have you read the character of Lord Chatham by Dr. Robertson[5] in to-day's *Public Advertiser*? It is finely, very finely written. I do not quite subscribe to the solidity of his Lordship's sense, or to the propriety of his means. He was a proper Prime Minister to Queen Fortune, who loves the bold, and favours those most who are for stretching her prerogative. Dr. Robertson, I should think, would not be appointed historiographer-royal soon.

The three Graces[6] leaving you! Bless me, Madam, what will become of you! What an awkward dowdy will you grow! What would Juno do without her peacock? What a fine figure will you make in your chaise and pair of turtles, without the body-coach and Maids of Honour following! Lady Spencer could as soon keep up her drawing-room

[2] Eldest daughter of fourth Earl of Essex; m. (1777) John Monson, third Baron Monson.

[3] James Bucknall Grimston (1747–1808), third Viscount Grimston.

[4] Philippe Jacques Loutherbourg (1740–1812), at this time chief designer of scenery at Drury Lane Theatre.

[5] The character of Lord Chatham was not written by Robertson, but by Grattan. It first appeared as one of a series of articles called *Baratariana*, published in the *Freeman's Journal*.

[6] The three Miss Vernons, half-sisters of Lord Ossory.

without Mrs. Howe and Miss Lloyd. You are hiring the Virtues, I perceive, to replace your loss: you have taken Miss Resignation, Miss Friendship, and Miss Their-own-good, to repair the gap in your circle: to be sure they are three pretty wholesome girls, and when they are a little fashioned, will do pretty well on your public days; but you can never produce such ungain country creatures in town. They will come with their Christian names embroidered in their arms in gunpowder, and ask blessing of you as their godmother when they are going to bed. Lord March will whisper them at the first public place, and George Selwyn will swear a child to him by the prettiest. It will not do, Madam, it will not do: keep the Graces and the Duke of Dorset at Ampthill; assemble everything that is agreeable round you, shine at the head of them, and do not imagine that your sisters will improve by being educated in London. Where, what will they see that are better models?

1518. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1773.

Oh, my dear Sir, you need not make me any apologies about the lady[1], who is so angry with your tribunals, and a little with you. If you have yet received the letter I wrote to you concerning her some time ago, you will have seen that I cannot be surprised at what has happened. It is a very good heart, with a head singularly awry; in short, an extraordinary character even in this soil of phenomena. Though a great lady, she has a rage for great personages and for being one of them herself; and with these pretensions, and profound gravity, has made herself ridiculous at home, and delighted *de promener sa folie par toute Europe.* Her perseverance and courage are insurmountable, as she

Letter 1518.—[1] Lady Mary Coke. *Walpole.*

showed in her conduct with her husband[2] and his father, in which contest she got the better. Her virtue is unimpeachable, her friendships violent, her anger deaf to remonstrances. She has cried for forty people, and quarrelled with four hundred. As her understanding is not so perfect as her good qualities, she is not always in the right, nor is skilful in making a retreat. I endeavoured to joke her out of her heroine-errantry, but it was not well taken. As she does the strangest things upon the most serious consideration, she had no notion that her measures were not prudent and important; and, therefore, common sense, not delivered as an oracle, only struck her as ludicrous. This offence, and the success of my niece[3] in a step equally indiscreet, has a little cooled our intimacy; but, as I know her intrinsic worth, and value it, I beg you will only smile at her pouting, and assist her as much as you can. She might be happy and respected, but will always be miserable, from the vanity of her views, and her passion for the extraordinary. She idolized the Empress-Queen, who did not correspond with equal sentiments. The King of Prussia, with more feminine malice, would not indulge her even with a sight of him: her non-reception at Parma is of the same stuff; and I am amazed that the littleness she has seen in so many sovereigns has not cured her of royal admirations. These Solomons delight to sit to a maker of waxwork, and to have their effigies exhibited round Europe, and yet lock themselves up in their closets when a Queen of Sheba comes to stare at their wisdom!

I am glad you are not likely to be embarrassed with our

[2] Lord Coke was half mad. His father and he confined her. She swore the peace against her husband, and the King's Bench ordered her own family to have access to her; soon after which Lord Leicester and Lord Coke consented to her living at Sudbrook, the villa of her mother. *Walpole.*

[3] The Dowager Lady Waldegrave, who married the Duke of Gloucester.

court-ambulant[4]. How you must dread your countrymen and women, from the highest to the lowest! Such a fund of follies, for which you must seem answerable without any power of control!

Thank you for the *Gazette* on the Gunpowder Plot[5]. How amazing that the Jesuits should have preserved that paper, after so long warning of their fate! Did they think it a monument that would redound to their honour?

My nephew, after being for nine weeks at the lowest pitch of deplorable frenzy, has suddenly emerged to a strange degree of reason, and has written three letters with more coolness and clearness than he did almost when he was, what was called, in his senses. I am afraid to flatter myself with the thought of this being a recovery; and as much alarmed lest he should avail himself of this interval to deceive his attendants, and do himself some harm. Indeed, no change leaves any comfortable prospect for me. I cannot expect he should not relapse—his life entails slavery on me, and his death would ruin all my hopes of serving my family!

Dec. 31st.

As I wrote the above words yesterday the Doctors Battie and Jebb entered. They confirmed the wonderful recovery of Lord Orford, and though so contradictory to the sentence they had pronounced upon him three weeks ago, have the fairness to own their mistake and surprise. He is in fact come to his senses so much, that they have opened his whole case to him, and told him they expect he will be quite well if he keeps himself cool and quiet for some time, neither writing letters nor seeing company, which he has promised. Dr. Jebb is, I think, rather less sanguine than

[4] That of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

[5] The plan of which was found in the Jesuits' College at Rome. *Walpole.*

Battie; but being less a mad doctor, seemed unwilling to take much decision upon him. My first sensation was, that it seemed to me as if I was recovered myself, such a load would be taken off my mind, such anxiety, such fatigue, such doubts removed—my cool reflections are not so comfortable. Can I trust to this sunshine? May he not relapse soon? May he not be acting that cunning deceit, so common to lunatics when they meditate mischief? If he is pronounced sane, will he remain so? Must I not tremble to hear that he is fallen back or worse? At best, can I flatter myself that lunacy is a remedy for excessive imprudence? Will he return to a discretion that he never possessed? I have chased out some devils, but will not seven worse enter in? Will not the old ones come back, with villainy improved into revenge? In a year more I could have put his affairs into much better order—but adieu those visions! All I have gained is to have refreshed my memory with the destruction of my family, to have been eye-witness to its ruin, and to have revived a concern for it, which time and keeping in ignorance of the details had in a manner seared over. From my Lord himself I doubt not I must expect at best disapprobation of all I have done, though I have done nothing but what I would repeat. I have nothing to palliate or conceal—yet how will he bear the sale of his horses and dogs, and the dismission of his favourites?—I can have no doubt how they will bear it. That storm must come, and I am prepared for it with that sole shield of the innocent, consciousness of having done right—but how many will pretend to have peeped behind it, and to have seen self-interest—at least black designs? Self-interest knows it has been behind forty shields itself, and will not make a compliment to me that it cannot make to itself. My character is at stake, and God knows I am not indifferent to it! The moment is critical—but still it

shall have full scope; the instant the physicians shall pronounce he is fit to be free, he shall be so, happen what will. A friend of his own told me this morning I ought to warn the physicians not to be hasty—Jesus! *I* warn them! not for the wealth of the world—the instant I knew he was better I proclaimed it. 'Sir,' said the person who doubts his being well, 'you ought to be satisfied with doing what you think right.'—'Sir,' replied I, 'I doubt as you do, but I beg your pardon, I have not your courage: were I my Lord's father, I would still confine him, but I am his uncle, and his next heir but one. I have sacrificed my amusements, my own business, my time, my pains, my health, and my peace to my Lord and my family; I have not virtue enough to sacrifice my character.'

Pray write my Lady Orford an account of her son's great amendment: I am going to write to her, but my letter may miscarry.

1519. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Jan. 5, 1774.

The physicians continue to flatter us with the fairest hopes of Lord Orford's recovery, yet I am far from seeing any solid ground to build on. He persists in only whispering, is impatient of all contradiction, cannot without authority be kept from wine, thinks of nothing but his dogs and horses, and the physicians themselves are afraid of telling him they are gone. My anxiety, instead of being lessened, is doubled. I dare not contradict the faculty, who, I fear, have been rash. I dread a relapse; I dread still more the consequences of a sudden release. The physicians have said he is so well, that all his acquaintance are pouring in upon him, and yet I am told I must keep him quiet and admit nobody. My whole time is employed

in sending messages to his house; while everyone gives me different advice, and expects I should attend to every contrariety; but though you are so very kind, Madam, as to interest yourself in my perplexed and grievous situation, ought I to weary you with the circumstances? Any other subject is preferable; but I have no news, and if I spin out of my own bowels, what can I find there but the poison I have been swallowing these eight months?

The character of Lord Chatham was written by the Irish Mr. Flood[1], and published in Dublin a year ago in a book called *Baratariana*. Indeed there was little probability of its being the work of Dr. Robertson: could so much truth come out of Nazareth?

The play at Cashiobury[2] is much vaunted, both for acting and magnificence. Mr. Cradock, author of a bad tragedy called *Zobeide*, was introduced between the acts to repeat Gray's Eton Ode. It is a pity Sir Ralph Pain was not here to pronounce an oration of Demosthenes or Hurlothrumbo. I have seen the *Christmas Tale*: it is a due mixture of opera, tragedy, comedy, and pantomime, with beautiful scenes. This effort of genius is, among others, given to me:—one of the penalties one pays for having played the fool is to be suspected of being a greater fool, and oftener than one is. Not that I complain, for I am a considerable gainer on the balance of false reputation. If the *School for Wives*, and the *Christmas Tale*, were laid to me, so was the *Heroic Epistle*. I could certainly have written the two former,

Letter 1519.—[1] It was by Grattan; see note on letter to Lady Ossory of Dec. 30, 1773.

[2] Dec. 30, 1773. 'The following persons of distinction acted the play of *The Provok'd Husband or A Journey to London*, at the Earl of Essex's country seat at Cashioberry Park, Hertfordshire, viz. Col. St. John, Lady Essex, Mr. St. John, Mrs. St. John, Lady Elizabeth Capel, Mr. Storer, Lord Waldegrave's son, Master Onslow, Lord Malden, Mr. Carnac, the Earl of Essex, etc. with the entertainment of *High Life below Stairs*. There were present Lord and Lady North, Lord and Lady Hyde, Lord March, etc. etc.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1774, p. 39.)

but not the latter. Both show for what judges men become authors. I daresay the Heroic bard is as much offended at being confounded with me, as I am with the others, and with more reason. Mediocrity is much nearer to the bottom than to the top; but here am I talking of common writers, when I can tell you of a noble one to be enrolled in my *Catalogue*. The present Lord Granby [3] is an author, and has written a poem on Charity; and in prose a *Modest Apology for Adultery*. I am even assured they have been printed and published; I much doubt the latter, but have employed emissaries to find out the truth. They say his Lordship writes in concert with a very clever young man [4], whose name I have forgotten.

I condole for your loss of the Graces, and the breaking up of your Academy [5]. Methinks I wish Lord Ossory would employ Sir Joshua on a large picture like Rubens in the Luxembourg [6]. Lady Anne's education will certainly turn out better than that of Mary de' Medici. You must hold her in your lap: our Lord, like Mercury, introduces the three Vernons, and with so much truth, you would not want allegory, which I do not love. You will stare at a strange notion of mine: if it appears even a mad one do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavours should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, Madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource

[3] Charles Manners (1754–1787), Marquis of Granby; succeeded his grandfather as fourth Duke of Rutland in 1779; Lord Steward, Feb.–Dec. 1783; Lord Privy Seal, Dec. 1783–Feb. 1784; Viceroy of Ireland, 1784–87.

[4] Horace Walpole is supposed to refer to Rev. Bennett Allen, miscellaneous writer. He fought a duel in 1779, and killed his adversary.

[5] This is apparently an allusion to Reynolds' picture *The Infant Academy*.

[6] A series of paintings illustrating the life of Marie de' Medici, wife of Henry IV of France.

will last their lives, unless they grow deaf: it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism; is susceptible of enthusiasm, without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified even in heaven.

1520. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Jan. 14, 1774.

Whom I respect and admire more and more, do not be surprised at my sending an express: the subject of your letter[1] is of too much consequence to venture the answer by the post, and I do not mind the expense, when it is to show my zeal for you and *the cause*, and enables me to speak more plainly.

Never was a man less fit to give advice than I, who want it myself to the highest degree. I am in all lights in the most difficult and delicate situation upon earth, and have half lost my senses myself with fatigue, plagues, anxiety, and dread, for my nephew, my family, and my character. In short, Lord Orford is at once amazingly come to his senses, that is, to those he had or had not, before this time twelvemonth. The physicians, who must act by rules, declare they shall leave him this day month, because they dare not do otherwise by law. He will relapse, and perhaps kill himself, and I dare not stop them or him. My character is at stake and will suffer, whether I release or restrain him; indeed I cannot restrain him. Judge of my situation without my tiring you with it! Judge too of my perplexity about what you have sent me. It is glorious—it is truth;

Letter 1520. — [1] Mason's letter dealt chiefly with the *Postscript to the Heroic Epistle*, published in Feb. 1774.

has the noblest dignity of authoritative poetry,—must do good,—is wanted. Your country wants an avenger; you can do what a whole dirty nation will not do. Then what am I that would check your career a moment; yet hear me. Dr. —— delivered it to me with great marks of apprehension, and protested he knew not what it contained; that he was ordered to deliver it to a person who was to call for it. This struck me extremely; the person I conclude is Almon[2], whom I know and have found to be a rogue. He has already bragged such a poem was coming out, and remember, if he guesses the author, that you must manage him. Money will be offered him to tell, and he will take it and tell. Hence arises my first difficulty, and on your account, who I am sure would not for the world hurt Dr. ——, whom Almon will name. My next difficulty is relating to myself. If Dr. ——, whom I cannot know, should name me, it would fall on one whom I am as tender of as myself, the Duchess of Gloucester.

Do not imagine my paltry connection with royalty has changed me. I despise it, lament it,—did my utmost to prevent it, and am hated both by those who are angry at it, and by *him*[3] whom I would not humour in it. I have braved the King's resentment, and am ill-used by the Duke, whom I would not encourage. It is not for him I fear, but for my poor niece. If her uncle could be proved to be privy to your piece, she would be still more undone than she is; nay, what could I say, if the Doctor should name me? I never could tell a lie without colouring, and I trust you know that my heart is set on acting uprightly; that I lament my faults, and study to correct myself; in short, I would give the world the poem had gone to the press without coming to me in the manner it did. Do not

[2] John Almon (1737–1805), publisher.
[3] The Duke of Gloucester.

imagine that a man who thinks and tells you he should colour if he lied, would betray you to save his life. I give you my honour that I have not to the dearest friend I have named you for author of the other, nor would for this. I can answer for myself; I cannot for the Doctor, and I dare not hazard the Duchess.

The result, therefore, of all is that I wish you could contrive to convey the poem to Almon without the intervention of Dr. ——, whom I may mistake, but who seemed uneasy; and as he did not venture to trust me with his knowledge of the contents, I am not in the wrong to be unwilling to trust. I will keep it till I get your answer; and shall enjoy reading it over and over. If it is more serious than the former, though it has infinite humour too, the majesty of the bard, equal to that of the Welsh bards, more than compensates. If it appears, as I hope, I will write to you upon it, as a new poem, *in which I am much disappointed, and think it very unequal to the first.* (This is the common style of little critics, who I remember said just so of the three last parts of the *Essay on Man.*) It will be hard if my letter is not opened at the post, when we wish it should. I am alone disappointed in not finding a hecatomb offered to Algernon Sydney,—that worst deed of the worst plan; for what is so criminal as a settled plot to depreciate virtue? I hope it is in the part on the press. I can give fifty additional motives and proofs to whet your anger.

How I wish I could see you but for a day: I am chained here by the foot to a madman; but can I avoid wishing you could steal to town for a day? It might be a secret; I would come to you wherever you would appoint. At least acquit me of royalty or court-serving. I am not a traitor—I am not corrupted: I am hated at court, and detest it. Keep my letter and print it in the *Gazette* either before

or after my death, if I deceive you. Tell, show here, under my hand, that I exhorted you to publish both the *Heroic Epistle* and the *Postscript*.

I glory in having done so, but I own I would not have you risk hurting Dr. ——, nor would I have my niece, who is ignorant and innocent, suffer for the participation of her uncle and your friend,

Hor. Walpole.

1521. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1774.

I was much pleased, my good Sir, with the letter Lady Orford told you she had written to me, and thank your kindness for transcribing part of hers to you. As the letter itself is not yet arrived, and as this is the second time (as Mr. Sharpe told me yesterday is her way) that she has used the *past* time for the *future*, I shall not hastily depend again on immediate performance. In fact, I believe her irresolution has called in a little cunning to its aid: she sees by the proofs I have given her of my sincerity, that it is not possible I should be deceiving her: and yet, having a little propensity to art herself, she thinks it would not be sensible to give me entire credit—well, no matter. I have written to her, and told Mr. Sharpe that if the letter does come, I shall not open it, but will leave it in his hands, unless her son relapses; for unless to serve him, what end can I have in meddling with her boroughs? When I have put her into a method of preventing myself of ever having her estate, I certainly do not intend to defraud her of the boroughs. Lord Orford is amazingly recovered—that is, has a most lucid interval, though neither I nor his own

Letter 1521.—Not in C.; now first printed from transcript in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

friends, whom I have made visit him, look on him as perfectly in his senses. Dr. Battie, however, has been so precipitate as to promise to quit him in a month if he does not relapse, and he counts the hours eagerly and exactly, which makes us suspect that the temper he shows is but pretended. My situation will be frightful when the day shall come, if he is neither quite well nor worse, for nobody can restrain him, if the physicians pronounce him in his senses; and if he does mischief to himself or others, there will not be wanting kind friends to blame me for setting him free, though void of authority to confine him. I have passed three most anxious weeks in this suspense; and the delicacy of the crisis does not decrease. I know not what I shall do, though I know not how to do anything but submit.

Don't imagine that my mind is so occupied with these affairs that I neglect talking to you of anything else. The times are favourable to indulging one's own reveries. The Parliament is met, but the opposition is so quiet, that even their general, Lord Rockingham, is not come to town: nor does anybody foresee one hostile debate. The Duke of Richmond alone maintains the war, but in that distant quarter, the India House, where he has given the ministerial forces a great defeat. It is not a season more fruitful of foreign news, unless a cloud in Russia increases to a storm. An impostor there, who calls himself Peter III, claims the crown for his pretended son, and has beaten the troops sent against him. I shall not wonder if this attempt costs him, and the Great Duke himself, their lives: nor shall I be surprised if France or Prussia has conjured up this phantom.

Methinks I wish Lady Mary had left you. Her disposition will always raise storms, and you may be involved in them as innocently as you have been. I expect to hear of her in some strange *fracas* at Rome; and as there is another Archduchess at Naples, whatever visions she is disappointed

in will be laid to the implacability of Juno[1]. For yourself, however, you may be easy, for nobody here sees Lady Mary's disasters in a serious light.

Your nephew Horace was a long time with me the other morning, and pleased me extremely by his sense, propriety, and good nature. I am mistaken if his youthful vapours are not dispersed.

What can I tell you else?—the Opera is a kind of Italian news: Miss Davis has great success. I cannot say she charms me. Her knowledge of music seems greater than her taste; or perhaps it is that I do not like the new taste. Millico is jealous of her, and they make something like parties; but operas are not upon the foot now of creating much discord. They are ill-attended, and the burlettas are so bad and the dancers so execrable that the managers are afraid of not being able to go on. What shall I tell you has succeeded to politics and pleasures? Nothing. Nothing has beaten out everything. The Maccaronis, amongst whom exists the only symptom of vivacity, are all undone; and can distinguish themselves by insensibility alone. They neither feel for their families nor themselves. How long this general lethargy will last I do not know; I remember when it would have grieved me. Adieu!

1522. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1774.

I was disappointed, Madam, in not seeing Lord Ossory, who was promised to us on the Birthday. I hope there was no graver reason for his not coming than not having a coat trimmed with Brussels-point, or buttons to his clothes, edged with fur, which our English travellers, who never see good company at Paris, are made to believe by their

[1] The Empress-Queen, mother of the Archduchess.

tailors are French fashions, and which I, who did live in good company, never beheld there; nor, indeed, anything in dress that was very absurd. Singularities grow here, and are not exotic. If French dragoons[1] kill themselves, it is to be *à l'angloise.* The most singular thing at present is there being no news; not an event since the destruction at Winterslow[2], where, I hear, that next day they drank to Ste Fox's *fire-side.* Oh yes, there is a bit of news; General Græme has resigned his places about the Queen, and old Hermes[3] of Salisbury, father of Harris[4] at Berlin, is made her Majesty's Secretary *à la* Guilford. I am glad to find that at my age one may still be a rising young man, and succeed one's ancestors.

In Russia there is laid a great political egg—if it does but hatch. Nothing less than a revolt. An impostor[5] has declared himself Peter III, and demands the crown for the Great Duke, his pretended son, who, he says, is kept down by an infamous regency. This man may be the Great Duke's father, but the Czarina took due care that he should not be *her* husband. However, he has defeated some of her troops, is marching to Moscow, and she dares not send away the recruits to the army. I heartily wish the Pretender success, and I should be glad to see revolutions, not only in Russia, but in Sweden, Prussia, and Austria.

LETTER 1522.—[1] Two young French dragoons committed suicide on Christmas Day, 1773, in an inn at St. Denis, near Paris. See Grimm, *Correspondance Littéraire* (ed. 1830), vol. viii. pp. 262-6.

[2] Lord Holland's seat near Salisbury, burnt down on Jan. 8, 1774.

[3] James Harris the elder (1709–1780), Secretary and Comptroller to Queen Charlotte; author of *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar.*

[4] James Harris (1746–1820); K.B. 1778; cr. (Sept. 19, 1788) Baron Malmesbury, of Malmesbury in Wiltshire; cr. Earl of Malmesbury, 1800; Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid, 1769; Minister at Madrid, 1771–72; Envoy to Berlin, 1772–76; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1776–83; Envoy to the Hague, 1784–88; Ambassador at the Hague, 1788–89; Envoy to Berlin, 1793; Envoy to Brunswick, where he acted as proxy for the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Caroline of Brunswick, 1794; Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796–97.

[5] Pugatscheff.

My nephew continues mending, but I doubt his recovery cannot be depended upon. I would compound for his remaining as well as the Duchess of Queensberry, and such out-pensioners of Bedlam.

I am ashamed to send this scrap by itself, but what can I do? the secret of making events is lost. Nobody makes even a debate but the Duke of Richmond, and I know no more of Indian politics than I did of farming, a year ago. All the marriageable royal family is married, and the next generation of princes is not ripe. Pactolus is dry both in Bengal and at Almack's: and even Juno, the goddess of match-making, forbids the banns, instead of tying them. Pray therefore, Madam, excuse my not knowing nothing. My pen has been listening all day for your service, but can tell you nothing newer than how much I am, &c.

1523. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, [illegible] Jan. 21, 1774.

I have returned those letters of Gray[1] to your friend, and earnestly beg, as well as consent myself, that they should be printed. I should never forgive myself their being suppressed, as they will do him so much honour, and you have perfectly satisfied me that the lady[2] in question cannot be affected by them, which was my whole concern. I beg you will excuse all the trouble I have given you, but my mind was in such violent agitation about my nephew, that every object came magnified to my eyes; and my dread of doing wrong, when it is so difficult to do right in the variety of relations in which I stand, made me fearful that even so innocent a thing as Gray's letters might hurt a

Letter 1523.—[1] The *Postscript to the Heroic Epistle*, thus spoken of in order to deceive the Post Office authorities if they should open Walpole's letter,

[2] The Duchess of Gloucester. See p. 401.

person of whom I have no cause to complain; but I will say no more, than that I approve your reasons for omitting the epitaph on West, and the author of it, and that I wish it may not be too late to desire your silence on my Epistle to the same person. Neither he nor my lines deserve notice in such a book. I no longer care about fame: I have done being an author, and, above all, I should blush to have you stamp memory on anything that is not worthy of it. It is a sad place to offer you, especially considering that it has been self-filled, but you rise in my opinion as fast as I sink in my own. The spot, however, will be dignified by gratitude, of which I never can feel enough, considering the sacrifice you so generously offered to make, and which nobody could make, but one that can do what he pleases. What a beast should I be, had I been capable of accepting it!

What can I tell you, I who for fifteen months have felt nothing but anguish in body and mind? Before I was delivered from the gout in every limb, my nephew's madness fell on me; since that, the burthen of his affairs; and for these last three weeks an anxious suspense between his recovery and fears of his relapse, all now heightened by the probability that the physicians will quit him in three weeks more, when he must be at full liberty—to destroy himself if he pleases! I neither dare restrain him, nor can approve his release, and shall probably be to answer for consequences that I foresee, without having power to prevent! In short, my mind is broken, and where I am free enough to own it, sunk. I have spirits enough left to conceal my serious thoughts from the world, but I own them to you my confessor. I have found I have sense enough to learn many common things that I never believed myself capable of comprehending. I have found that better sense of acting as I ought, when it was necessary; for till this year I never really had anything to do. I shall be rejoiced to resume

that happy idleness: I know not whether it will be my lot. I think I should taste my old amusements again of books and *virtù*, yet with much less eagerness, for I feel that even absolute idleness would be an enjoyment, though till eight months ago I never knew what it was to be unemployed for a quarter of an hour. My ghostly father, tell me if you can from this confession, what I really think, for I protest I do not know? or if you will, laugh at me, and tell me anything of yourself, a much more interesting subject. I know nothing, but that politics are dead, literature obsolete, the stage lower than in the days of mysteries, the actors as bad as the plays, the Maccaronis as poor as the nabobs are rich, and nothing new upon earth, but coats and waistcoats; as for the women, they think almost as little of their petticoats as the men do. We are to have my Lord Chesterfield's Works, and my Lord Lyttelton's Works, which will not much reanimate the age, the *Saturnia regna*. Adieu! when Gray can spare you, pray let me have a line.

Yours most entirely,

H. W.

P.S. Gen. Græme has resigned, and old Hermes of Salisbury is made Secretary to the Queen; which I tell you, not as politics, which you do not care about, but as an event in a title-page.

1524. To the Duchess of Gloucester.

Madam, Jan. 27, 1774.

The most proper mark of respect that I can show to the Duke or to your Royal Highness on a subject of such momentous importance, is to use as few words as possible. I am not wise enough to advise, much less to decide upon it; nor do I know a man in England who I think could advise the Duke upon it with good effect. All I can do is

to suggest what comes into my mind on the most intense thought and coolest reflection, submitting my sentiments, with the utmost deference, to his Royal Highness's judgement.

No man living has a higher opinion of the Duke of Richmond's unequalled honour and integrity than I have. I respect his spirit and abilities, and am as sure as I can be of anything that he is incapable of an unworthy action. Still I should not recommend him for the mover[1], if the question is resolved upon. The D. of R. is particularly unwelcome to his Majesty; and the measure will be thought the more hostile if proposed by his Grace.

The question itself seems to me most unlikely of success. The ministers will plead that when the King, however necessitous, does not ask for an increase of income, from the present distressed situation of the country, it cannot be reasonable to augment the revenue of his brothers. An increase of the King's own revenue might be supposed to include the charge of his own children; but an addition to that of his brothers would not lessen the burthen of his own issue; and it would infallibly be urged that so numerous a progeny as his Majesty's makes it imprudent to establish a precedent of such large revenues for each Prince of the royal family.

In any case, so great is the power of the crown, and so infamous the servility of Parliament, that there cannot be the shadow of hope that an increase could be obtained for the two royal Dukes against the King's inclination.

But a question moved and lost, as undoubtedly this would be, could only make his Royal Highness's case worse, if possible, than it is at present. His Royal Highness's father[2], though heir-apparent to an old King, could not obtain an

LETTER 1524.—[1] The Duke of Gloucester wished to apply to Parliament for an increase of income. [2] Frederick, Prince of Wales.

increase of income when parties ran high, and were almost equally divided. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, can hold out neither hopes nor rewards, and, in the very low ebb of opposition, would obtain scarce any support. When so few pay common respect by waiting on him, though not discountenanced for it, would they vote for him? no, not all that now pay their duty to him.

The question moved and lost, would change the state of the case to his Royal Highness's disadvantage. His treatment may now be thought hard. When he should have had recourse to opposition, which a Parliamentary application would be called, the courtiers would term it an hostile measure, and thus claim a sanction for their servility, by affecting to support offended majesty.

The King himself would then too plead that he only acted by the opinion of Parliament, who did not think it reasonable to increase the income of the two Princes. And the most moderate ministers, if any such there are, who may have wished a reconciliation between the King and his brothers, will then oppose it, as concluding that, by voting against them, they have made the two royal Dukes their personal enemies.

Thus every door to a reconciliation in the royal family would be shut, and no advantage gained. On the contrary, his Royal Highness would only let the world know how few friends stand by him. When so few even of the opposition wait on him, I doubt whether they would be heartier friends to his interest.

These seem to me insurmountable difficulties. It is still more arduous for me to chalk out an alternative.

I presumed to tell your Royal Highness, Madam, when you first mentioned this great point to me, that I thought the first step in wisdom to be taken, was to engage the favour of mankind to the Duke's cause by showing he had

done everything rather than act in what might be called a hostile manner. His Royal Highness will, I flatter myself, forgive me if I use even an improper term. Will it be too free-spoken in so important a moment to say, that previous to an application to Parliament, which should in prudence be the last resort, I would recommend even that application, if the Duke could show he had tried every method of softening his Majesty's displeasure? Nobody knows so well as his Royal Highness how to mix dignity with propriety. Could not his Royal Highness, Madam, blend those two in a representation of his youthful error, of his concern for having afflicted an affectionate brother and King, of tenderness for a wife, and a sweet little innocent Princess, calling on his Majesty's piety for forgiveness, and by touching his heart on his own conjugal and parental affections; and, above all, by stating his own anxious cares on the incertitude of the fate of persons so dear to him as your Royal Highness and the infant Princess, his daughter? These, Madam, are noble motives, and would justify a tender and fraternal application to his Majesty's heart, and would distress it far differently from a question in Parliament. They would engage the compassion of the disinterested world, and in the last resort would corroborate in the strongest manner all arguments in Parliament, where it would certainly be asked if his Royal Highness had used any intercession with the King, his brother. When the Duke had tried all other methods in vain, such application could not be condemned; and the preference of all softer methods first would redound to his Royal Highness's honour.

Having said thus much, Madam, I think my conscience and duty oblige me to add, that I think it indispensably incumbent on those who have the honour to be related to your Royal Highness, to give you no advice but such as may tend to repair the breaches which the Duke's tender-

Maria, Countess Waldegrave.
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds P.R.A.

ness for you has occasioned in the royal family. The good of his Royal Highness calls on you and on us to consult his welfare in the first instance. You have always told me how desirous you are of sacrificing yourself for him. I know the uprightness of your heart, Madam, and I know you spoke truth. Advise him to whatever is most for his benefit and credit. Do your duty by him, and trust to a just God for your reward. In the presence of that God I have given you the best advice in my power. I am sure I have not disobliged you by my freedom: I hope I have not offended his Royal Highness, but I declare on my conscience and honour, that I know not what better advice to give, and sign it with my name, as the firm opinion of, Madam, your Royal Highness's

Most faithful and devoted humble servant.

1525. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Jan. 29, 1774.

You must excuse my silence, Madam, which is not, nor can be, forgetfulness. While Lord Ossory was in town, I knew you could not want letters. Since he went, I have not had an instant's time; and though I write now, instead of dining, I have not a tittle to tell you that can entertain you, unless you will allow yourself to be diverted with the confusion of a methodist, as I am, who hate those knaves. So does King George, who has ordered the pure, precise Dr. Dodd to be struck off the list of his chaplains, not for gallantry with a Magdalen[1], as you would expect, but for offering a thumping bribe to my Lord Chancellor[2] for the fat living of St. George's[3]. It is droll that a young comely divine should have fallen into the sin, not of Mary the Penitent, nor of her host, Simon the Pharisee, but of Simon

Letter 1525.—[1] He was Chaplain of the Magdalen House.

[2] Lord Apsley.

[3] St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

Magus, the founder of simony. Perhaps, as the Doctor married Lord Sandwich's mistress [4], he had had enough of *des filles repenties.*

A parcel of Warwickshire colliers alarmed the court yesterday, and drew a great crowd round St. James's, but it was only a tribute to their sovereign from their mines. I hope no wicked ballad-monger will ridicule the loyalty of those poor men, and paraphrase the ancient song of 'Old King Cole,' who called for his fiddlers three, and there was fiddle faddle and twice fiddle faddle, &c.

I ought to be in great spirits to-day, if I knew where to find them; but they have been so long sunk under troubles, I have so many still, and my nerves are so shattered, that I do not know how to be so happy as I ought to be, when I can say with truth, that I do believe my nephew perfectly in his senses. He owns he thinks his disorder the greatest blessing of his life; that he is convinced all that has been done is right; that it is what he wished done, but could not undertake; and that he is determined to pursue the plan I have chalked out for him. You may judge, Madam, how very kind I think this treatment, and how much I feel myself obliged to him. I am to see him to-morrow, and have such a confusion of sensations that I dread the moment, though it is so delicious. Nay, I tremble more than ever lest he should relapse; for now my tenderness is interested in his health, which is still warmer than compassion. Nor am I yet out of this, or twenty other labyrinths!—but I must hold my tongue and drink the cup in silence.

Our Lord and I talked much on a subject that is much at my heart, though my heart is so full. The outward and visible signs are very promising: other prognostics are not so favourable. A deep silence is observed even on what

[4] Mary Perkins, daughter of a verger at Durham; d. 1784.

everybody else talks of—the late rupture. I sounded Lady P., who had not heard even of that; which confirms what I have told you, that *two persons* will not so much as mention anything that can lead to the subject. It was a curious scene on Wednesday night, when all the parties met at Lady Charlotte's; the rejected lover played at quinze with the Duchess; but what had happened and what I hope will happen, was not so well disguised by the rest of the young actors and actresses. I do not think any public decision will be taken soon; and I do not doubt but the interval will be employed to defeat it. Still I have nothing to judge by, but these observations; for if everything was settled, not a word the more would be said. For you know, Madam, discretion is like the bird that hides its head, and fancies it is not seen; a remark that comforts us, the indiscreet, prodigiously. The language of art is just as well understood as that of frankness: nay, even its silence is talkative, that is, intelligible. Cunning does not make dupes half so often as it is itself the dupe of good breeding. It would be ill-bred to tell people that one sees through them; and therefore they flatter themselves that they are not seen through: but all this is commonplace, and I had better bid you adieu, Madam, *en attendant notre parenté.*

1526. To Sir Horace Mann.

Feb. 2, 1774.

The more dealings I have with my Lady Orford the more I discover of her insensibility, falsehood, and folly. She is contemptible. How strange, that people will not learn that, if they would always speak truth, they would never be detected! I do not allude to her letter to me, which is not yet arrived, but to one Mr. Sharpe received from her a week ago, in which she repeats again her

having written to me, as truly as in hers to you, and in which, notwithstanding her canting, and her declaration to you that she had satisfied me, she tells him she has promised one seat at Callington to Sir William Hamilton, will not let me have the other, but will give me her interest at Ashburton, where on my Lord's I could choose without her. Why will this woman not be content with lying, but must drag in devotion to make her want of veracity more conspicuous? Did she think I should not perceive palpable contradiction, unless she added hypocrisy too? Well, if this is being artful, it is the clumsiest, silliest thing in the world. I am not surprised to find Sir William Hamilton on the carpet. He has a shrewd nose—my dear Sir, you have been thrice as long a minister, and have not yet learned to turn the penny!—but I have nothing to say against Sir William, who is agreeable; and I do not wonder at his turning a galant old woman to account. Nay, your old goats are so often bubbled, that I believe it teaches them to be cunning with everybody who has not the charity to offer them a civility—but I have done with her: I shall write her one more letter to tell her her son is quite recovered, and then forget her till she is burnt to a coal like the ancient tinder in Herculaneum.

Yet her son is recovered entirely; and is certainly her son, whosever else he is. He has not indeed, like her Ladyship, given me a bill upon God for payment of his obligations to me, but I believe intends to refer me to the same audit. He is very gracious, but like her too, seems to intend to hurt himself rather than come into anything I propose for his benefit. I have offered to continue to be his steward. To make that post a sinecure, though too great an honour for *me*, he is dispersing already by handfuls and pocketfuls the savings of a whole year, which he found, not in my power or pocket, but in the hands of his own

steward. In short, I have done nothing wrong, and yet he will no more forgive me than if I had done all that my wildest enemies would have said they expected. I care not. I have set an example of an uncle treating a nephew, pronounced an incurable lunatic, with more tenderness and respect than ever was heard of, as if I had daily expected his recovery. I have humbled myself to his mother, who was my enemy, to engage her to assist him. This precedent, I hope, will make a good impression, and then I shall be fully content, though I shall see all my endeavours baffled and reversed. I have indeed another great satisfaction. I have explained my whole conduct to your nephew young Sir Horace, and he approves of it. Nay, sees that I had formed a plan that might have been of the greatest service to him and your family, which indeed was a chief object in my view. I fear a great deal will be intercepted now!—but enough of this subject, since it is not proper to say all I could.

By what you say in your last, which I received yesterday, there is no delay probably in our letters, but those that are natural. Indeed, I do not think anybody would have patience to read dull letters of business, with which they have nothing to do. I know little of public affairs, nor trouble myself with them but as news; and the only article in my letters which could excite particular curiosity is very rarely there, and of which I believe *I* know less than anybody. I never was a favourite in a certain place[1], and am now particularly ill there for having spoken my mind with more freedom than was welcome; but I shall die with the best legacy my father left me, his *Fari quae sentiat*—an impertinent motto, when the *fari* is unnecessary.

Your Scotch Princess[2], I doubt, is really mad. Does not

LETTER 1526.—[1] Gloucester House. *Walpole.*
[2] Lady Mary Coke. *Walpole.*

she put you in mind of your friend Lord Fane[3], who kept his bed six weeks, because the Duke of Newcastle, in one of his letters, forgot to sign himself 'your *very* humble servant,' as usual, and only put 'your humble servant'? These follies would have done very well, when folks fancied *their* stars did everything, and had good and bad demons; but *toute* demon as the Empress-Queen is, and womanish too, I don't believe that, like Juno, she persecutes the pious Æneas in every voyage and peregrination. Then, what an impertinent quarrel that with Lord Huntingdon[4]! One sees indeed how peevish and persecuting her Ladyship would be, if she were Empress or Queen; but it is more ridiculous to proscribe Princes and Princesses, when one is nobody oneself. When the Sophi of Persia has dined, a herald gives leave to all other monarchs to go to dinner; but if a merchant's widow at Ispahan was to give the same permission to her sovereign, she would be shut up in a madhouse, though she was to insist that she had been married to Kouli Khan. I really wish you was well rid of her: cannot you persuade her to go to Rome, where there is a mock court that has nothing better to do than to quarrel about a mock etiquette?

We have no news public or private; but there is an ostrich-egg laid in America, where the Bostonians have canted three hundred chests of tea into the ocean[5], for they will not drink tea with our Parliament. My understanding is so narrow, and was confined so long to the little meridian of England, that at this late hour of life it cannot extend itself to such huge objects as East and West Indies, though everybody else is acquainted with those continents

[3] Charles, last Viscount Fane, Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

[4] Francis, Earl of Huntingdon. Lady Mary Coke quarrelled with him for waiting on the Duchess of Cumberland in Italy. Lady Mary Coke tried to persuade people that she had been contracted to the Duke of York, and signed her letters 'Maryc,' part of the *y* signifying c or not, as was necessary. *Walpole.*

[5] On Dec. 16, 1773.

as well as with the map of Great Britain. Lord Chatham talked of conquering America in Germany; I believe England will be conquered some day or other in New England or Bengal. I think I have heard of such a form in law, as such an one of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in Asia[6]: St. Martin's parish literally reaches now to the other end of the globe, and we may be undone a twelvemonth before we hear a word of the matter—which is not convenient, and a little drawback on being masters of dominions a thousand times bigger than ourselves. Well! I suppose, some time or other, some learned Jesuit Needham[7] will find out that Indostan was peopled by a colony from Cripplegate or St. Mary Axe, which will compensate for a thousand misfortunes.

You see, my dear Sir, I forget my troubles the moment they are at an end. Lady Orford concerns me no more than the insurrection in the Massachusetts. Every year's events are stale by the next. One's cares, once at an end, are but old accidents, and to be hung by, like an old almanac. Politicians live by the future; I care only about the present; and the present being very calm, is worth enjoying. Adieu!

P.S. I sent my late letters to Lady O. in Sir W.'s packet, but I think it safer to convey the enclosed by you. Lord Orford has just been here; he *will* go into the country

[6] The fact is the reverse of what Walpole here states. By a legal fiction a wrong done in Asia could be regarded as having been done in England. Horace Walpole probably had in mind the celebrated case of Fabrigas *v.* Mostyn, tried before Mr. Justice Gould a few months before (in July 1773). This was an action for false imprisonment and banishment brought against General Mostyn, Governor of Minorca, by Antonio Fabrigas, a native of Minorca, who in his declaration stated that the defendant assaulted him 'at Minorca (to wit) at London aforesaid, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Ward of Cheap.' (See *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 11, 1900.)

[7] Father John Turberville Needham (1731–1781), scientific writer.

on Monday, though a week sooner than the physicians had fixed—I shall be surprised at nothing!

1527. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Feb. 12, 1774.

I must seem extremely culpable to your Ladyship for not answering your very kind letter the instant I received it; but it has been absolutely impossible. Though I have given up my trust, I have had many things to settle before I was quite quit of it. I have been in arrears for visits, had neglected my own affairs, and have so many other duties and avocations that I have not a moment's leisure. I stayed at home this morning on purpose to write this and two other letters, but so many people have come in, that it is almost three, and I have only begun, as you see, Madam. I am quite well again, and think myself the happiest being alive, with having got so fortunately, in spite of all my ignorance and incapacity, through my dismal business, and with seeing it at an end. I should, as I told you before, be in great spirits, if I knew where to find them; but my mind has been tormented and oppressed, my nerves are affected, and the impressions remain, though the cause is removed. I feel what is passed, and tremble lest it should return. In short, I sometimes think of going abroad, to vary the scene, recover my health, and avoid a relapse, for so Lord Orford's would be to me, unless I can decline the charge, as I am determined to do if I possibly can. I should not say so much on myself, were it not an excuse to Lady Anne [1], as well as to your Ladyship; but how write a proper letter to her, or defend myself from the accusation of wit, unless by

Letter 1527.—[1] Lady Anne Fitzpatrick.

proving how very dull I am! Oh, would I were capable of inventing stories of owls!

I am rejoiced Lord Ossory is coming, and overjoyed that there is a prospect of your both passing some time here. As he will not be with you when you receive this, I shall take the liberty of hinting at a little selfishness, that appears in your purloining *him* from the world, because *you* are determined to quarrel with it.

His acquiescence gives the *pas* to his virtues over yours, and you will not be the perfect wife, in my eyes, till you give up those of a shepherdess.

The accounts of Lady Holland are most cruel and melancholy. I have not yet been able to go to Holland House; partly from my disorder and business; still more from not having spirits to bear the sight. But I will gather resolution, and perhaps she will not see me.

I know not a syllable of news. There is some political, but I care not about it, nor would it entertain your Ladyship. It relates to a quarrel between the Speaker[2] and the printer[3]; and about Mr. Grenville's bill for elections[4]. One must be deep in politics to be amused with such points.

The history of Charles Fox and Mrs. Grieve is published in very wretched verse, but curious for being authentic. There is a *Postscript* too to the *Heroic Epistle*, with some

[2] Sir Fletcher Norton.

[3] Henry Sampson Woodfall (1739–1805), printer of the *Public Advertiser*, which on Feb. 11, 1774, contained an attack on the Speaker, written by Horne. The Speaker complained to the House of Commons, and Woodfall was ordered to appear at the Bar of the House.

[4] George Grenville's bill 'transferred the decision of disputed elections from the whole House to a committee of fifteen members, thirteen of whom were elected by ballot, and the remaining two by the rival candidates. They were bound to examine all witnesses on oath, and they were themselves sworn to decide according to evidence.' The bill was introduced in February 1770. 'It was at first limited to seven years, but it proved so popular that in 1774 it was made perpetual.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, ed. 1895, vol. iii. pp. 436–7.)

excellent lines, but inferior to the first, as second parts generally are.

I have again been interrupted; it is four o'clock, and I am not dressed; but I need not apologize for concluding such a letter. I am worn out; and, next to being a man of business, I find the worst thing in the world is to be a decayed one.

1528. To the Rev. William Mason.

Feb. 14, 1774.

I am most impatient for your Lyric section and the completion of the Ode[1]. Nay, I am glad to have lost so much of schoolboy and schoolmaster, as to be charmed with the Fragment, though Dr. Barnard frowns on it. Pray remember, however, that when you have so much piety for Mr. Gray's remains, you are unpardonable in leaving your own works imperfect. I trust, as you will now enjoy your own garden in summer, and will have finished the Life by your return from York, that you will perfect your *Essay on Modern Gardening*: you have given a whole year to your friend and are in debt to the public.

My troubles are at an end, my nephew is as well as ever *he* was, and is gone into the country either to complete his own ruin and his family's, or to relapse. I shall feel the former, I dread the latter; but I must decline the charge a second time. It half killed me, and would entirely have ruined my health. Indeed, it has hurt me so much, that though my mind has recovered its tranquillity I cannot yet shake off the impressions and recall my spirits. Six months of gout and nine of stewardship and fears were too much for my time of life and want of strength. The villainy too

Letter 1528. —[1] The unfinished *Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*, which Mason proposed to conclude.

that I have seen has shocked me; and memory predominates over cheerfulness. My inclination will certainly carry me this summer into Yorkshire, if dread of my biennial gout does not restrain me. Sometimes I have a mind to go to a warmer climate; but either at Aston or at Strawberry will insist on our meeting before winter. What signifies a neighbour[2] you do not wish to see? Are our enemies to deprive us of our best satisfaction—seeing our friends? I will presume to say you cannot have a warmer or more sincere one than myself, who never call myself so when I do not feel myself so, and who have few pleasures left but that of saying what I think. You are too wise and too good not to despise the dirtiness of fools, or to regret a man, who came to years of discretion before he was past his childhood, and is superannuated before he is come to his understanding. He is decaying fast, and will soon exist but in his epitaph, like those poor Knights of Windsor who are recorded on their gravestones for their loyalty to Charles I.

The House of Lords is busy on the question of literary property, a question that lies between the integrity of Scotch authors and English booksellers. The other House has got into a new scrape with the City and printers, which I suppose will end to the detriment of the press. The ministers have a much tougher business on their hand, in which even their factotum the Parliament may not be able to ensure success—I mean the rupture with America. If all the black slaves were in rebellion, I should have no doubt in choosing my side, but I scarce wish perfect freedom to merchants who are the bloodiest of all tyrants. I should think the souls of the Africans would sit heavy on the swords of the Americans.

[2] The Earl of Holdernesse, Mason's patron (with whom he was on bad terms), had a country seat at Sion Hill, Isleworth.

We are still expecting the Works of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Lyttelton—on my part with no manner of impatience; one was an ape of the French, the other of the Greeks, and I like neither second-hand pertness nor solemnity. There is published a *Postscript to the Heroic Epistle*, certainly by the same author, as is evident by some charming lines, but inferior to the former as second parts are apt to be. The history of Charles Fox and Mrs. Grieve is come out too in rhyme, wretchedly done but minutely true. I think I have told you all I know, and more than you will care whether you know or not. It is an insipid age. Even the Maccaronis degenerate: they have lost all their money and credit, and ruin nobody but their tailors. Adieu!

1529. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Feb. 19, 1774.

I will say no more, Madam, on the subject of our last letters, for one reason that is worth all others. In one word, I leave that subject to your own reason, and I cannot trust it in better hands. You will do whatever is most proper, I am sure; all I presumed was to represent to you what I feared your own feelings might very naturally intercept; the only excuse for ever presuming to give advice.

Sensible people know all that can be said to them at least as well as their counsellors; but it is not always that they admit their own reason into the cabinet. It is only a disgraced minister to a dead king that plagues the successor with repeated remonstrances. I have no such opinion of my own wisdom, and am always glad to give up my place, and relapse into my own idleness. At present, I could tell you nothing but what Lord Ossory has brought you.

I saw him but one minute, which is not extraordinary, as the little time he passes in town cannot allow him leisure to sit with one that is out of the round of pleasure, and whose amusements even do not extend to politics or diversions. I am a little afraid that I shall not be here when you come yourself. I am to go either to-morrow se'nnight or to-morrow fortnight, with Lord Orford, to Houghton, a very unpleasant journey,—but I cannot decline it; nor would it become one that preaches to others to dispense with his own duty, which I have unluckily, though late, made my rule. You will smile, Madam, at the word *unluckily*, but it is peculiarly so to me. I came into the world when all my contemporaries were wise young men and hopeful senators. They had been bred at Leyden and Geneva, and it was a charm to behold such a promising generation! I only was a reprobate, and used to say and do whatever came into my head; I used to shock my Lord Hartington and Lord Coke, and Lord Hillsborough, and Lord Barrington, and had more pleasure in George Selwyn's company, than in sucking wisdom at the feet of those Gamaliels, Mr. Pelham and the sage Duke of Newcastle. In my latter days I have changed my system, and have taken into keeping that old battered abandoned harridan, Common Sense—and still am in the wrong, and out of the fashion. If I went to Almack's and decked out my wrinkles in pink and green, like Lord Harrington, I might still be in vogue; or if I paid nobody, and went drunk to bed every morning at six, I might expect to be called out of bed by two in the afternoon to save the nation, and govern the House of Lords by two or three sentences as profound and short as the Proverbs of Solomon. Well! I must dress and dine and go to the comedy of *The Man of Business*[1]. As a proof of my

Letter 1529.—[1] By George Colman.

incapacity, I read it this morning, and it is so full of modern lore, of rencounters and I know not what, that I scarce comprehended a syllable. No, I shall never be fit for anything as long as I live. A miscarriage I was born and shall die, without any merit but that of being

Your Ladyship's most attached.

1530. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1774.

I HAVE taken care not to be too sanguine about the continuation of my nephew's recovery—and yet it begins to flatter me with a prospect of its duration—unless one is apt to be bewitched with whatever compliments oneself—but no, my dear Sir, I will not conclude that he is more in his senses than ever, because he is pleased with my conduct. I have a better reason for hopes. It is not because he loves me, but himself, which he never did before in a sensible way. I have convinced him that I can greatly raise his estate, and he has sent for me to go with him to Houghton. I shall add this codicil to all I have done, and then shall desire to depart in peace. I again see that my family might be saved; but this is a vision which the first warm weather may disperse! and though visions are amusing, I know their texture too well to sigh at their evanition. When one means nothing but what is right, the sting of disappointment only pains the surface: a very different sensation from what one's faults excite! The pleasantest system is to have no news at all. Even the best require so much management that it is irksome to a mind that delights in the indolence of truth, which has all its answers ready, has nothing to disguise or palliate, and hates to be flattering people for their own good. How delicious is every moment to me now, when I have no point to carry! With what joy

I went to Strawberry Hill the other day alone, where I had not been in two months! How my pictures and books and I embraced after so long a separation! What a knave or fool must Charles V have been to repent of having done with knaves and fools! I have reigned eight months, and have had the gout as he had, but know a little better than he did how to value health and liberty. But, though so much wiser than Charles V, I have not quite the sagacity of Solomon, who pronounced everything vanity and vexation of spirit. I have finished my temple, and enjoy it. I delight in my trees and shrubs, though I don't know why some are tall and some short; and learned doctors divert me, though they cannot solve my doubts. Our Sanhedrim entertained me last week, as I am no longer a member. They were grievously affronted in the person of their prolocutor; and, no doubt, by the instigation of the wicked one—at least it is certain that the agents were *devils*. In short, the press, which exceeds even the Day of Judgement, for it brings to light everybody's faults, and a good deal more, fell upon the Speaker of the House of Commons: he complained: the printer was taken up, and accused the Reverend Parson Horne as the author. The House concluded that the divine would shelter himself in the City, and that the magistrates there would protect him—no such thing; he came to the Bar, acted respect, denied the charge—nay, artfully reduced them to this dilemma: Was the printer's deposition the accusation or the evidence? which ever it was, the counterpart would be wanted. The janissaries of the law, who can tie knots more easily than loosen them, were at a nonplus, though they said a great deal. Horne burst out into a laugh. They were forced to vote they would get more evidence; and sent for the printer's devils, who appeared the next day, but still to no purpose. None of them knew a syllable, as they hoped to be saved,

of Horne being the author. Well! what to do? Why, nothing. Horne was dismissed, and the printer remains in custody [1]. The majesty of the senate is a little singed.

Well; but I must do justice: the press has done some justice. There is just published a very good dialogue between three persons of some note—namely, the partitioners of Poland. There is a great deal of wit and just satire in this piece; but though the press can pass sentence, I doubt it cannot see it executed. I do not know but part of it may be put in force. The rebellion in Russia still exists, which looks a little serious. How the Poles must pray that it may prosper! The King of Prussia is so thorough-paced a villain, that I should not be surprised if he had set it on foot. I am sure he will support it, if he can see his interest in it. How happy would it be to have those three monsters punished by each other!

I am heartily glad you are rid of the posthumous Duchess [2], who thinks herself the object at which all the darts of one of those furies are aimed. She is got to Turin, and will be at home in about two months. Seriously, I apprehend that she is literally mad. Her late visions pass pride and folly. The world here is exceedingly disposed to laugh at her; and by a letter that is already come from her to Princess Amelie, she does not at all mean to keep her imaginary persecutions secret. Indeed, indeed, my dear Sir, I have long told you that we are all mad, and everything one hears proves it. Nay, don't you find every English man or woman that arrives at Florence out of their senses? I am persuaded that if you were not discretion itself, your letters would be as full of extravagant events as mine are. What think you of that pompous piece of effrontery and imposture, the Duchess of Kingston? Is

LETTER 1530.—[1] Woodfall was released on March 1, 1774.
[2] Lady Mary Coke.

there common sense in her ostentation and grief, and train of black crape and band of music? I beg you would not be silent on that chapter; it is as comic a scene as that of the Countess Trifaldine in Don Quixote; and though she is the high and mighty Princess, at least she does not yet pretend to be a royal one.

I have had mighty civil dispatches from my sister-in-law. She desires the continuation of our correspondence, which I shall now and then obey. I may be obliged to renew it; and, therefore, it is best to keep it up. I have no resentment to her. I wish to keep her and her son on good terms, and what signifies writing half a dozen letters more or less? I have done all I can to persuade him to write to her, and he promises it. There is an end I believe of her promise to your brother at Naples, who finds it would have proved a very expensive affair. I have good wishes for him, though I own I was piqued at his interfering in an affair so important to my nephew. Adieu!

P.S.—24th. The famous Charles Fox was this morning turned out of his place of Lord of the Treasury for great flippancies in the House towards Lord North. His parts will now have a full opportunity of showing whether they can balance his character, or whether patriotism can whitewash it. The Queen was brought to bed this evening of another Prince[3].

Lady Bute desires me to tell you that Mrs. Anne Pitt is going to Pisa, and that I would recommend her to you. I should do that on my own account, as I am very intimate with her. You know she is Lord Chatham's sister, as well as his very image; but you must take care not to make your court to her on that head, as they are no dear friends.

[3] Prince Adolphus Frederick (1774–1850), created Duke of Cambridge in 1801.

She has excellent parts, a great deal of wit, and not so sweet a temper as to contradict the likeness of her features. She has at times been absolutely *English*[4], but not in the present style of the fashion, and has much too good sense to exhibit any extraordinary scenes. She is extremely well-bred, and knows the world perfectly. In short, she will be much pleased with your attentions, and will please you in a very different way from the generality of our exports. I dread sending you anybody that I have not known long, and some that I do; but there is no danger from Mrs. Pitt, who has always lived in the great world, and is not of an age to play the fool—especially on a small theatre. She has not succeeded so well as she intended on a very large one[5]; but you may depend upon it. Tuscany will not tempt her. I will not answer but she may take liberties with *some*[6] that have been tempted by *great duchies*; but you will have the prudence not to seem to hear what it is better not to answer.

1531. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 19, 1774.

I arrived here but four hours ago from Houghton, where I have been this fortnight with my nephew. I find your letter, your printed Ode, and messages from Mr. Stonhewer, to whom I have not yet had an instant's time to send, nor have, but to say one syllable to you, as I approve your additions[1] exceedingly, and would not delay saying so; that, if my taste or judgement can have any weight, you may be determined to print what Gray might envy. I am

[4] Out of her senses. She died so some years after. *Walpole.*

[5] She was Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager, over whom she had expected much influence, but meddling too much, was disgraced. *Walpole.*

[6] Duchess of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Letter 1531. — [1] To Gray's unfinished Ode. See note on letter to Mason of Feb. 14, 1774.

fond of modesty even in the flower of authors, but not carried too far, as you do now, by degrading Gray to an Appendix, because you, though unworthy, will not sit by him in his Works. You have finished him as well as he himself, with all his love of polishing, could have done, and I think truly that yours have more harmony than some of his lines. I wonder at it, for I dislike the metre, which in the fourth line has a sudden sink, like a man with one leg shorter than the other; but I have not time for a word more. You shall have a longer letter in a post or two. Adieu. Yours most devotedly,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1532. To the Rev. William Mason.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, March 23, 1774.

I wrote my last in a great hurry, and not much knowing what I said, being just lighted from my chaise after being a fortnight at Houghton with my nephew; where my head was filled with business, and my heart with anxiety and grief and twenty other passions, for (not to return to the subject) if he is recovered I doubt it will not be for a long season. He is neither temperate in his regimen nor conduct, and if I have chased away seven evil spirits, as many are ready to enter. In short, the rest of my life, I find, and they will shorten it, is to be spent in contests with lawyers, the worst sort of lawyers, attorneys. stewards, farmers, mortgagees, and toad-eaters. I do not advance and cannot retreat. I wished to live only for my friends and myself; I must now, I find, live for my relations—or die for them. You are very kind in pitying, and advising me to consult my ease and health; but if you knew my whole story, and it was not too long, even for a series of letters like Clarissa's, you would encourage me to proceed. For I

flatter myself that my duty is the incentive to my conduct, and you, whose life is blameless, would, I am sure, advise your friend to sacrifice his happiness at last to his family, and to the memory of a father to whom he owes everything. But no more on this, though it has, and does occupy my mind so much, that I am absolutely ignorant of the affairs of the world, and of all political and literary news, though the latter are the only comforts of the few moments I have to myself.

I began Mr. Bryant's [1]—what shall I call it?—pre-existent History of the World, but had not time to finish the first volume. It put me in mind of Prior's Madam, who

> To cut things came down to Adam [2].

There are two pages under the radical Macar that will divert you; an absolute account of Μακαρωνες, though I dare to swear the good man never dreamt that he was writing the history of Almack's. I have just got Mr. Warton's *Life* [3] of poetry, and it seems delightfully full of things I love, but not a minute to begin it; nor Campbell's long-expected work on Commerce [4], which he told me, twenty years ago, should be the basis on which he meant to build his reputation. Lord Lyttelton and Lord Chesterfield are coming forth, and one must run them over in self-defence. Still I say to you, *O quando ego te aspiciam*—yes, *Te*, both you and your Gray! I am impatient for the remainder, though I would not have it hurried.

Mr. Stonhewer will have told you what I said on the print; but if he could make sense of it I shall wonder,

Letter 1532. — [1] Jacob Bryant (1715–1804). His book was called *A New System, or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology.* [madam,

[2] 'And lest I should be wearied,
To cut things short, came down
to Adam.'—Prior, *Alma*, ii. 373–4.

[3] The first volume of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, recently published.

[4] *A Political Survey of Great Britain*, by John Campbell (1708–1775).

for I was on both sides: for your print[5], as the more agreeable; for Wilson's picture as extremely like, though a likeness that shocks one. There are marks, evident marks, of its being painted after Gray's death. I would not hang it up in my house for the world. I think I am now come to know my own mind: it is to have prints of both; from yours at the beginning to front his Juvenilia; from Wilson's, at or towards the end, as the exact representation of him in his last years of life. The delay will not signify, as your book is a lasting one—no matter if it comes out in the middle of summer. It does not depend for its sale on a full London: it will be sent for into the country, and will always continue to be sold. Were I to write anything that I could hope to have minded, I would publish in summer. The first ball, duel, divorce, new prologue of Garrick, or debate in the House of Commons, makes everything forgotten in a minute in winter. Wedderburn's philippic[6] on Franklin[7], that was cried up to the skies, Chief Justice de Grey's on literary property, Lord Sandwich's honourable behaviour to Miller the printer[8], are already at the bottom of Lethe. Mademoiselle Heinel dances to-morrow, and Wedderburn and Lord Sandwich will catch their deaths, if they wait in either of the Temples of Fame or Infamy in expectation of admirers.

I know not a word more than I told you, or you have

[5] A drawing of Gray by Mason.

[6] A speech made on Jan. 29, 1774, at a meeting of the Privy Council, called to consider a petition from Massachusetts. Wedderburn attacked Franklin violently, as having been the means of making public private letters addressed to Thomas Whateley by the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

[7] Benjamin Franklin (1707–1790), at this time agent in England for the Assembly of Massachusetts.

[8] 'Before the conclusion of the year, Sandwich, who had resisted all manner of applications from Miller, the printer, to be forgiven his fine of 2,000*l*., and who had vowed never to forgive it, but to bestow it on some charity, privately compounded it for 500*l*. and his own costs.' (Horace Walpole's *Last Journals*, vol. i. p. 289.) Walpole's note on this passage: 'Lord Sandwich repented of, or was persuaded out of this lenity, and sent Miller word he would remit no part of the fine.'

heard, of the affair of literary property. Lord Mansfield's finesse, as you call it, was christened by its true names—pitiful and paltry. Poor Mrs. Macaulay has written a very bad pamphlet on the subject. It marks dejection and sickness. In truth, anybody that has principles must feel. Half of the King's opposition at least are hurrying to court. Sir William Meredith has ridden thither on a white stick [9]; Colonel Barré [10] on the necks of the Bostonians, his old friends; Mr. Burke, who has a tolerable stake in St. Vincent's [11], seems to think it worth all the rest of America. Still, I do not know how, an amazing bill of an amazing parent has slipped through the ten thousand fingers of venality, and gives the constitution some chance of rousing itself—I mean Grenville's bill for trying elections. It passed as rapidly as if it had been for a repeal of Magna Charta, brought in by Mr. Cofferer Dyson. Well! it is one o'clock in the morning, and I must go to bed. I have passed one calm evening here alone, and have concluded it most agreeably by chatting with you. To-morrow I must return into the bustle; but I carry everywhere with me the melancholy impression of my life's tranquillity being at an end. I see no prospect of peace for me, whether my nephew lives, dies, relapses, or remains as he is at present. I love to be occupied, but in my own way, unobserved and unconnected. My joy is to read or write what I please: not letters of business, accounts, or applications. But good night; I have tired you and myself: my sole excuse is, if you will take it for one, that I had other things to do that I should have liked doing; but writing to you was the greatest pleasure, and according to my former habits I preferred what amused me best. Yours ever,

H. W.

[9] He had been appointed Comptroller of the Household.

[10] He had pronounced strongly in favour of punishing the inhabitants of Boston.

[11] Burke was suspected of having joined his brother in land speculations in St. Vincent.

1533. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1774.

You will know by my letters, my dear Sir, long before this, that I have received a gracious epistle from the Countess, enclosing one to her son, open, and full of commendations of my behaviour. I have exerted all my eloquence to persuade him to answer it, and hope he has—I am not sure. Openness to persuasion is not his most shining quality. I have just gone through a fortnight's experience of most of his characteristics. I have been with him at Houghton, and am returned full of sorrow, convinced, on one hand, that if he remains in what are called his senses, his conduct will not be more reasonable than formerly; and, on the other, expecting a relapse. In one word, he observes no regimen, eats intemperately, and drinks above a bottle a day. To me his behaviour is all courtesy and respect—but I have not only not the least weight with him, but the whole cunning of his temper is employed to bar my being one instant alone with him. Some of his old conductors have furnished him with a new attorney, who is indecently eager to riot in what I had gleaned from the ruin. This is the present situation and the future prospect. You may unroll the map in your own mind—it hurts me to expatiate on it.

Your correspondent at Turin[1] has found so flattering a reception at that court, that it has smoothed all the royalty of her brow, and suspended hostilities against Vienna so far, that she has proclaimed an armistice, and sent orders to her ministers at home to observe a strict silence on her former dispatches. I am glad you will be relieved from all our wandering courts, except her Grace of

Letter 1533.—[1] Lady Mary Coke. *Walpole.*

Kingston's, which is so contemptible, that, was I in your place, I should be extremely determined to let it give me no trouble.

We are in profound tranquillity here. Even America gives us no pain—at least it makes little sensation, for the opposition have not taken up the cause; in the first place, because the opposition is very feeble; and, secondly, because it has a great mind to be less; that is, they are, many of the few, endeavouring to wriggle into court by different doors. The general tone against the Bostonians is threats. It remains to see whether America will be as pliant as we say they must be. I don't pretend to guess, for I seldom guess right; but we could even afford to lose America. Every day gives us more East Indies. Advice has just come that we have taken Tanjore, and a General Smith has got 150,000*l.* for his own share. Spaniards are forced to dig in mines before they are the better for the gold of Potosi; we have nothing to do but to break a truce, and plunder a city, and we find the pretty metal ready coined and brilliants ready cut and mounted. Nay, don't frown; depredation is authorized by Act of Parliament, at least by the vote of the House of Commons that acquitted and applauded Lord Clive. How much more just would that sentence of a barbarian ambassador be, if applied to our Parliament than to the Senate of Rome, that he thought he saw an assembly of kings: we sanctify such violences and iniquities, that one should think the House of Commons were composed of three hundred and sixty-five Empresses and Kings of Prussia.

The Duke of Devonshire marries Lady Georgiana Spencer[2]; she is a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace; he, the first match in England. Your old friend, Lord Pelham, is made

[2] Eldest daughter of first Earl Spencer; m. (June 5, 1774) William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire; d. 1806.

Justice in Eyre. There are some other promotions of no moment to you, that you will read in the newspapers.

I don't know what to do with the letter you sent me. I have sent a servant all round the town and to the Opera House, but can get no tidings of a Scultore Capezzuoli[3], you must send me a direction, or I shall never find him. Do his correspondents think that London would stand in the palm of one's hand, like Florence?

1534. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, April 6, 1774.

I like to obey your Ladyship in nothing so little as in talking of myself; and yet I must, as you inquire after *it*; and gratitude obliges me to thank you for so much goodness. I have been here these four days, have slept well, and have less pain in my breast, and fewer nerves. I am advised to go to Bath, which I will not do for the very reason I am advised to it, as I would do anything to avoid the gout or put it off, rather than seek it. In short, I shall try a good deal of this air, as long as it suits me; and if it does not, go somewhere to the seaside, which has always been more serviceable than any remedy, and as it is my year for the gout, I wish to get a little strength to support it. By Lord Orford succeeding to the last long fit, I have never recovered it. There, Madam, if you was my apothecary, I could not have been more circumstantial. Look in the glass, and see if you deserve to be treated like a nurse; but you are so very kind to me, that I write to your heart, not to your face and person. If you were not to be in London, the spring advances so charmingly, I think I should scarce go thither. One is frightened with the inundation

[3] Capezzuoli or Capizzoldi. He executed the bas-relief on Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey.

of breakfasts and balls that are coming on. Everybody is engaged to everybody for the next three weeks, and if one must hunt for a needle, I had rather look for it in a bottle of hay in the country than in a crowd. I don't want company here; Lord and Lady Strafford are at Twickenham, and the Meynells at your old residence. If I want literature or news, yonder is Mr. Cambridge; politics or places I do not want, or Lord and Lady North are at Bushy. At present I am immersed in Warton's *History of Poetry*, and can listen to no news that don't begin thus:—

> Herkeneth now, bothe olde and yyng,
> For Maries love, that swete thyng:
> How a werre bigan
> Bitwene a god Cristene kyng,
> And an hethene heyhe lordyng,
> Of Damas the Soudan[1].

If the Czarina takes Constantinople, I shall think it is the proper conclusion of the story, and only correct the MS. to 'god *Cristene Queen*.'

Dr. Goldsmith is dead, and my cousin Mrs. Harris[2]. The owl hooted last night on the round tower, and I thought was going to tell me a story for Lady Anne, but had been reading Warton too, and only repeated these lines:—

> Than shal you, doughter, aske the wyne,
> Wyth spises that be gode and fyne:
> Gentyll pottes, with genger grene
> Wyth dates and deynties you betweene.
> Fortie torches, brenynge bright,
> At your brydges to bring you lyght.
> Into youre chambre they shall you brynge
> Wyth much myrthe and more lykynge.

LETTER 1534.—[1] The opening lines of the tale of *The King of Tars*, from which extracts are given in the *History of Poetry*, ed. 1824, vol. ii. p. 23.

[2] Sister of the Earl of Hertford and of General Conway.

Your blankettes shal be of fustyane,
Your shetes shal be of cloths of rayne,
Your head-shete shal be of pery pyght,
With dyamonds set and rubys bryght.
When you are layd in bed so softe,
A cage of gold shal hange alofte,
Wythe longe peper fayre burning,
And cloves that be swete smellyng,
Frankinsense and olibanum,
That whan ye slepe, the taste may come,
And yf ye no rest can take,
All nyght mynstrels for you shall wake[3].

Well, Madam, if Lady Anne does not like this promise as well as an Arabian tale, I will burn my books and give over *fairie*. What luxury to repose on fustian blankets and sheets made of the skins of reindeer[4]! Rude and savage as we think our ancestors, you see they indulged in more delicacies than the Maccaronies do. The future Duchess of Devonshire will have nothing but tea and sack-whey, not gentle pots of ginger green; nor will her head lie soft on a bolster set with diamonds and rubies, unless Miss Loyd and Mrs. Howe hear of this sumptuous description, and insist on Lady Georgiana's having a still richer bolster,—or the *taste will never come*. Adieu! my goddess of health: I cannot be ill or low-spirited when I am writing to you.

1535. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, April 7, 1774.

Well, I have read Mr. Warton's book; and shall I tell you what I think of it? I never saw so many entertaining

[3] From the tale of *The Squire of Low Degree* quoted in the *History of Poetry*, ed. 1824, vol. ii. p. 12. Cunningham attributed these verses to Walpole himself.

[4] The expression 'cloths of rayne' signifies 'cloth of Rennes'—the finest sort of linen—and not reindeer, as Walpole supposes.

particulars crowded together with so little entertainment and vivacity. The facts are overwhelmed by one another, as Johnson's sense is by words: they are all equally strong. Mr. Warton has amassed all the parts and learning of four centuries, and all the impression that remains is that those four ages had no parts or learning at all. There is not a gleam of poetry in their compositions between the Scalds and Chaucer: nay, I question whether they took their metres for anything more than rules for writing prose. In short, it may be the genealogy of versification with all its intermarriages and anecdotes of the family; but Gray's and your plan might still be executed. I am sorry Mr. Warton has contracted such an affection for his materials, that he seems almost to think that not only Pope but Dryden himself have added few beauties to Chaucer.

The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James's powder, which had had much effect, but his physician interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs[1] for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had sometimes parts, though never common sense.

I shall go to town to-morrow and send for my Lord Chesterfield's Letters, though I know all I wished to see is suppressed. The Stanhopes applied to the Chancellor for an injunction, and it was granted. At last his Lordship permitted the publication on two conditions, that I own were reasonable, though I am sorry for them. The first, that the family might expunge what passages they pleased:

Letter 1535. — [1] The poem *Retaliation*, published after Goldsmith's death.

the second, that Mrs. Stanhope[2] should give up to them, without reserving a copy, Lord Chesterfield's Portraits of his contemporaries, which he had lent to his son, and re-demanded of the widow, who gave them up, but had copied them. He burnt the originals himself, just before he died, on disgust with Sir John Dalrymple's book, a new crime in that sycophant's libel.

Campbell's book I have not looked into, and am told is very heavy. Thus I have given you an account of my reading as my confessor in literature. I know nothing else, and am happy to have time for thinking of my amusement.

Your old friend[3] passes by here very often airing, and I am told looks ghastly and going. It has been so much expected, that his post of Governor was destined, I hear, to Lord Bristol, and his Cinque Ports I know were offered to Lord [George] Germaine, for there seems to be a general comprehension, and nobody is to remain discontented, but those who see their reversions promised.

I don't ask about your own books, for I wish you to have a whole summer of readers to yourself, as I told you in my last. I do inquire when I shall see you, and hope it will be in the summer too, for in autumn I expect the gout, my biennial tyrant. If he is as severe as last time, he will be soon like the woman who killed her hen that laid golden eggs.

I forgot in my confession to say that I have gone through half of Mr. Bryant's first volume. Lord John[4] has read both, and likes them, and thinks there is a great deal made out. I got far enough to see that the Tower of Babel might have been finished, if you would allow the workmen to begin at the top and bottom at once; but this was not my

[2] The widow of Chesterfield's natural son.

[3] The Earl of Holdernesse.

[4] Lord John Cavendish.

reason for mentioning the book. If you have it or it is in your neighbourhood, pray in the radicals read the article of Macar. You will find that there was a happy people, a favourite name, who lived in an island and were called Μακαρωνες. Mr. Bryant is no joker, and I dare to swear never thought on our Maccaronies, when he was talking of Cushites and Ammonians. But I forgot that you are not as idle as I am, nor are bound to hear of every book I read. I can only say in excuse that when one is alone one is apt to think of those one loves, and wishes to converse with them on common pursuits. Is not it natural too, to wish to engage them in a little conversation? One tells them news, and wants them to care for it, in hopes of an answer. In short, you have won my affection, and must sometimes be troubled with it; but you are at liberty to treat it coolly or kindly, as you please. The mass will remain, though you should not encourage me to send you papers full of it at a time. Adieu!

9th April.

I was too late for the post on Thursday, and have since got Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which, without being well entertained, I sat up reading last night till between one and two, and devoured above 140. To my great surprise they seem really written from the heart, not for the honour of his head, and in truth do no great honour to the last, nor show much feeling in the first, except in wishing for his son's fine gentlemanhood. He was sensible what a cub he had to work on, and whom two quartos of licking could not mould, for cub he remained to his death. The repetitions are endless and tiresome. The next volume, I see, promises more amusement, for in turning it over, I spied many political names. The more curious part of all is that one perceives by what infinite assiduity and attention his Lordship's own great character was raised and supported; and

yet in all that great character what was there worth remembering but his *bons mots*? His few fugitive pieces that remain show his genteel turn for songs and his wit: from politics he rather escaped well, than succeeded by them. In short, the diamond owed more to being brillianted and polished, and well set, than to any intrinsic worth or solidity.

1536. To the Rev. William Mason.

April 17, 1774.

You may say what you please, my dear Sir, but yes, you will be tired with the sight of my letters; and this perhaps will be still less welcome than any of its predecessors. They, poor souls, had no excuse for their gossiping. This is written more seriously, and from good will prepense. In one word, my admiration has been ripened into warm friendship; and I do not see why friendship should be debarred of the privilege of telling one's friend his merits, when ill-nature may so cheaply borrow its mask to reprove him for his faults. Mr. Stonhewer brought me your section yesterday, before I received your letter; and do you know, I am exceedingly discontent with it? not for its faults, for there is not a single blemish, but for your honesty and rashness. What can provoke you to be so imprudent? or do you think I love you so little, as to enjoy your free spirit, and not tell you what a nest of hornets, nay of hyenas, you are incensing! I do beseech you to repress your indignation and cancel the papers in question. They will enrage, and you will have a life of warfare to lead to your dying day. Martyrdom itself might be delightful, if good could spring from the drops of blood. In the present case what benefit could arise?—to yourself endless disquiet must be the consequence. Well, but if I cannot touch your own intrepidity, I know I can stagger it, when your friend's

memory is at stake. In Gray's own letters there is enough to offend: your notes added will involve him in the quarrel; every silly story will be revived, and his ashes will be disturbed to vex you. You know my idea was that your work should consecrate his name. To ensure that end, nothing should be blended with it that might make your work a book of party and controversy. By raising enemies to it, you will defeat in part your own benevolent purpose of a charitable fund. When so numerous a host are banded against it, the sale will be clogged: reflect how many buyers you will exclude. At least, as there is no loving kindness in my mercy, reserve the objectionable letters and your own notes to a future edition; nay, it will be policy. If the book appears without its sting, Gray's character will be established, and unimpeached. Hereafter let them decry him if they can. I will dwell no longer on the subject; your letter tells me you are not in haste. Our Mr. Stonhewer will write, and tell you that the *neighbouring inconvenience*[1] will soon be removed one way, and my last that it is likely to be removed every way. I hope to see you at Strawberry Hill on the first dislodgement, and then we shall have time to squabble on the several articles I object to.

I have a few other difficulties, not of much consequence. I would omit every passage that hints at the cause of his removal from Peterhouse. Don't you, or do you, know that that and other idle stories were printed in an absurd book called *Lexiphanes*[2]? I would be as wary as the Church of

Letter 1536. — [1] The Earl of Holdernesse.

[2] The story of Gray's removal from Peterhouse is not given in *Lexiphanes*, but in *The Sale of Authors* by the same writer (Archibald Campbell). Apollo asks why Gray is wrapped up in a watchman's coat. Mercury replies:—'You must know, having made many unsuccessful attempts to catch this great poet, I was at last obliged to have recourse to stratagem. Though he has a great deal of poetical fire, nobody indeed more, yet he is extremely afraid of culinary fire, and keeps constantly by him a ladder of ropes to guard against all accidents of that sort. Knowing this, I hired some watchmen to raise the alarm

Rome is before they canonize a saint. They wait till he has been dead an hundred years, that no old woman may exist to tell a tale of the frailty of his youth, as a beldame did when Charles Borromée was to be sainted—'I am glad of it,' said she, 'for he had my maidenhead.' Now I descend to verbal criticism. In p. 234, line 17 of the note, there is an *he* that is obscure. It means Gray, but by the construction refers to Akenside. 'He would tire of it as soon as *he* did.' The second *he* should be *Mr. Gray*. In p. 241, note 1, Gray was not mistaken. Before the Duc de Choiseul was disgraced, I was privy to many abject solicitations made by Voltaire to both the Duke and Duchess for leave to go to Paris; but the Duke did not think it worth his while to quarrel with the clergy and Parliament upon his account. The moment the Duke was out, Voltaire renewed the battery of flattery to the breast of the Duc d'Aiguillon, but as the first part of the transaction was communicated to me in confidence, I would not have it made public while the parties are living. His letters on that occasion are extant, and some time or other I suppose will appear.

In Algarotti's[3] letter are two false printings: for *quan io porso* it should be *quanto io porrò*, or rather I believe *potrò*; and for *sottescrivam*, read *sottoscrivermi*.

In defiance of my Lord Chesterfield, who holds it vulgar to laugh, and who says wit never makes one laugh, I declare I laughed aloud, though alone, when I read of the professor[4] who died of turbot *and made a good end*. If this is not wit, I do not know what is. I am much more in doubt of his

of fire below his windows. Immediately the windows were seen to open, and the poet descending in his shirt by his ladder. Thus we caught him at last, and one of the watchmen, to prevent his nerves being totally benumbed by frigorific torpor, lent him his great-coat.'

[3] Francesco (1712–1764), Count Algarotti, man of letters and Chamberlain to Frederick the Great. He wrote to Gray and Mason in 1763 to express his admiration of their works.

[4] Thomas Chapman, D.D. (1717–1760), Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. See Gray's letter to Dr. Clarke of Aug. 12, 1760.

Lordship's wit, since I have finished his Letters. Half of the last volume has many pretty or prettyish ones, but sure no professor of wit ever sowed so little in two such ample fields! He seems to have been determined to indemnify himself for the falsehood and constraint of his whole life by owning what an impostor he had been. The work is a most proper book of laws for the generation in which it is published, and has reduced the folly and worthlessness of the age to a regular system, in which nothing but the outside of the body and the superficies of the mind are considered. If a semblance of morality is recommended, it is to be painted and curled, and Hippolytus himself may keep a w——, provided she is married and a woman of quality. In short, if the idea were not an old one, I would write on the back of this code, *The whole duty of man, adapted to the meanest capacities.*

If you like my telling you literary news, I will whenever I have any. I now have time to read and enjoy myself. Your observation on Mr. Warton's civility to Macpherson is very just. It is like Protestants who in Catholic countries bow to the sacrament, but do not kneel; and I do not doubt but both the priests and the Scot would burn the heretics if they could. I wish I could satisfy you about the Parliament's intention on literary property, but as a bill is ordered in, you will know more of the event before you think of publishing. I scarce know more of the Parliament's transactions than what I read in the papers. When I was at Rome, I never pried into the actions of the Senatore di Roma. All I know of our senate is that it is held in the Temple of Concord.

I inquire so little after their transactions, that I did not hear your name had been mentioned on that bill. I was told that a name of much less consequence, my own, was quoted by Mr. Wedderburn; I protest I did not ask whether

in approbation or dislike, or to what end. Apropos, I did hear that the other day Lord North, declaiming against the opposition (I don't guess where he found them), and saying they meant nothing but pensions and places, turned to his right, and there sat Cornwall[5] blushing up to the eyes; turning short from a crimson conscience, on the right sat Wedderburn, pale as death; come, there is some merit in crimson.

You ask about answers to books: in good sooth I never read such matters, nor can tell who does but their authors. At least I never heard of the one you mention, nor disturb the departed. I must now say a word about that insignificant personage myself. I will not quarrel with you about what you say of my wit. Whether I have it, or have had it, I neither know nor care. It was none of my doing; and even if I had it, I am guilty of never having improved it, and of putting it to very trifling uses. Whatever it was, it is gone with my spirits, or passed off with my youth, which I bear the loss of too with patience, though a better possession. But I am seriously hurt with those two words at the conclusion of your letter, *perfect respect*. Jesus! my dear Sir, to me, and from you, *perfect respect*! on what grounds, on what title? What is there in me respectable? To have flung away so many advantages in so foolish a manner as I have done, is that respectable? to have done nothing in my life that is praiseworthy, not to have done as much good as I might; does this deserve respect from so good a man as you are? Have I turned even my ruling passion, that preservative I call it, pride, to account? No; yet hear my sincere confession; I had rather be unknown, and have the pride of virtue, than be Shake-

[5] Charles Wolfran Cornwall (1735–1789), Lord of the Treasury, 1774-8; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1780-89. He had recently been at variance with the government.

speare, which is all I can say of mortal wit. Nay, I would rather accept that pride of virtue preferably to all earthly blessings, for its own comfortable insolence, though I were sure to be annihilated the moment I die; so far am I from thinking with the saint, that suffering virtue without a future reward would of all conditions be the most miserable. There are none, or few real evils, but pain and guilt: the dignity of virtue makes everything else a trifle, or very tolerable. Penury itself may flatter one, for it may be inflicted on a man for his virtue, by that paltry thing [in] ermine and velvet, a king. Pray, therefore, never respect me any more, till my virtues have made me a beggar. I am not melancholy, nor going to write *divine poems.* I have a more manly resolution, which is to mend myself as much as I can, and not let my age be as absurd as my youth. I want to respect myself, the person in the world whose approbation I desire most. The next title I aspire to, but not till that person is content with me, is that of being your

Sincere friend,
H. W.

P.S. You will be diverted to hear that a man who thought of nothing so much as the purity of his language, I mean Lord Chesterfield, says, 'you and *me* shall not be well together,' and this not once, but on every such occasion. A friend of mine says, it was certainly to avoid that female inaccuracy of *they don't mind you and I*, and yet the latter is the least bad of the two. He says too, Lord Chesterfield does, that for forty years of his life he never used a word without stopping a moment to think if he could not find a better. How agreeably he passed his time!

1537. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1774.

The period of time, rather than anything I have to say, brings you my letter. Political events are so much the materials of a distant correspondence, that I don't know how ours would have crept on for so many years, if the last thirty had been as barren as the present one. There is indeed a great business in agitation, and has been for some time; but, without the thorough-bass of opposition, it makes no echo out of Parliament. Its Parliamentary name is *Regulations for Boston*[1]. Its essence, the question of sovereignty over America. Shall I tell you in one word my opinion? If the Bostonians resist, the dispute will possibly be determined in favour of the crown by force. If they temporize or submit, waiting for a more favourable moment, and preparing for it, the wound, skinned over, will break out hereafter with more violence—not that I lay any stress on my own conjectures. People collect their guesses from what they have read, heard, or seen; but times are unlike; and a single man[2] can sometimes give a new colour to an age.

Would not one think that people die or marry only out of opposition too? There is not anything more new in private than in public life. One would think the summer began two months sooner than it used to do; yet the Parliament will probably sit late, in expectation of hearing how the rigour exercised on the Bostonians is received by them and the other colonies.

Lady Mary Coke is not yet arrived, nor was even got to Paris; at least, a letter I received thence yesterday does not

Letter 1537.—[1] A bill which considerably modified the Charter granted to Massachusetts by William III.

[2] This proved the case in Dr. Franklin. *Walpole.*

mention her. She is expected at home some time in this month.

I have not yet been able to discover Capezzuoli the sculptor, for whom you sent me a letter long ago. I have inquired at every statuary's in town to no purpose. Mr. Chute's servant, Martelli, is now upon the hunt for him; but his correspondent ought to know that London is a little bigger than Florence. It was directed to Capezzuoli, Scultore, a Londra. One cannot find a needle in such a bottle of streets. London increases every day; I believe there will soon be no other town left in England, for migrations increase as fast as buildings. All the Scotch and Irish that don't come to London go to America. If you ever return, as I devoutly wish, you will find a larger city than Florence, of which you never saw a street; without including half the adjacent villages, which the town has surrounded or joined. Perhaps it will be at last like Palmyra, in the midst of a vast desert!

Next to gaming, which subsides a little from want of materials, the predominant folly is pictures; I beg their pardon for associating them with gaming. Sir George Colbroke, a citizen, and martyr to what is called *speculation*, had his pictures sold by auction last week. A view of Nimeguen, by Cuyp, not large, and which he had bought very dearly for seventy guineas, sold for two hundred and ninety! If they could be sold in proportion, the collection at Houghton would fetch two hundred thousand. A Mr. Pearson[3], too, who married the Giacomazzi, brought over a few, particularly

[3] Cradock (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 341) mentions that he met at Bologne (about the year 1786) 'a very intimate college friend Mr. P——, who resided here for the education of his children. He had formerly possessed a great estate in Cleveland, Yorkshire, and married an opera dancer. Speaking of his young family he said with great emphasis, "Pray God they may all of them turn out moral, and none of them so very *fine* as you know I once was."' Mr. P—— was probably identical with the Mr. Pearson mentioned by Walpole.

from Venice. He sold one Guido for two thousand pounds to Mr. Duncombe[4]. The 'Doctors' at Houghton, the first picture in England, and equal to any in Italy but Raphael's, cost but a little above six hundred pounds. Well! we are very rich, and very quiet. I hope it will last! Adieu!

P.S. Miss Davis, the *Inglesina*, is more admired than anything I remember of late years in operas; but though music is so much in fashion, that some of our fine gentlemen learn to sing, it holds no proportion with hazard and Newmarket. The Cuzzoni and Faustina would not be paid higher than a race-horse.

1538. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 4, 1774.

We have dropped one another, as if we were not antiquaries, but people of this world—or do you disclaim me, because I have quitted the Society[1]? I could give you but two sad reasons for my silence. The gout kept entire possession of me for six months; and, before it released me, Lord Orford's illness and affairs engrossed me totally. I have been twice in Norfolk since you heard from me. I am now at liberty again—what is your account of yourself? To ask you to come above ground, even so far as to see me, I know is in vain—or I certainly would ask it. You impose Carthusian shackles on yourself, will not quit your cell, nor will speak above once a week. I am glad even to hear of you, and to see your hand, though you make that as much like print as you can. If you were to be tempted abroad, it would be by a pilgrimage, and I can lure you even with that. My chapel is finished, and the shrine will actually be placed

[4] Probably Thomas Duncombe (d. 1779), of Duncombe Park, Yorkshire, uncle of the first Baron Feversham of the second creation.

Letter 1538.—[1] The Society of Antiquaries.

in less than a fortnight. My father is said to have said, that every man had his price: you are a *Beatus*, indeed, if you resist a shrine. Why should not you add to your claustral virtues that of a peregrination to Strawberry? You will find me quite alone in July. Consider, Strawberry is almost the last monastery left, at least in England. Poor Mr. Bateman's[2] is despoiled: Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it; has sequestered the best things, has advertised the site, and is dirtily selling by auction what he neither would keep, nor can sell for a sum that is worth while. I was hurt to see half the ornaments of the chapel, and the reliquaires, and in short a thousand trifles, exposed to sneers. I am buying a few to keep for the founder's sake. Surely it is very indecent for a favourite relation, who is rich, to show so little remembrance and affection—I suppose Strawberry will have the same fate! It has already happened to two of my friends. Lord Bristol got his mother's[3] house from his brother[4], by persuading her he was in love with it. He let it in a month after she was dead—and all her favourite pictures and ornaments, which she had ordered not to be removed, are mouldering in a garret! You are in the right to care so little for a world where there is no measure but avoirdupois. Adieu!

Yours sincerely,

H. W.

1539. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 15, 1774.

This is a great morsel of news, indeed—nay, not that we know actually yet that Louis Quinze is dead; but we conclude so. Lord Stormont's courier arrived on Wednesday,

[2] At Windsor.

[3] Mary Lepel, Baroness Hervey, d. 1768. Her house was in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park.

[4] Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol.

and had left Paris on Sunday night at eleven, when the hiccup was begun. He said he might not be able to write again soon, as all horses would be stopped. Some pretend to say the King died on Tuesday, others conclude he is recovered—but horses would not be stopped on that account —on the contrary. Many foretell war—not on knowledge. The Dauphin is little known—the first acts of a new King are seldom the expression of his meaning. There is a notion he likes the Chancellor[1]. If Monsieur de Choiseul returns to power, it will want no prophet to announce war. Two of the King's daughters, though they never had the small-pox, attended him, and it is said the Dauphin saw him since the eruption, which was not very prudent. Madame du Barri was retired to the Duc d'Aiguillon's at Ruel. This is all I have heard that I believe. One never attains the last and first accounts of a reign truly, till half a century is past. What is first said is generally the least to be credited. Those reports are coined by vanity of knowing, by credulity, and conjecture. We believed firmly for two days that Sutton the inoculist was at Paris, and that Lord Stormont had been desired to carry him to the King. Sutton was actually in London[2].

Well! this is an event that will have great consequences in Europe, or in France. Will the new King go to war, or restore the Jesuits? Will the Dauphiness have any weight? Will the Emperor?—Oh, but they say the King of Prussia is dying too. That would make a greater change. The Czarina pretends to have beaten Pugatscheff[3]—but I don't think the story has much the air of truth. A rebel so often beaten, and that still makes a stand, is a new kind of rebel. They are not apt to have so many resources.

LETTER 1539.—[1] Maupeou.

[2] There were two brothers Sutton; one of them was in Paris at this time. (See *Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iv. p. 345.)

[3] He had been defeated in several engagements, but was still at large.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland have been landed this week. I can believe easily what you tell me of his confidence to Mr. G.[4] The honeymoon was waned to less than a half-moon before he left England[5].

Pray be very circumspect with your lodger[6]. There is great art, and no sweet temper. I have received a bushel of thanks for your civilities, which I imputed to your own good nature and good breeding, as you deserve.

My late ward[7] has fairly washed his hands of me on some very necessary remonstrances on his health and affairs, which I could not in conscience avoid making. The first I knew from the cunning incident to persons in his predicament, would, though they displeased, have effect—and they have had. He now speaks in his natural voice. The other point I concluded would be neglected, though it will offend his mother—and neglected I depend it will be. However, it excuses any farther attendance on my side, and must dispense with my taking the charge again, as he will put it entirely out of my power to be of any use again. Nor have I had proper returns where I deserved them, if possible, more; but one must do what is right without reward; nor am I of an age to take disappointments to heart. To do right and be at peace is enough; nay, is not doing right being at peace? Kings may die, and men may be mad: can one save them, or cure them? Shall one not enjoy one's own little lot because inevitable events come to pass? Indeed for the loss of their Majesties it is not necessary to

[4] Richard, son of George Grenville, afterwards Earl Temple and Marquis of Buckingham.

[5] 'The . . . Duke asked Mr. Grenville whether he did not think that the match he had made was very indiscreet; extremely so, replied the other, to which the D. is said to have answered that he was much obliged to him for his frankness, though he believed he was the only man who would have told him so, he liked him the better for it, and hoped to keep up a friendship with him in England.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. p. 266.)

[6] Mrs. Anne Pitt. *Walpole.*

[7] His nephew the Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

preach patience to anybody. The smiles that waited on their every word are at the service of the successor.

Apropos, the other day the Chapter of Westminster opened the grave of Edward I, and found his body, crown, velvet, and tissue perfect. The flesh of his lips and cheeks was sound, and his hands perfect, except that one had lost its nails. There was a gauze on the face which had grown into the grain, and they could not lift it up. His measure was six feet two. They had found in Rymer that they were obliged to bestow a new cerecloth on the corpse every year. That poor service was forgotten after two reigns, and curiosity alone recalled it now after five hundred years. The most extraordinary part is that it should have been kept up even for two reigns. The Church is seldom a more grateful courtier than a Lord of the Bedchamber. If they cry up a benefactor, it is to inculcate imitation of his *largesses*. I pity kings; they have more false friends than anybody; and those they love most are certainly the falsest, for they have flattered them most. Louis le Bien-aimé was stabbed, and Henry IV, who deserved that title, was murdered. Every action of a king's life is watched and recorded: what private man could stand such a scrutiny? The greater their power the less they can content, for every man measures his wishes by their power, not by his own merit; and, as Louis Quatorze said, 'When I give a place, I make twenty discontented and one ungrateful.' Who almost that ever reigned would not be shocked to read his own history?

The Duke of Cleveland[8] is dead: the greater part of his estate comes to the Duke of Grafton, and I believe either the title of Cleveland or Southampton. The rest of his fortune goes to his nephew, Lord Darlington.

Lord Ilchester[9] has had a stroke of palsy, and it is not

[8] William Fitzroy, third Duke of Cleveland.

[9] Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester, and elder brother of Henry, Lord Holland. *Walpole.*

the first. How thick calamities fall on that family! Lord Holland drags on a wretched life, and Lady Holland is dying of a cancer. Their youngest and only good son[10] is just gone with his regiment to America.

Tuesday, 17th.

Well! the King of France *is* dead; but nothing farther is yet known. The new King was not to see the ministers for nine days, so to-morrow will be a bustling day in that court, and of some importance to this! Adieu!

[10] Hon. Henry (afterwards General) Fox.

END OF VOL. VIII

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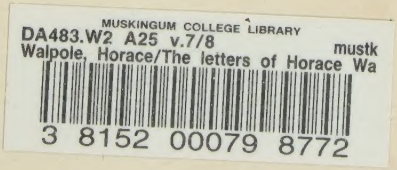
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